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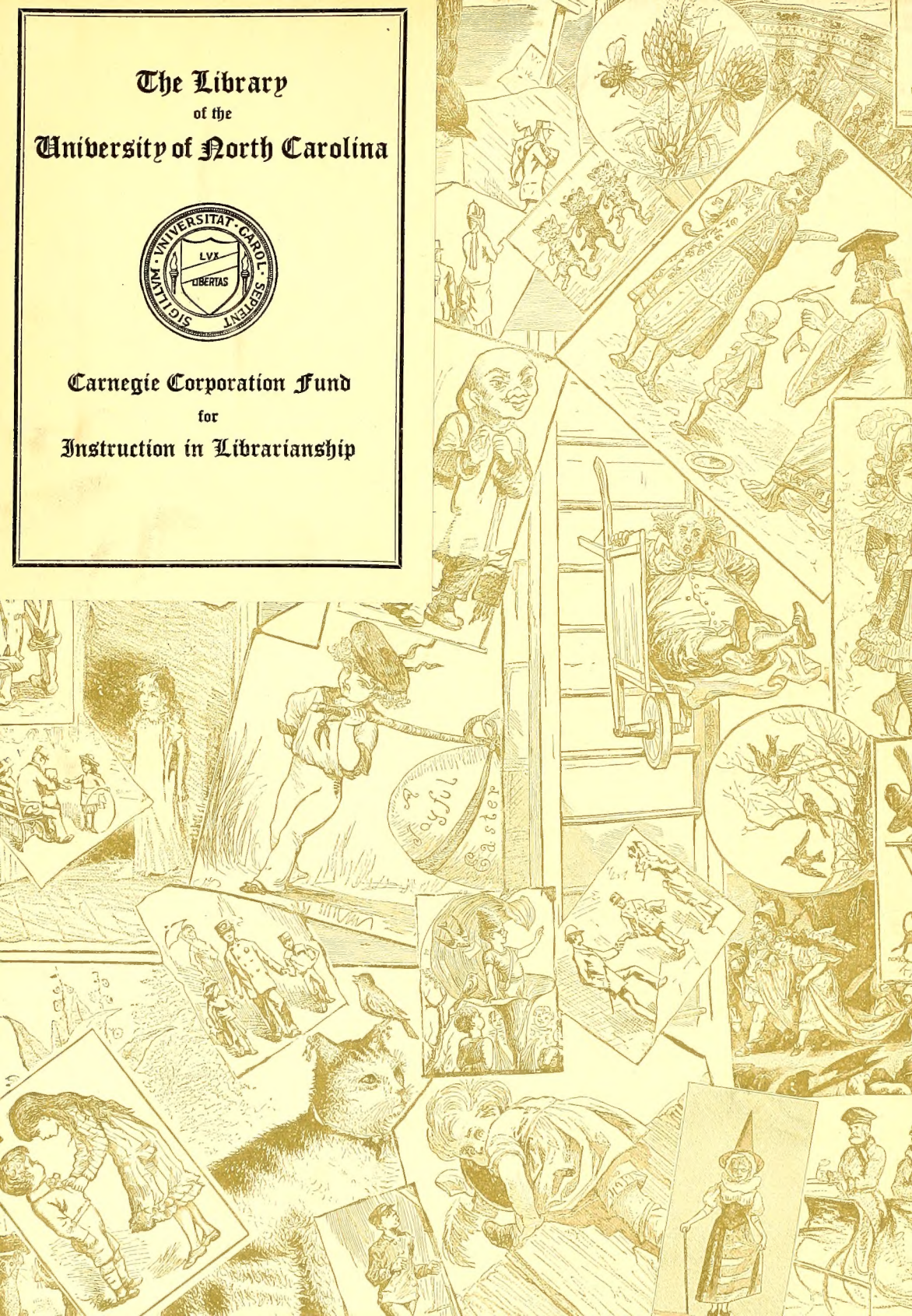
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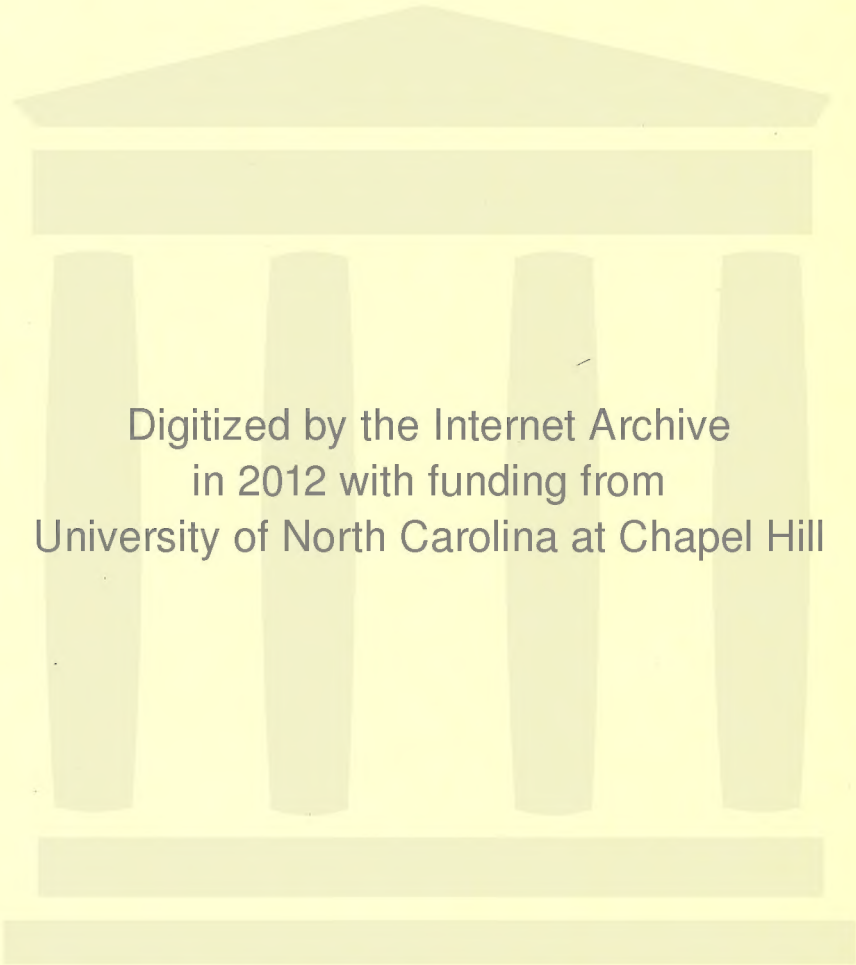
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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XIX.

PART II., MAY, 1892, TO OCTOBER, 1892.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XIX.

PART II.

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THE LITTLE CANDY-SELLER.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY HEMSLEY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY REAUX OF THE PAINTING BY ACHILLE FOULD.

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FAIRY-LAND.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

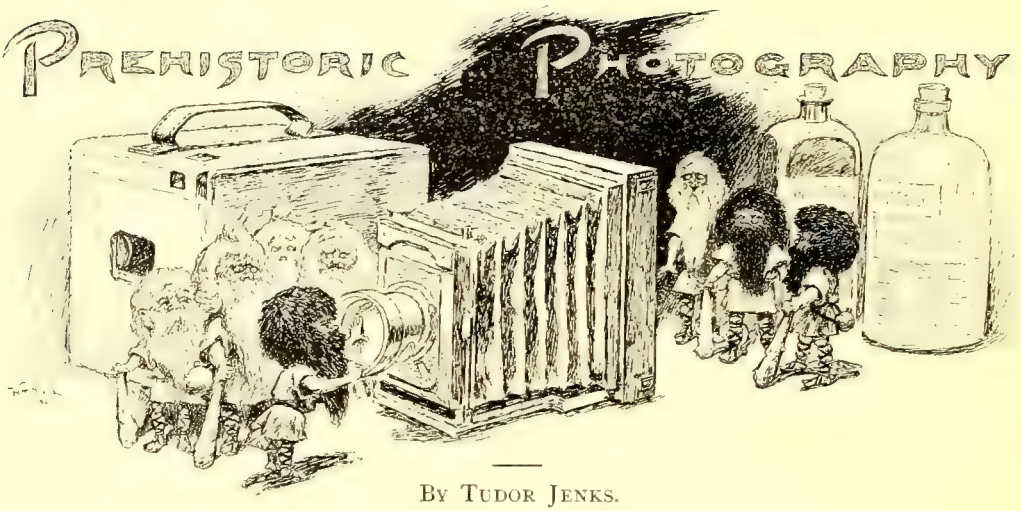
UNDER the branches they went together,
The blossoming branches that break the sky,
All in the morn of the young, sweet weather,
When softly the green on the hills doth lie;
And Dorothy thought it was over the meadow,
And Cicely said it was close by the spring,
But Polly was sure that the woodland's shadow
Sheltered that magical fairy ring.

So over the meadow they swiftly hied them,—
Oh, but the bird in the blue sang sweet!
They saw not the blush of the brier beside them,
The violets smiling beneath their feet.
Long by the spring they lingered and listened;
'T was a diadem set in a mossy rim,
And oh, the beauty that clustered and glistened
In frail ferns falling about its brim!

They sought in the wood for a wonder revealing,
And saw not the leaves in a net o'erhead.
Oh, but the song through the pine-tops stealing,
And oh, that hush down the dim ways shed!
Then, when the sun leaned lower to find them,
Homeward they wandered a sorrowful way,
And knew not the land they were leaving behind them,
The rare, new land of a young June day!

But Dorothy thinks it is over the meadow,
And Cicely says it is close by the spring;
While Polly is sure that the woodland's shadow
Shelters the magical fairy ring!

Prehistoric Photography



By Tudor Jenks.

An old manuscript recently discovered by a German professor seems to indicate a very early origin for the photographic camera.

The original text is in Sanskrit, and the translation is faithful in all respects. The preamble, as usual, recites the titles of the potentate who figures in the story, and I omit most of it. The first sentence, however, helps us to fix the date.

It runs thus: "In the period of rulers from the land over the sea, when the ice-bridge existed, in the times of the forefathers of the ancestors of the forerunners; in the reign of the great, wise, strongest-in-battle and swiftest-in-retreat, the outrunner-of-the-chariots-of-the-five-toed-horses, in the thirteenth period after the slaying of the next-to-last toothed bird"—and so on.

The references to the glacial period, to the original form of the present horse, and to the pterodactyl will convince any student of geology that this document is perhaps the oldest in existence. Indeed, the university has conferred upon the professor a purple ribbon to wear on Sundays in recognition of this remarkable discovery. I will add only that the old papyrus which contained the story was found with others in a stone chest upheaved during an earthquake in Asia Minor.

Thus runs the story:

Came rumors and sayings to the sharp ear of the ruler, who gave orders to the swordbearer and bowmen to betake them to the cave of the image-maker, and, having laid hands upon him, to walk him quickly to the ruler's house.

But he of the sword did shake in his sandal-straps, and his hair did point skyward, while his teeth tapped together; for the image-maker was known to be a wizard and talker with the winds. Before then no one had dared so much as to throw a rock at the cave-dweller.

The ruler turned his eye upon the swordbearer and saw his fright. Yet the ruler said no word, for he loved his people, and knew that the wizard must be taken. Rather would he have sent his whole army one by one to come out no more from the darkness of the dread cave than that harm should come to himself or to his people, for he had the heart of a dinosaurus, one of the green kind. [Note: The professor insists this is right, but I think the adjective plainly refers to the apteryx, which was of a dusky emerald color when enraged.]

The swordbearer, having taken a damp farewell, gathered the bowmen and went toward the rising sun; but his heart was cold. When the fourth pinkness of dawning dyed the sky, came black figures against the blue at the ending of the earth where rises the world-lighter, and before the gong for the morning meal had thrice been rung to waken the sleep-loving-in-the-morning ruler, the swordbearer came bringing the wicked wizard.

The wizard carried a chest or coffer, black,

and covered close with hide, but having a dull eye at one end, and knobs and round trimmings, wrought curiously and of strange magic and witchery. [Note: Evidently the primitive camera, with the usual buttons.]

When the day was strong, arose the ruler, and ate half a zebra with trilobite sauce.

Then did I, his scribe, tell him humbly that the wizard awaited him.

"Where is my spear and my sword?" quoth our ruler.

"Here," said the scribe, my poor self.

"Put on my leather coat, bronze hat, and leggings of scarlet leather, the finest in the kingdom," quoth he, "that the wizard and the warriors and the maidens may see me in all my beauty, the strong war-ruler."

It was done, and never finer appeared the man of muscle who carries the heaviest club.

"Bring in the wizard," said Batta,—"who is there that is afraid?"

Then did my one knee exchange greetings with its fellow, as I the scribe went forth. For I was sore in terror, but Batta was not scared, though he was pale from his long sleep.

Forth went I to the swordbearer, gave greeting, and bade him bring in him-who-makes-images.

So the wizard was brought into the light of the presence of Batta, our ruler, who spoke thus:

"Well done, Swordbearer. You have caught him, the bat who flies in darkness. Did he scratch you?"

"Not at all," answered he of the sword. "I bade him vow by the sun that he would do me no injury. And he said he would vow me by the sun, the moon, the stars, or by whatsoever, if only again I would not poke him with my sword. So came he most quietly."

"It was well done," quoth Batta. "There is yet some zebra. Regale yourself. The sauce, too, is good."

Then my ruler and I were left with the wizard.

"It has come to my ear," spake Batta, "that you live in a darksome cave beneath the hill that is before the sun, and work witchcraft, catching away my people's souls with thy black box. What say you, O Wizard?"

The wizard smiled, but his lips were of the color of sand.

"O Batta," thus spake he, "I am but a poor man. I gather simples, herbs in the woods. I do cook them over the burning of sticks and of the black-stone-which-burns-long. Thus do I extract their strength, and therewith do that which to common men seems strange."

"But," said Batta, "all this is naught. What of the box—the soul-catcher?"

"It is but a picture-box," said the wizard. "It is curiously wrought, and will do in a winking of your royal eyelid more than a cunning worker in paint can do from dawn to dark."

"But," again spoke Batta, "that is witchcraft."

"Nay, great ruler," replied the wizard, "it is no witchcraft, and it harms no one."

"I fear me," said the ruler, making as he spoke a sniffing with his nose, "that there is the smell of enchantment about thee."

"Pardon, wise ruler," replied he of the box; "that is but the odor of herb-extracts I use in making images."

"And the stains upon thy hands?" asked the keen-eyed, the wise Batta.

"The same extracts," replied the wizard. "I can hardly remove them, though I wash me until I am weary with washing."

"You have a glib tongue," was the saying of the ruler, "but I fear me it is of two ends."

"Not so," answered the wizard; "there is nothing of the black art in me. It is a simple thing I do. See—" and he raised the box.

"Point it not at me!" spake Batta, rapidly. "Try it on yon scribe, for if harm should befall him there are more among my people."

Then would I have fled, but my legs sank beneath me.

"Have no fear," said the wizard; "I have but to touch this little piece, and all is done, without harm to any."

"I know nothing of your box," said Batta, and did lay chin upon his hand, like a counselor; "but mayhap I had better drop thee and thy box into the sea that rests not."

Then the wizard set down the magic chest, and smote his breast. At last he spoke:

"Great ruler," said he, "if you will give me a few more risings and settings of the sun, and

will send to my cave your scribe, I will show to him all my art, so that he may make the picture-flats, likewise. You know that he is no evil worker, and he can tell you all my art. If not, you will know that I am speaking with a false tongue, and can throw me from the cliff down where the waves roll white."

"'T is little risk," replied my ruler; "a scribe more or a scribe less does not count in the roll of the fighting men. Take him, and work thy wicked will upon him until the moon is a round shield. Come then again, and thou shalt be released or thrown into the sea which eats boats."

Then went I on my knees to the great Batta, trying with my tears to melt his heart. But as the drops from the wide-foot bird's back, so rolled my tears from the heart of Batta, who cared only for the good of his people.

So went I with the wizard to the cave to learn of the picture-flats.

Midnight moonless was bright day to the lightless gloom of that cavern. But there was a fire in front which gleamed like the fire-flashing fly of the swamps in the early of the year. And we ate of divers strange things. There were two-shelled soft fish that he did fry until they were toothsome. [Note: Perhaps a form of the fried oyster.] And there were also the thin-shelled sea-pinchers who go sidewise as doth a maiden seeing a gnawer of grain.

Wearied by the walk, I slept till the birds sang, and then rose to the meal of dawn.

Soon after, the wizard brought out his box,



"THE WIZARD SAID: 'I CAUGHT YOU WELL. I THINK IT WILL COME OUT GOOD.'"

and though I shrank in terror from it, he did smile and encourage me till I put a finger upon it. It bit me not, and I felt braver. But a scribe is not a warrior. His blood is but ink.

The wizard said:

"O Scribe, fear not. 'T is a box such as holds thy styluses and reed-pens. But it has curious bits of bronze and of rock-you-can-see-through, whereby it makes pictures. Come, and I will give you the knowing of it."

Then he did open it; and it was black inside as a burnt stick, and had an eye in the fore part.

He clicked at it with the forefinger, and did put in a flat piece like gray flint, and behold! a picture thereon, like unto the clear view of mid-day, but smaller than the face in a baby's eye. It was most marvelous! He did also twist a bit of bronze around and brought a fog upon the little picture, which, however, presently cleared away as he did twist more.

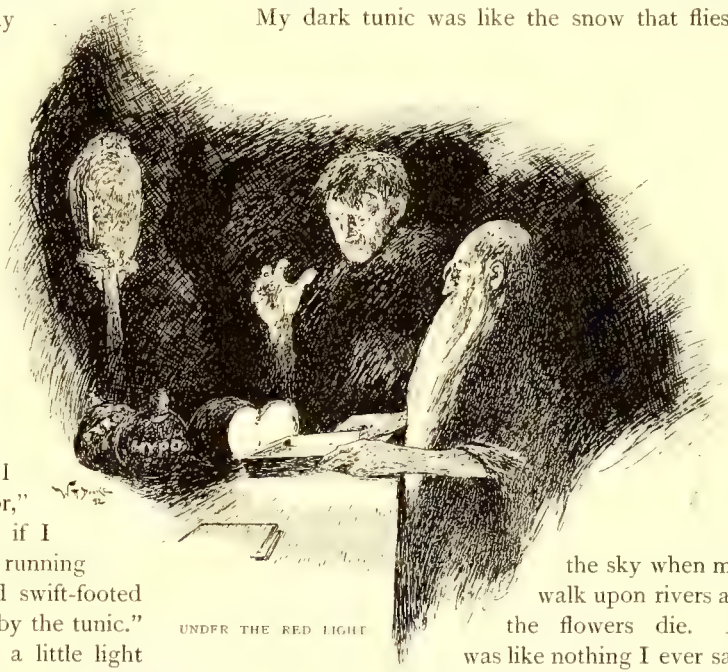
[Note: Apparently the "wizard" was trying the focus upon what answered for the ground glass.]

Thus did he several times, and behold I grew bold, and did the same under his direction!

Then went we forth under the sky, and the wizard asked if I would throw up my hood and catch it again. In wonder at his silliness, I nevertheless did that folly. And just then I heard the clicking of the box, and the wizard said:

"I caught you well. I think it will come out good." Thereat was I sore afraid lest my foolish play with my hood had wrought witchery upon me. I waited to see what would "come out." But naught came forth, nor did I see that he had me caught, for I had full freedom of limbs as before.

He went into the cave, and I followed his footsteps. It was dark therein; but when he told me that I must come, I went, though I shook yet a little. "For," said I to myself, "even if I escape the wizard by running forth, he, the mighty and swift-footed Batta, will have me sure by the tunic."



UNDER THE RED LIGHT

So I went. There was a little light burning there, but the wizard did forthwith blow it out with the breath of his mouth, and did with a flint enkindle another light—a horrible light, the color of the crimson at sunset. Even yet with eyes shut I can see that witch-glow.

There in the redness did he open his box, draw forth a strange contrivance from which came a flat light-colored shell, four-cornered, and thin like scraped horn. This was dropped into an earthen dish which held some most ill-smelling compound. And he rocked the dish, to and fro, smiling a ghastly smile,—such as is the grin of the long shark in the water of the deep. But behold, the dark and the light took shape and became an image! And if all the prophets and if all the counselors of the tribe were to prophesy till the hair of all was gray upon their shoulders, they could not have divined what was the image which came forth to mock me!

It was my soul. For as I leaped in the air to catch my hood, the wizard had caught my soul from me and fixed it there within the awful black-box-which-has-an-eye! But I was changed so that my own dear mother would not have known me. My face, paler than that of the sun-burned warriors, was black like those of the men of the far south whose hair twists. My dark tunic was like the snow that flies in the sky when men walk upon rivers and the flowers die. All was like nothing I ever saw.

Then did the wizard wash the flat piece in a spring that came from the rock near at hand, and he did wash and wash again, until even the weariness of the rocking was not so long. Then did he soak the piece in another liquor in yet another dish, while I was faint with the long darkness.

Gladly I saw the sunlight again, and heard the birds chirp as if black caves were not.

"More washing?" I asked; for it seemed that there would never be an end of the plashing of water.

"Only a little," said the wizard. He did fix the flat piece next in a four-sided frame, and cooked it in the sunshine, while I wondered if he would desire me to eat my soul, baked in the sun, for dinner!

But after he had baked the frame, he did break it open, and then came more washing. I thought that the wizard would wear out his fingers with much plashing in the water.

I think that my eyelids must have shut me to sleep for a while, but when I opened them there stood the wizard, and in his hand he did hold a picture wherein I was shown to leap like a horse in fresh pasture, bounding after my hood in the air with the fool-play I have told.

Thus saw I first the making of pictures, and that day was like many that followed. Nay, I did even make pictures myself with the wizard to stand by and say, "Do thou this," "Do thou so"; but of the witchcraft of it little did I know. I was but as his hand or foot in doing his bidding.

In all that we did the wizard feared the light. For he said that the sun would steal away the pictures — which seemed strange enough to me.

Meanwhile grew the moon, till it came round like a shield, and we were to go to the ruler. The last day I was with the wizard, I did make two pictures by myself, and he did praise me and gave me one wherein I did look too sweet, like unto the coo-bird, and brave as the roarer is brave before the bleater. This received I gladly, for I knew not before how comely I was.

At sunrise did we set forth for the dwelling of Batta, the sagacious-in-combat. The wizard carried the wonder-box. I did carry earthenware jars filled with liquids and compounds, very heavy, and I did also carry many of the flat pieces, each closed cunningly in a case like a quiver.

When we came unto the town, Batta sat upon his throne beneath a sun-shield.

"Aha! Wizard," he cried, "then you have not eaten our scribe? 'T is as well, mayhap. Now, has he learned your art?"

"In sooth, that has he," said the wizard, cheerfully. "Will not you try him?"

"That I will," spake Batta. "Go thou to work, Scribe, and take three trials. Paint me the picture of Batta — Batta who puts foes to flight! Three trials shall be thine, and then —"

So ceased Batta. But when the wizard tried to go with me to the hut, Batta forbade him.

Then did I as I saw the wizard do ere he took the box for making a picture, and forth I sallied to do my best.

As I came forth, I pointed the box at the great Batta, and I pushed upon the magic piece, and hurried back to the hut, which had been made dark save for the crimson light which we brought from the cave. Here went I through the washing. But no picture came!

Then strode I forth in sadness.

The wizard pointed an accusing finger at the box, as I came out from the darkness of the hut, and then knew I what I had done! I had not uncovered the eye of the box!

Again I essayed, and fled into the hut, but with careless hand did put the flat into the wrong dish. And behold again no picture came!

Then came I forth in sadness.

The wizard's face was like a dull day when the leaves are falling. But when I again pointed the magic-box, and opened its eye, and set in the proper pieces with all due caution, he smiled again.

With backward step, I betook myself for the last time to the dark hut, and rocked and washed and soaked and washed till I was weary like unto the slaves that row the galley of Batta.

And this time the picture came forth like sunshine after a rain; and it was Batta — Batta upon his throne, and dressed as for war. Then rushed I forth rejoicing with my prize, and the wizard made merry.

Into the warm sun did I set the picture to cook, and when I took it forth it was so like to Batta that I thought it would speak; and I showed it to him proudly.

But, as the cloud comes over the face of the sun, so descended wrath upon the black brows of the great ruler as he gazed.

"Do I look like *that?*" cried he to the wizard.

"It is your very image!" spoke up one of the younger warriors.

"You are banished for life!" roared the just and great ruler of his people. And it was so from that day forth. "Do I look like *that?*" he asked again, with the voice of a thunder-peal, this time turning to the white-haired counselor, he-who-speaks-little-but-wisely.

"I would not be so foolish as to say it was like you, great Batta!" answered the counselor; and also that the conclusion, imperfect as it is, would lead one to suppose that the art was somewhat discouraged.



"'DO I LOOK LIKE THAT?' CRIED HE TO THE WIZARD."

and the rest who stood about said that his words were wise.

"Your art is no art!" then said the great Batta; and, calling the swordbearer, he ordered that the wizard's box should be thrown into the sea, together with his vile compounds, his dishes, the liquids, and his flat pieces and the baleful red-fire maker.

And it was done upon that instant.

"It were best to send thee with thy tools!" said Batta; and in a moment the wizard was hurried to the brink of the cliff which hangs over the playground of the waves—

Here the manuscript is torn, and it is impossible to decipher it further. But I am sure that the reader will agree with me in deciding that it contains an early account of photography,

Those who desire to verify the translation will find the original document among the archives of the Grand Lama's Museum in Tibet. You will find it at the back of the top shelf on the left-hand side.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



Under the trees, in the loveliest place,
Where the shadow and sun were playing,
Fanny and Lida and Lottie and Grace
And Dolly and I went maying;
But the flowers were lost or hidden away
So safe we could scarce find any –
So we made the Dolly Queen of the May
'Cause she wouldn't need so many.

We gathered moss for a throne of green,
And with violets blue we crowned her;
We played that she was a Fairy Queen,
And gaily we danced around her.
A robin sang to us overhead,
A squirrel capered and chattered; –
Then a little gray mouse popped out of his bed,
And O how we jumped and scattered!

THE CONSPIRATORS.

By Emma Sherwood Chester.



There were three of them, — John, Helen, and F'liciano, — and as they laid their heads together, in a glimmering corner of the library, it was clear to see that F'liciano was the leading spirit of the three.

And why not, when his father had lived and died by means of plots, and F'liciano's very presence was but the result of one? Down in San Domingo, whence he came, they used to have plots for breakfast, dinner, and tea, and F'liciano had learned to make them as cleverly — poor fellow! — as any of his older companions.

Meanwhile, as we have said, the conspirators laid their heads together, in a corner of Mr. Stetson's library, and connived at a plan which was to bring happiness to all concerned. To understand the matter better, however, it will be necessary to go back, and to relate how F'liciano came to be in Mr. Stetson's library at all, and why it was important that he should devise a particularly clever plot just at this period of his life.

He had been sent from San Domingo, Mr. Stetson explained to the gentlemen of his acquaintance, "for political reasons"; and this phrase was about as clear to F'liciano as if Mr. Stetson had quoted a line of Greek poetry in his hearing. All that he really knew or cared about was that he had come away in an ocean steamer, with the captain of which he had been great friends, and that he was now established in a charming home, with John and Helen Stetson for playmates and critics.

F'liciano, alas! had much to learn of the world. His pretty jacket of gold-laced velvet, all out at the elbows, would have been worn with a gay indifference had not Helen at once pronounced it "shockingly untidy," and taken it to her mother to mend. But the quaint bronze tint it was impossible to match, and F'liciano went about with neat little squares of a different color placed over the holes instead. These were a source of unending amusement to him, for patches were things unknown in his former estate. To be fringed and tattered, provided there was plenty of tinsel in the wreck, was his natural condition; so that to reform into "what you call *net* [neat]," he told Helen, was comical indeed.

He had a way, too, of flinging his hands in the air when he talked, and of permitting his pretty soft voice to mount higher and higher — "just the same," John objected, "when he 's talking about shoe-strings as if it was about pictures or birds."

But with all his odd manners, John and Helen had learned to esteem him so highly that when Mr. Stetson announced at the breakfast-table one morning that F'liciano's uncle had sent for him, and that he was to return to San Domingo by the next steamer, there was a cry of sorrow and dismay.

F'liciano only, of the three, continued to eat his orange with composure. That his uncle had sent for him was one thing, but that he should go was quite another, he silently reasoned. "My uncle," he said to Helen, who was crying over her porridge, "have sent for me. Well, you no need to cry. Come in the liberry after breakfas'. I tell you an' Juan about that plan of mine."

Mr. Stetson, who had grown as callous to F'liciano's "plans" as to his other peculiarities, gave little heed to the announcement of a new one, and continued to read the morning paper, indifferent to the movements of the trio, who now proceeded to the library, at F'liciano's nod.

"My uncle," he said, seating himself in an embrasure, and drawing the curtains well over John and Helen, to enhance the air of secrecy, "he don' love me no more than he loves that stone carriage-block out there. No, sir; he don' love me no more than that. Why he sent for me? Jus' because he very proud man. Somebody said to him, 'Your nephew F'liciano mus' live in the house of his relations; he mus' no more be the charity of Mr. Stetson.' An' then my uncle he turns red in the face, an' sends for me to come to San Domingo. Now, mus' I go 'way — abandon you an' Juan — jus' because my uncle he is so proud? Well, no!"

F'liciano fondled the neat little patches on his elbows, and continued: "You know, Helen, I had a birthday las' week. It was my twelve birthday. Now, when a man is so ol' as twelve, he can do 'mos' anything, he can be very useful. Mr. Stetson he don' know how useful I can be. When it is hot, I can stan' by his chair, an' wave the flies from annoying him; an' when it is col', I can take his coffee to him in bed."

American John thrust his hands in his pockets, and whistled. "My father never takes coffee in bed," he remarked.

"Of cawse," said F'liciano, blandly; "for the reason no person gives it to him. Now that is what I should do."

"He 'd rather have a pitcher of hot water to shave with," persisted John. But F'liciano was firm. He had drawn up his plot at the breakfast-table, and that he should divulge it at all to John and Helen was a favor; that they should cavil at it was monstrous.

On the following morning Mr. Stetson was aroused by a sharp rap on his door, and upon his bidding his visitor come in, F'liciano entered, bearing upon a silver tray coffee in a cup inscribed "FOR BABY," in solid gilt letters. This he presented to Mr. Stetson with a bow and the salutation, "Good-mornin', Mr. Stetson. I hope you fin' that coffee delicious."

"Why, what 's all this?" cried Mr. Stetson, springing out of bed, and working himself vigorously into his dressing-gown. "I 'm not ill. I 'll be down to breakfast presently. Who sent you up with that thing?"

"No person sent me," said F'liciano, reproachfully; "it was jus' a little thought of mine. Some peoples like to be useful."

"Oh,— ah,— very good of you, I 'm sure, F'liciano," stammered Mr. Stetson, completely bewildered as to the meaning of this sudden "little thought." He seated himself on the edge of a chair and good-naturedly swallowed the coffee; so that F'liciano retired smiling, satisfied that, in one direction at least, he had made himself indispensable to Mr. Stetson.

When that gentleman came into the hall, he found his hat polished to the smoothness of a mirror and the lining of his coat turned carefully to the steam-heater. There was a spray of chrysanthemums in the lapel of the coat, and his cane leaned conveniently against the sleeve. F'liciano held the knob of the door in his hand, and the slippery steps had been sprinkled with sawdust.

Mr. Stetson was amazed. It was like a royal progress. He should expect to find roses and camelias strewn upon the pavements, and wreaths hung on his office doors.

F'liciano, having obsequiously closed the door, ran to John and Helen. "The labo' of this day," he declared, "will certainly show Mr. Stetson the value of me. He will write to my uncle, 'Your nephew F'liciano is so useful that I would not for the whole worl' spare him. I implore you to let me keep him in my house.'"

"Did my father drink that coffee in bed?" asked John.

"Not exactly in bed," replied F'liciano, gravely, "but seated on a chair. He could hardly express his gratitude to me."

"And what shall you do next?" inquired

John, who never liked the least hitch or delay in a performance of interest. "There 's all day before you, and you can't go to his office. He does n't like little boys to come there." John felt obliged to give F'liciano the benefit of his experience.

F'liciano tossed his head. "Why, see here, Juan, it would n't do for peoples to be too useful. Mornin's and evenin's an' church days they are enough. You could never dream, Helen, what I have to surprise Mr. Stetson with pleasure this evenin'"; saying which, he drew from his pocket a much-befingered card. "Behold that! Read the contents of it!"

Helen read the heading: "FAREWELL PERFORMANCE OF BUFFALO BILL," with all the small type attached.

"That," announced F'liciano, "is to confront him when he unfolds his napkin at dinner. Conceive his delight! It is bought an' paid money for. All he has to do is to go."

There were wandering doubts in the minds of John and Helen as to the success of F'liciano's plan to please their father; but after a short consultation they wisely determined to keep silent until there should be a better occasion to speak.

John confided to Helen on the stairs, "F'liciano has queer ideas. I don't believe papa would fancy Buffalo Bill. Besides, he and mama have tickets for the opera that same evening. Would you tell F'liciano?"

"No," said Helen, who somehow had a conviction that F'liciano's plot would in the end find its way to her father's heart, even through such absurdities as Buffalo Bill and coffee in bed. "No, I think we 'd better just let F'liciano do whatever comes into his head. Of course papa will think it is all very strange,— F'liciano is so odd,— but by and by he will discover what it means, and I think it will end in F'liciano's staying all winter."

When Mr. Stetson came home that evening, the hall door flew open as if by magic, and F'liciano's dusky little figure outlined itself against the homelike glow within.

"Good-evenin', Mr. Stetson," he said. "I have the pleasure to take your hat an' coat."

Mr. Stetson submitted dumbly. "An'," continued F'liciano, flitting before him to the dining-room, "dinner is served."

Mr. Stetson said grace, and unfolded his nap-



F'LICIANO DEFENDS HIS PLOT.

kin, when out fell the grimy card: "FAREWELL PERFORMANCE OF BUFFALO BILL."

F'liciano's dark face beamed. "I hope you fin' that performance delightful, Mr. Stetson. 'Farewell'—you observe it is your las' opportunity."

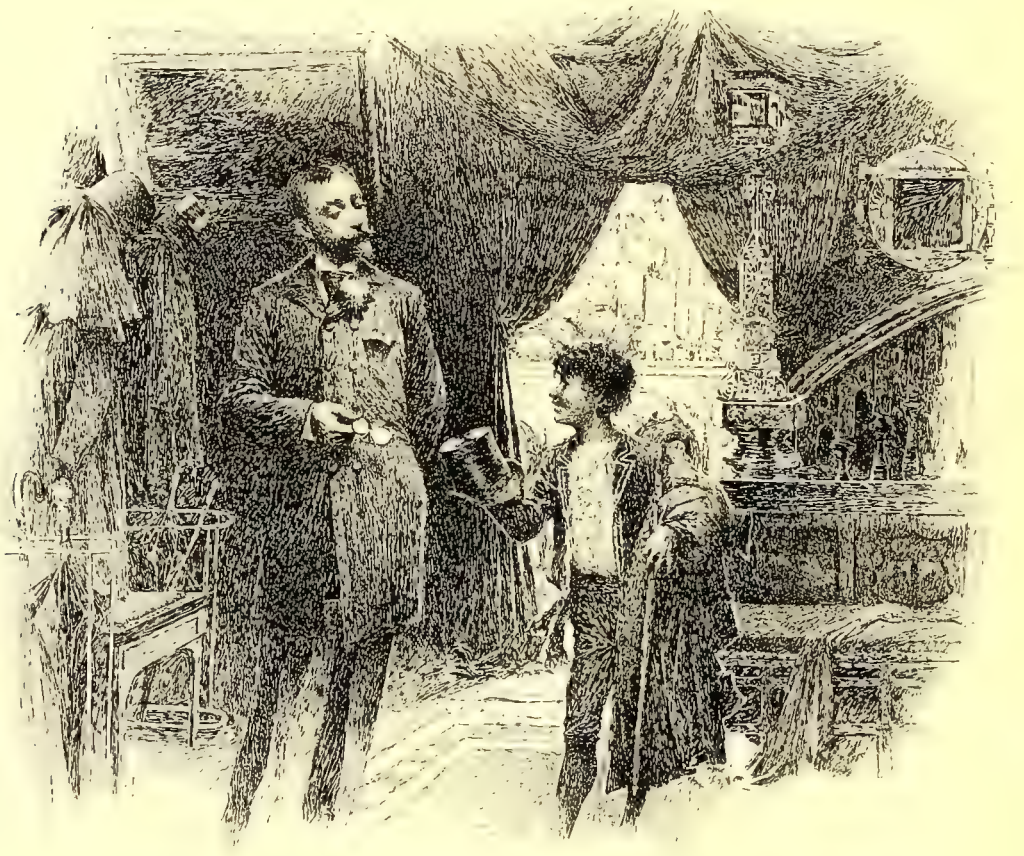
Like most foreigners, F'liciano mastered large words more readily than small ones.

Mr. Stetson's bewilderment it was impossible to conceal, but an imploring look from John, which said, "Wait until after dinner, and I 'll tell you," restrained him from then and there butchering, though quite by accident, F'liciano's sensitive feelings.

"You see," John explained later, "it 's a little plot, and you must n't let him know that you don't like it. F'liciano wants dreadfully

to stay here. From what he says, that uncle of his is a stuck-up old muff, and he hates San Domingo. He says he would n't go back there if they were to give him all the negroes —he said niggers—on the island. He wants to stay here and live with us, and Helen and I wish you would let him. He thought that if he should make himself useful to you, perhaps you could n't spare him; and he bought that ticket to 'Buffalo Bill' with his own money. He has n't any father and mother, you know, and since he stopped smoking those cigarettes I don't know but he 's as good as an American. F'liciano thinks of lots of things,—about people's dropping things, or sitting in drafts, or not being comfortable,—and he makes very good bows. Helen and I like him first-rate. If you 'll let him stay, he can sleep in my bed; and I 'll take ten cents, instead of a quarter, a week to spend. Will you?"

Mr. Stetson put his arm around John's



"'GOOD-EVENIN', MR STETSON,' HE SAID 'I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO TAKE YOUR HAT AN' COAT'"

"Norfolk" jacket, and looked preternaturally solemn. "But what about the uncle, if he should object?"

"Why, you must write and ask him—'implore' him, F'liciano said—to let F'liciano stay in your house, because he is so useful. Besides, Helen and I are learning Spanish of him. I can say, '*Il sabio*,—*il sabio*,'—I forget the rest of it,—and I think it would be a real advantage to Helen and me if he should stay."

"And you are quite sure that you learn no harm from him?" Mr. Stetson asked.

"Why, Papa," said John, seriously, "F'liciano is an *uncommonly* good boy. Besides, you can see for yourself how obliging he is."

For a week Mr. Stetson suffered silently under the little Spaniard's various attempts at being "useful," which grew more and more indefatigable as the time drew near for the next steamer to sail for San Domingo. It was scandalous, this drinking coffee in bed every morning, and being waited upon like an Oriental potentate; but, not to offend poor F'liciano, he endured it for a time.

Then he sent a cable-despatch to the uncle: "Your nephew invaluable. Part with him only if you insist."

Word came back: "Señor Domingues has the honor to submit the services of his nephew F'liciano to Señor Stetson," with no word left out for economy; and with this gracious document still in his hand, Mr. Stetson called F'liciano to him.

"You have shown me your desire to be of service to me," he said; "and I am convinced, F'liciano, that you will try to give me no trouble. You need not bring my coffee to my room any more — I prefer to get up; and you need not spend any more money on ribbons and flowers for me. I am assured of your generosity and of your goodness of heart. And now, as your uncle has given his consent to your staying with us, I shall only ask that you continue to be the truthful and good-natured boy you have shown yourself to be heretofore."

F'liciano burst into unexpected tears.

"I had a fear, Mr. Stetson," he sobbed, "that you did not like me being useful; an' that Buffalo Bill, I fin' his card in the ash-box. But oh, Mr. Stetson, I 'll be jus' the bes' boy ever live', if you 'll tell my uncle you can't get along without me!"

Mr. Stetson found, in time, that it was indeed so; for, with a better knowledge of American wants, the warm-hearted little Spaniard soon discovered more gratifying methods of being "useful," as he called it, to his friends, and his really honest, generous nature soon won for him the affectionate esteem of the household.



A MAY PARTY

TOM PAULDING.

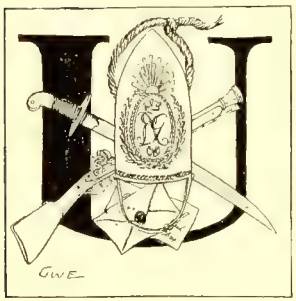
(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

By Brander Matthews.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XII.

THE FATE OF JEFFREY KERR.



UNCLE DICK looked at Tom for a moment. Then he whistled gently.

"If you have found out that, then you have the finest Christmas present of us all."

"I think I have," Tom declared.

"I 'm very glad to hear it," his uncle responded heartily. "Now, sit down here and tell me all about it."

Tom took a chair and sat down beside Mr. Rapallo.

"I think I know where the thief is," the boy began, "and I hope I know where the gold is; though, of course, I 'm not sure. After all, it is only a guess, but still—"

"If you express all your doubts before you let me have all the facts," interrupted Uncle Dick, "it will be a long time before I can see what you are driving at. Better begin at the beginning."

"The real beginning," Tom answered, "was when I got to looking at this mystery just as if it was a problem in algebra. Jeffrey Kerr was my *x*. He was n't exactly an unknown quantity, but there was a lot about him I did n't know. I set down the facts, and then tried to work out my *x*—that is, to see what had become of Kerr. If what my grandfather had found out and written down was right, then the thief had vanished suddenly after he had got past the sentries of Washington's army. Now, this morning when I was waking up I found that I was thinking about this problem, just as if I had been at work on it in my sleep, puzzling it out in a dream. I was still half asleep when I found that one thought kept on coming back and coming back. And I suppose that thought was the present Santa Claus had brought me during the night, as you said he would."



"'I THINK I KNOW WHERE THE THIEF IS,' THE BOY BEGAN."

"I did n't say that he would, for sure," said Mr. Rapallo. "I hoped that perhaps he might. What was it that he told you?"

"It seems so simple," Tom continued, "that I don't see how I ever came to miss seeing it for so long."

"The greatest ideas are generally the simplest," Uncle Dick remarked, encouragingly. "You remember that little egg trick of Columbus's?"

"And it never seemed to me quite fair either," Tom returned, "because—"

"Don't let 's discuss that now," his uncle interposed. "What was your new idea?"

"Well," Tom went on, "I found myself thinking that as Kerr had left the American army, and as he had n't got to the British army, and as he had n't ever been seen anywhere since that night, or heard of by anybody,— why, perhaps the shot the sentinel had fired at him had wounded him badly — you remember my great-grandfather's account said there was a cry of pain after that second shot?"

"I remember," said Uncle Dick.

"And if the shot had wounded him badly," Tom continued, "that perhaps he had fallen dead somewhere between the lines, and that perhaps somehow his body had got covered over or concealed or something of that sort, and so it might perhaps be there now."

"I understand," Mr. Rapallo remarked, as Tom paused for a moment to see if his uncle were following him. "If the body was hidden then, there is no reason why it might not be there to this day. But where can it be hidden? That will be a difficult question to solve."

Tom smiled cheerfully. "Well," he said, "of course I don't know that I 've found out that, certain sure; but I 've got another idea about that, too."

"Produce idea number two!" ordered Uncle Dick.

"As soon as I had really got hold of the first idea — the one that possibly Kerr was wounded by that shot and that his body might be there now — I waked right up," Tom responded; "and it was when I was wide awake that I wondered where we could look for Kerr's body, with the gold on it, perhaps. Suddenly it struck me that as Kerr was trying to escape to the British, and as he knew the country,— he 'd been living up near here at an old mill for months before,— why, he 'd naturally try some kind of a short cut. There was a little brook separating those two camps, and it had been raining hard all day,— I looked at the old newspaper to make sure of that, but I believe it nearly always does rain hard after there 's been a battle,— and so I thought the brook would be high, and Kerr was smart enough to know that it would be, and so perhaps he 'd make for those stepping-stones. You remember, I once showed them to you marked on the map my great-grand-father made?"

"Yes, I remember," Mr. Rapallo replied; "and I think I see where you are going. I should n't wonder if you were on the right track at last."

Tom's eyes lighted again with pleasure as he continued:

"I got out that map, and I looked to see if it would help me. Well, the place is marked where the first sentry stood that fired at Kerr, and then the place is marked where the second sentry stood when *he* fired; so I drew a line from one to the other, and I thought that would show which way Kerr was going. Then I stretched out that line toward the British troops to see where he would cross the brook; and I found that if he had kept on the same way he started, then he was running straight for those stepping-stones which my great-grandfather had marked in his plan."

"And supposing you are right?" Uncle Dick queried.

"Supposing I 'm right," Tom responded, "and supposing he was badly wounded, perhaps when he got to those stepping-stones and tried to cross, he slipped and fell in. You see the brook was up, and maybe the water was over the top of some of those stones. It was a very dark night, and he was running for his life, and perhaps he slipped and fell into the pool."

"Well?" said Mr. Rapallo.

"Well, if he did," Tom went on — "if he did fall, and he was wounded, and the current was strong, and he had all that heavy gold weighing him down, perhaps he was drowned there."

"If that happened," Uncle Dick inquired, "why was n't the body found next day?"

"I thought," Tom suggested, "that perhaps the strength of the current might have rolled the body into the deepest part of the pool, and then the sand and dirt and things which the brook was carrying down would be caught by the body; and perhaps there would be enough of them to cover it up completely. And if there was, why, then perhaps the gold is there now."

"With the skeleton of the thief guarding it for you," said Mr. Rapallo.

"What do you think about this idea?" Tom asked anxiously.

"I think," his uncle replied, "that you are probably right. I see that your story has a 'perhaps' in almost every sentence. Perhaps the man was wounded, perhaps he tried to cross at the stepping-stones, perhaps he slipped, perhaps he was drowned partly by the weight of the guineas he had stolen, perhaps the brook washed down sand and earth enough to cover him, and perhaps nobody has ever found him. Here are *perhapses* enough and to spare, you must admit."

As his uncle paused, Tom's face fell. This did not seem so cordial an acquiescence as he had hoped for.

"But your theory at least fits all the facts as we know them," said Mr. Rapallo, cheerfully. "It seems to me excellent as a 'working hypothesis,' so to speak. At least it may very well explain the mystery of Kerr's disappearance. And if I were you I should go ahead on this line, and fight it out if it takes all winter."

"Will you help me?" asked Tom, eagerly.

"Of course I will," his uncle responded heartily. "Whatever I can do, I will. First of all, have you any idea where the current would have taken the body of the thief?"

"Yes," Tom answered quickly; "I think I know — at least I 've been guessing at it. On the map the pool is shaped somewhat like a figure eight, with the stepping-stones at the middle in the narrow part, and with the lower end swung on one side in a sort of bay; and the brook goes on out of one corner of this sort of bay. Now, it seems to me that if Kerr slipped off the stepping-stones, he probably rolled to the middle of this lower pool — and that he is there now."

"Do you think that any one else has found his body?" asked Uncle Dick.

"No," said Tom. "At least I think nobody has ever thought of digging there. The brook has dried up only since they began to open the streets through here. I showed you where the stepping-stones are, and the little pool just below them is still to be traced out — at least I can do it now I 've seen the map. The trouble is that the pool is in a vacant block which they have begun to fill in. The lots are 'way down below the level of the street. They 've done some filling in, and they are going to do more soon. I went there to see it just now, and I think I could see the edge of the pool distinctly. But the part where I guessed the guineas were has been filled in twenty feet at least."

"Does a street run across it?" Mr. Rapallo inquired. "Foolish people used to think that the streets of great cities were paved with gold; and it would be curious if there were really treasure hidden down below their surfaces."

"This is n't a street," Tom explained; "it 's just the ordinary filling in, with rubbish and dirt and old brickbats and ashes and things. It starts about the middle of the block and makes a sort of bow-window into the middle of the vacant lots."

"Then how are you going to get out the golden guineas?" asked Uncle Dick.

"That 's just what I don't know," Tom answered. "I 'm counting on you to help me out there."

"I 've mined for gold in California, and for silver in the Black Hills, and for diamonds in South Africa," Mr. Rapallo replied with an amused smile; "but I never supposed that I should sink a shaft in the streets of New York in search of buried treasure. It will be a novel experience, at any rate. But we must see what we can do. This afternoon, if you will take me over to the place where the pool was, I 'll have a look around."

Tom arose to go. When he had opened the door he hesitated and then said: "If you don't mind, Uncle Dick, I 'd rather we did n't say anything about this 'working hypothesis' until we know whether it will work or not."

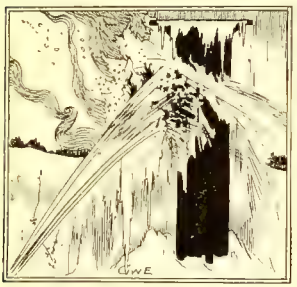
"Certainly not," Mr. Rapallo replied. "It is always best to say nothing till you have some-

thing to show. 'When in doubt, hold your tongue'—there 's a good motto."

Then he came out into the hall to Tom, and they went down-stairs together to their Christmas breakfast.

Chapter XIII.

CHRISTMAS MORNING AND CHRISTMAS NIGHT.



IN Mrs. Paulding's family it was the tradition to keep Christmas and to make presents; but the moderate circumstances of the household prevented the purchase of costly gifts. Nor was the preparation of presents—made by the giver allowed to become burdensome. There are homes where the pressure of Christmas giving has crushed out the proper Christmas feeling,—where the obligation is accepted of providing every other member of the household with a present which is often useless and which is always expensive. Nothing of this sort was seen at Mrs. Paulding's fireside. With gentle tact she found out early in the fall what were the cherished desires of her children; and, in so far as her means might allow, she gratified these at Christmas. They in turn consulted each other and saved up their pocket-money that they might give her something likely to be useful.

On this Christmas morning there was the added interest of Uncle Dick's being in the house. Just what to give him had greatly puzzled Tom and Polly, but they had at last hit upon things they thought their uncle would welcome. Polly made him a "housewife" to contain needles and thread and buttons and tapes, and a tiny pair of scissors.

She explained to Tom that if Uncle Dick ever went back to South Africa, or even out West again among those Indians, she thought the needles and the other accompanying tools of woman's craft might be very useful.

"If the real Africans," she said, "are anything like the pictures in my jog., I don't believe that Uncle Dick could find one of them to do his sewing for him. They can't have had much practice in making buttonholes. If those pictures are right, then I should n't wonder if there was n't a single sewing-machine in all South Africa. So, you see, he might have to mend his own clothes some day and sew on buttons. Of course he 's only a man and he would n't do it well; but, all the same, I think he ought not to go away again without needle and thread."

Mr. Rapallo had told them that he never knew how long he would be able to stay with them. He might, at any time, be called away suddenly; and if he once went, he could not guess when he should get back.

Tom had borne in mind this possibility of his uncle's traveling, and he had gone over to Cissy Smith's, whose father had given him a lathe the year before; and with Cissy's assistance Tom had turned a box large enough to hold a few of the indispensable effects of a traveler.

When Tom and his uncle came down that Christmas morning, they found Mrs. Paulding and Pauline waiting for them at the breakfast-table; and the presents were placed at the plate of each member of the household.

Mrs. Paulding was always pleased with what her children gave her; and she had interpreted their desires so sympathetically that they were sure to be delighted with her presents to them.

Uncle Dick thanked Pauline for the housewife and Tom for the box.

"What do you suppose I have for you?" he asked. Perhaps he had noticed a slight shadow of disappointment on their faces when they failed to find by their plates any gift from him.

"I don't know," said Tom, interested in the presents in spite of his excitement over his "working hypothesis" as to the whereabouts of the stolen guineas.

"But I 'm sure it will be simply lovely," volunteered Pauline.

"Well," said Uncle Dick, "for a long while I could not find out what any of you wanted; but at last I heard Polly say that she wished she was rich enough to buy her mother a sewing-machine, because there were so many things she wanted to make for herself. So I have got a sewing-machine for Polly; it is now up-stairs in her room."

"Oh, Uncle!" cried Polly. "Thank you ever so much!" and she jumped from her chair and ran around and kissed him.

"And one day," Uncle Dick resumed, "when Tom and I were walking by the water, I heard him say that he wished he had a telescope to look up and down the stream. Now, a telescope is not so useful as a field-glass; and if Tom will look under his chair he will find a field-glass through which he can see a good many miles up the Hudson."

After Tom had thanked him, Mr. Rapallo turned to his sister and said, "The present I hoped to have for you, Mary, is not ready yet. I may have it by New Year's — and I may have to go after it. But I think you will like it when you get it, and —"

"I am sure I shall, Richard," was Mrs. Paulding's response.

"And until you do get it," Uncle Dick continued, "I sha'n't tell you anything at all about it."

"But —" Polly began, with a keen disappointment depicted in her face.

"*But*," her uncle interrupted, "you will have to possess your soul in patience, for I shall not give you a hint about it until you see it."

"An' quite right, too," said the Brilliant Conversationalist, who was bringing in the buckwheat cakes. "The child may be sure that whatever you buy, Mr. Richard, will be beautiful. See what I found in me kitchen this mornin'"; and she produced a pair of rather startling ear-rings that Uncle Dick had bought for her.

After breakfast they all went to church; and after dinner Uncle Dick called Tom and took him off for a walk.

"I want you to show me the place where you think Jeffrey Kerr lies buried, with the gold he stole from your great-grandfather concealed about his skeleton," he said as they started out.

Tom led him straight to the vacant lots, into which from about the middle of the block a tongue of made land projected.

"There 's where the stepping-stones were, according to this map," said Tom, as he handed the paper to his uncle. "That big boulder there used to be one of them, I think; and as far as I can make out, those two other high rocks over there belonged to them, too."

It took Mr. Rapallo but a short time to familiarize himself with the ground before him and to identify it with that sketched out in the rough but fairly accurate map which he held in his hand. As yet there was hardly a house within two or three blocks on either side; and in one of the adjoining blocks also, below the street-level, it was not difficult to trace the course of the brook, partly by the stones and partly by the stumps of the broken willows which had lined its banks here and there. The outline of the pool below the stepping-stones was less easy to make out, but at last Mr. Rapallo and Tom were able to identify its limits to their satisfaction.

"Where do you think the deep part of the pool was?" asked Uncle Dick.

"Here," said Tom, as he pointed to a stone which projected a little from the edge of the peninsula of filled land. "I think that is the tip of a tall rock marked in the map; and if it is, then the deep part of the pool was just behind that."

"That is to say," his uncle rejoined, "if the body of Jeffrey Kerr is here at all, it is buried somewhere near the base of that stone?"

"Yes," Tom answered; "don't you think so?"

"I think your enthusiasm is catching," Uncle Dick replied; "and now I am here on the spot, I begin to believe that the stolen gold is down there somewhere, almost under our feet. By the way, how far down do you suppose it is?"

"I 've been thinking about that," Tom returned, "and I believe that the skeleton must be several feet below the level of the bottom of the old pool, as it is now — perhaps only a foot or so, and perhaps three or four."

"And the part of the pool near the rock there is buried under at least ten feet of dirt, ashes, and all sorts of builder's rubbish. It won't be easy for us to excavate this to prospect for that gold."

"Suppose we go down and look at it," Tom suggested.

His uncle started down the steep incline and the boy followed. At the point where the rock stood, the level of the lot was fully twenty feet below the surface of the street; and farther down, nearer the river, it sloped away still deeper. In the hollows here and there the snow lingered,

dry and harsh beneath their feet. The ground was frozen hard.

"There is no use in our trying to do anything here until there is a thaw," Mr. Rapallo declared. "In fact, I think that it will be best to postpone our serious effort to excavate until spring."

"And when spring comes will you be here, Uncle Dick?" Tom asked eagerly.

"That 's more than I can say, Tom," he answered. "It depends — well, it depends on many things."

"And in spring how are we going to dig out all that dirt?" Tom inquired.

"I don't know how we shall do it," Mr. Rapallo replied. "But you will find a way out of that difficulty, I 'm sure. What I wonder about is whether we shall be able to get permission to dig here."

"Shall we have to ask leave?" cried Tom in great surprise.

"It is n't our land, is it?" answered his uncle.

"But it is our money," Tom urged in response.

Mr. Rapallo smiled. "The money is yours, no doubt," he said; "but it will be best for you to get the right to see if it is buried here."

"And suppose we can't get it?" Tom demanded.

"We 'll discuss that when the permission is refused. Don't cross the stream till you get there. In the mean time I 'll look up the owner of this land —"

"But I don't know who owns it," said Tom.

"I can find out all about it, down-town to-morrow; and that 's the first thing to do. It is our duty at least to try to get permission to enter on another man's land. As you grow older, Tom, you will find that the short cut is the straight way; in morals as in geometry, the straight line is the shortest distance between two points."

That evening, when they were finishing their supper, there came a sudden clang of bells and the rattling rush of a fire-engine.

"There 's a fire!" cried Tom, with an appealing look at his mother. Tom had the American boy's intense fondness for going to see fires; but his mother did not like to have him run after the engine at night, as many other lads were allowed to do.

"I pity the poor people whose house it is!" said Mrs. Paulding, not replying to Tom's glance of appeal.

"It 's a long while since I have seen a fire here," Uncle Dick remarked, rising from the table. "I think I shall go and take a look at it. Would you like to come, too, Tom?"

"Would n't I just?" Tom replied, as the hose-carriage rattled past the house in hot pursuit of its engine. "May I go, mother?"

"Let him come with me," said Uncle Dick. "I 'll keep guard over him, and I 'll return him right side up with care."

"Wrap yourself up well, Tom," said his mother.

"I wish I was a boy and could go to fires," declared Pauline. "When I 'm grown up I shall live next door to an engine-house, and I 'll make friends with the firemen, and when there 's a great, big fire, I 'll get them to let me ride on the engine."

As Uncle Dick and Tom were leaving the house, Mr. Rapallo turned back and said to his sister:

"Mary, don't be uneasy about this boy, and don't sit up for him. If there 's anything to see, I shall not hurry back, and Tom will stay with me."

It was lucky that Mrs. Paulding had thus been warned, as her brother and her son returned to the house long after midnight.

By the fiery track of the glowing sparks which the engine had left behind it, Mr. Rapallo and Tom were able to go direct to the conflagration, one of the largest ever seen on that part of Manhattan Island. The fire had begun, no one knew how, in a new warehouse, which had recently been completed at the water's edge, between the railroad and a narrow wharf built out into the river. This building, half filled with combustible goods, was blazing fiercely when Uncle Dick and Tom came out at the upper end of the Riverside Park, where they could look down into the fiery furnace on the bank of the frozen river below.

Tom found Cissy Smith standing there with his father; and while Dr. Smith and Mr. Rapallo renewed their acquaintance, broken off

since Uncle Dick had last been in Denver, five years before, Cissy greeted Tom heartily.

"That 's a bully old fire, is n't it?" he cried.

"It 's the biggest I 've ever seen," Tom responded.



UNCLE DICK AND TOM GO TO THE FIRE.

From the first the firemen seemed hopeless of saving the warehouse where the fire had started, for the flames had gained full control over it before a single engine was able to throw a stream on it. There was difficulty in getting water, as more than one hydrant was frozen solid; it took precious time to thaw them out by building bonfires all over them. The center of the river was still open and the ice inshore was not so thick that a resolute steamboat could not crush through it. Soon after Tom and Cissy had taken their places to see the spectacle, a fire-boat came up the river and forced its way through the ice till it stopped almost alongside the burning building. Leaving this boat to attend to the warehouse, the firemen ashore turned their attention chiefly to preventing the spread of the conflagration. There was a lumber-yard, piled high with boards and planks, within a hundred feet of the blazing storehouse, and the saving of this was a work of great difficulty. The labor of the firemen was made doubly severe by a chill wind which blew up the river, carrying the flames toward the tall piles of planks, scattering sparks over the neighboring houses, and freezing the water almost as it left the nozles of the hose. Despite the intense heat of the burning building, long icicles began to descend from every projecting plank in the yard, and the firemen were soon clad in a frozen coat of mail, stiff and crackling as the wearers went about their work.

While the two boys were standing there on the hilltop, enjoying the magnificent spectacle, with no thought of the cost at which it was provided, and accepting it as a sort of unexpected and superior Fourth-of-July celebration, Corkscrew Lott came twisting up the hill toward them, as fast as his high boots would carry him. As he drew near it seemed to Tom that Lott was taller than ever.

"He 's getting on for six feet," said Tom, involuntarily.

"'Ill weeds grow apace,'" returned Cissy; "at least that 's what my father says."

"I say, Cissy," cried Lott, approaching hastily. "where 's your father?"

"He 's here," Cissy answered. "What 's the matter?"

"They want the doctor quick, down at little Jimmy Wigger's aunt's," Lott replied.

"Who 's hurt?" Tom asked.

"It 's little Jimmy himself," Lott responded. "His aunt sent him out on an errand, and he did n't look sharp, and one of the engines came around a corner and ran over him, and they think he 's broken something inside."

Cissy told his father, and under Corkscrew's guidance Dr. Smith and his son went off to the house of little Jimmy's aunt.

Tom and Uncle Dick stood watching the fire that was leaping higher than ever, in despite of the long curves of water which spent themselves in vain in their attack on it. The steam from the engines rose white in the night air, and the ruddy glare of the fire colored the arching lines of water that the steamboat poured into the burning building.

"There 's a sort of likeness in this operation," said Uncle Dick, "to hydraulic mining. At Monotony Dam, in California, I have seen a bigger stream than all those put together; and, when the full head of water was turned on, it would eat into the side of a hill and wash out the pay-gravel by the ton."

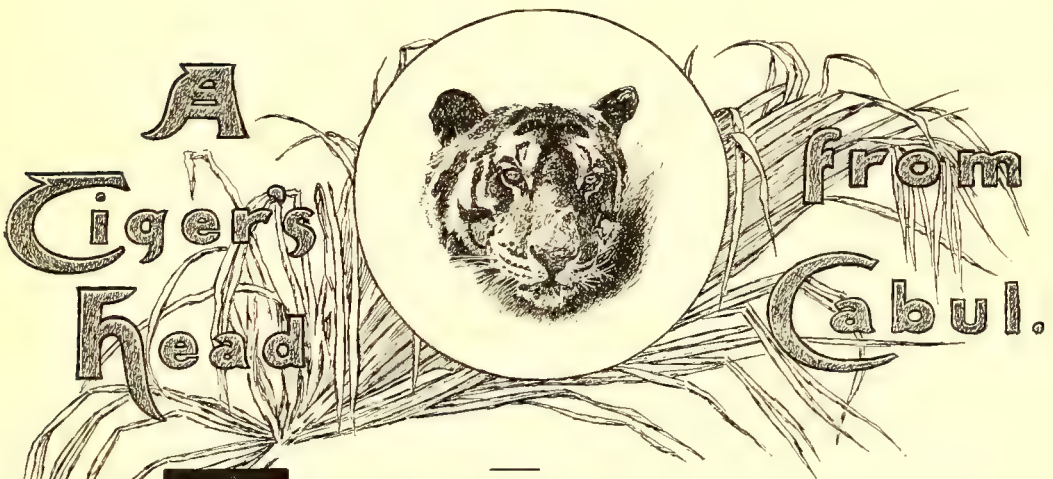
Tom, being greatly interested by this remark, was about to ask for an explanation of the methods of hydraulic mining, when his uncle turned to him suddenly.

"Tom," he said hastily, "come to think of it, that 's the way you may get at that buried treasure of yours."

"How?" asked Tom.

"We 'll turn on a stream of water and wash the guineas out of that bank of rubbish. I 've done a good many odd things in my life, first and last, but I confess it will be a novel experience to try hydraulic mining for gold right here in the streets of New York!"

(To be continued.)



By Thomas P. Hughes, D. D.

NOT long ago a little German boy in Prussia was making a collection of rare postage-stamps, but had failed to obtain any of those queer-looking stamps of Afghanistan, with a tiger's head roughly outlined upon them, known as the Cabul stamps of the reign of Shere Ali. Ameer Shere Ali was the first to introduce postage-stamps in the city of Cabul, and when he was dethroned by the British in 1879, a quantity of these stamps were seized by Sir Louis Cavagnari who was English Resident at the court of Ameer Yakoob Khan. Cavagnari was slain in the same year, and Yakoob Khan was sent a

state prisoner to India, where he was intrusted to the care of an English officer; and Cabul stamps of the reign of Shere Ali became rare. Only a limited number came into the European and American markets, and the little German boy of whom we write found it impossible to procure them in Berlin. At last he determined to write to the ex-Ameer Yakoob Khan, who he had heard was a tender-hearted man, and fond of children.

The German boy's letter to him may be translated as follows:

Your Majesty, I am a little German boy, and am making a collection of stamps. I wish very much to procure some stamps of your Majesty's kingdom, and shall be very much obliged if your Majesty would send me some.

The letter reached Bombay in due time and was despatched by railway to Saharanpoor, where the letter-bag was placed on the back of an Indian coolie and carried up the hills to Massourie, which is a hill-station of the Himalayas, some 6000 feet above the level of the sea. Here the ex-Ameer Yakoob Khan was being carefully and comfortably lodged in charge of an English officer.

Yakoob Khan does not know German, but the "little boy's" letter was translated by the interpreter into Pushto, or the Afghan tongue. The ex-Ameer was pleased by the letter, and a selection of Cabul stamps was sent by an early mail, with a letter written by the English officer, explaining that his Highness the ex-Ameer of Cabul had great pleasure in complying with the request of a good little German boy, as he had heard of the greatness of the German people.

In due course the British officer received the following reply:

Kind English Officer: The stamps which you have so kindly sent me have arrived, and are much valued by me in my collection. I showed them, and your letter, to a distinguished German officer who is staying at my father's house, and he is so pleased with the kindness of an English officer to a little German boy that I asked him to give me his photograph to send to you, which he has done, and he hopes you will accept it.

To the surprise and pleasure of the English officer, the photograph inclosed was that of the Commander-in-Chief of the German Army, and the autograph written under it was "Von Moltke, Field-marshal."

Upon inquiry it appeared that the "little German boy" was the son of a great German manufacturer, whose name is well known in Prussia as one who has provided benevolent institutions for workmen. His father was entertaining Field-marshal Von Moltke at his house when the Cabul stamps sent by the English officer arrived.

A MORTIFYING MISTAKE.

By Anna M. Pratt.

I studied my tables over and over, and backward and forward, too;
But I could n't remember six times nine, and I did n't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while, you 'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann (though I thought 't was a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little 'Fifty-Four' a hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well as the answer of two times two.

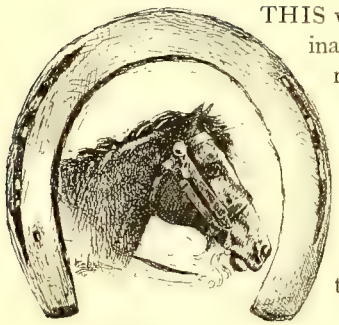
Next day Elizabeth Wigglesworth, who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two," and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I had n't when teacher said, "Now, Dorothy, tell if you can,"
For I thought of my doll and—sakes alive!—I answered—"*Mary Ann!*"



EASTER MORNING

HOW RANGOON CARRIED WEIGHT.

By E. Vinton Blake.



THIS was in Popocarina. What the name means, I don't know; they have in Mexico and in Lower California some names curious enough to Northern ears. All the rest of our party had gone by the more northern route through the Santanta Pass. My companion, Will Grant, had said to me, "You just come round with me through Popocarina Valley, and I 'll show you a queer thing." Being questioned as to what manner of thing it might be, he merely laughed and declared that I would find out soon enough.

But instead of viewing this curiosity, we got ourselves into a singular and dangerous situation.

Popocarina is picturesque enough, lying below as one rides down the rough, precipitous mountain road. The one street is irregular, and the low, square-built adobe houses nestle among peach-, plum-, and mango-trees, bananas, and little patches of corn and wheat. On the way to it, however, the cactus reached thorny arms at us as we rode; the prickly-pear blossoms, red here and there, and the yucca and aloes were scattered about.

"Pretty enough from here," said Grant, with a new slant to his one-sided hat, as he traced with his eye the silver ribbon of the river that, flowing under the solid old stone arches, cuts Popocarina in two.

"Oh, you don't think the beauty holds out on a nearer view?" said I.

Grant shook his head.

"You 've been here before, it seems," said I.

"Of course I have," he answered, "for my own benefit, and now I 'm a-comin' for yours."

"You 're very kind," said I, laughing, "but when I have found out what you mean to show me, I 'll appreciate your kindness better. Is it a work of nature or art?"

Grant looked a little puzzled.

"I told you there war n't much beauty in the place anyhow; too much rubbish — too much pulque."

Pulque is a kind of Mexican brandy.

"Well," said I, "that, I am sorry to say, is a common fault in these parts."

In due time we brought up at the inn. Nobody seemed about; we led our horses into the lonely grass-grown court, to drink at the fountain.

A door creaked; and then appeared an old Mexican woman, who mumbled out a salutation, stepped back, and closed the door behind her.

"There 's hospitality," said I, and we both laughed. "Tell me, is there no other inn in this wretched place?"

"Keep cool, keep cool. You have n't seen the last of 'em yet," responded my friend.

Indeed, in three minutes, Señor the proprietor bustled into the court, profuse in welcomes and apologies.

Our horses were taken, and we were ushered into a long bare hall with very dirty stone seats ranged along the sides.

We wanted dinner.

"What would the gentlemen be pleased to order?"

"Got any mutton?" said Will Grant.

"Unfortunately, no, señor! The rascals of soldiers have left me no single sheep of all my flock. Otherwise — "

"Got any beef?"

"Alas, no, señor! The soldiers — " and again he repeated his plaint.

"See here, señor," said I, breaking in, "just scurry around and see if you can't discover

some fowl or other, somewhere. I want a substantial meal."

Señor the innkeeper looked dubious, but said he would try; and, at last, he succeeded.

We had just finished our dinner, when a stir took place outside. Horses tramped, men talked and laughed; there was the jingle and clash of military accoutrements. Señor the innkeeper turned actually green with apprehension.

"The knaves of soldiers, señor, they have come back. They will leave me nothing," he whispered in passing. "No one knows what mischief may be done while they are about."

"We 'd better be on our guard, Will," said I in a low voice.

"Ten, twenty, twenty-five," counted Will, glancing through the open door. "All of 'em well mounted, and all been a-takin' too much pulque — or something else. I wish we were five miles away."

I wished so, too. I called the Spaniard, paid him our reckoning, and he showed us quietly out by a long paved passage-way to the corral, where we quickly flung the saddles on our horses.

"How are we to get out without going through the middle of them?" I asked the innkeeper.

"Señor, there is no other way. They are noisy and quarrelsome. The lieutenant had trouble with some Americans the other day, and as he had the worst of it, hates the whole nation in consequence."

"That 's a bad lookout for us, then," said Will in English to me.

Just then, and before we could mount, about a dozen soldiers came riding helter-skelter into the corral, shouting vociferously and abusively for Señor Panca; and all concealment was out of the question. They came to a dead, silent stop, and the lieutenant's black, beady eyes twinkled ominously. He flung a sharp question or two at the innkeeper as to who we were, and then addressed us in broken English, supposing us to be ignorant of his language. We were willing he should think so.

"You aire — Americain, meester?" he began, turning to me.

"I am," said I.

"Vere iss — your name?"

"Rafael Ransom, of New York," said I.

"And yours, meester?" to my comrade.

"William Grant," was the concise reply.

The lieutenant seemed to meditate. Then the whole band, who had gathered about, broke in with threats and suggestions.

"R-r-rascally Americanos!" "Tumble 'em into the river!" "Toss 'em over the cliff!" and so on.

We stood quietly by our horses. To make any show of fear or resistance would be unsafe, to say the least. The men were all more or less tipsy, and six or eight of them hung about the entrance of the corral. Rangoon threw up his head, sniffed the air, and looked slowly around. By some keen intuitive instinct he knew — brave fellow! — that danger threatened. The lieutenant looked keenly at him.

"A vary fine horse, meester," said he, his black eyes twinkling. He took the bridle roughly from my hand, and tried to lead the horse along a few steps.

Now, Rangoon had never owned allegiance to any human being but myself. I had conquered and trained him, and he loved me. He resented the familiarity of this stranger, threw his head loftily into the air, and refused to budge. He laid one quivering ear back for a word from me; one big bright eye turned sidewise to look at me. The lieutenant vented his vexation in a jerk at the reins, and a threatening and abusive word. He raised his foot for a kick.

Rangoon saw and understood that gesture. In an instant he stood straight up, restless fore feet pawing the air, and ears laid furiously close to his head. The little, undersized lieutenant was swung clean off his feet, and, losing his hold, landed in an ignominious heap three yards away. A murmur of astonishment ran through the soldiers.

Rangoon came down on all fours with a crash, and stood still, furious — but awaiting my word. Oh! that was a horse worth having. I shall never see his like again.

Then a raging dispute forthwith commenced among the soldiers. Their lieutenant, being angry, was for venting his rage on us. His men wished for some sport first. They got to com-

paring horses — they had taken away Will's gray — and disputing as to their relative speed. The lieutenant rode a fine animal, and he declared that the big rascal of a chestnut — meaning Rangoon — was inferior to his.

His men disagreed. "A race — a race, señor lieutenant! The road is smooth; the distance to Cabanho is not great; let us make trial of the ungainly American horse!"



RANGOON AND THE LIEUTENANT.

The lieutenant agreed, and the band, still keeping watch on us, hurried out to the road.

There they fell into a new dispute. There were seven other horses besides Will's gray which they proposed to match against Rangoon. But who should ride Rangoon?

"I will not ride the beast," grumbled the lieutenant; "let Carlos try."

Carlos tried. A big, black-haired, powerful fellow was Carlos. Carlos got into the saddle; Rangoon's heels flew up as if moved by spring-power, and Carlos shot forward into the sand. A shout went up.

Three men made futile endeavors to mount. One got a severe kick for his pains; another's arm was nipped by Rangoon's teeth; the third was unable to get anywhere near the saddle, for the wily horse changed his tactics, and whirled around as on a pivot, keeping his head to the luckless aspirant.

I saw a chance of escape by this time.

The lieutenant cast a dissatisfied glance at me. I heard him say in Spanish:

"The tricky Americano must ride his own horse, it seems. But stay! he shall not escape. Let the horse carry double. Carlos shall ride behind him!"

This was accounted a happy thought, and was heartily applauded by his band of noisy troopers.

"Meester Rainsome," said the lieutenant, with an ugly twinkle, "you will haf pleasir to ride your horse in a race. Carlos will to ride — a — wis you, lest you haf not to part company wis us. You see?"

"I see," said I, laughing. For when I once sat Rangoon's powerful back, I had the game in my own hands.

But leave Will Grant, who sat composedly chewing a straw by the wall? No, indeed! This is how I managed.

I mounted. Rangoon gave a restless snort, but stood like a statue, with listening ears, while Carlos got up behind me. Just a pressure of my hand on Rangoon's left shoulder, and up went his heels, while Carlos and I rolled quietly



RANGOON AND CARLOS.

over his head. Or, rather, I rolled quietly — expecting it, you see. But Carlos, whose cranium was severely shaken by the shock, got up in a rage, vowing and declaring that no earthly

power should induce him to mount the abominable American brute again.

"How?" said the lieutenant to me. "Your horse will not carree your own zelf?"

"It was that other fellow," said I, composedly, brushing off the dust, and remounting. "Rangoon can't abide strangers. Put my friend on behind me, and perhaps he 'll do better."

"Not if I know it!" said Grant, with a great show of indignation. "I 've no call to break my head, as that other chap has done, to please a parcel of idiots!"



"THE LIEUTENANT'S ROAN AND RANGOON WERE NECK AND NECK."

The lieutenant eyed us suspiciously, but Will played his part well. The lieutenant's men clamored for the race.

Finally, to guard against the possibility of our escape, two mounted men were sent on toward Cabanho to guard the end of our route, and the other contestants got ready.

Grumbling to himself, as loath to make the experiment, Will climbed slowly up behind me, pretending great anxiety at Rangoon's every start and movement. Under cover of the noise and discussion he shot a sharp whisper over my shoulder:

"Can he do it?"

"I think so," I answered. Rangoon stood motionless as I tightened the rein. "Ready, boy, ready!" I muttered into his back-bent ear. The next instant the word was given, and with a crash of hoofs the nine horses were off. There was no question about it — there were fearful odds against Rangoon. Will Grant weighed certainly a hundred and fifty; I tipped the beam at perhaps ten pounds less. For the first few minutes, six of the nine kept up pretty well. Then they scattered. I was holding in my brave horse; the severest test was to come shortly, and I wanted to be ready. The lieutenant rode a fine roan; he was the only opponent worth speaking of.

The golden sunset was slanting across the blue Sierras; but already the valley was cool and shady with coming night. Across the old stone bridge thundered the horses, the lieutenant's roan and Rangoon neck and neck now, the rest far in the rear. The Spaniard's eyes flashed suspiciously at me — he made a menacing gesture. No time to lose; just ahead I saw the two troopers waiting near a sharp bend of the road.

With a rapid turn of the wrist I reined Rangoon diagonally across the lieutenant's course; the quick-witted animal understood in a flash.

"Strike, sir, strike!" I hissed into his ear.

With one leap Rangoon plunged violently against the side of the lieutenant's roan. There was a struggle of hoofs, a cloud of dust, a volley of abuse in Spanish from the discomfited lieutenant, as the roan lost his balance and was knocked completely over by the sudden and unexpected attack.

I flung loose the rein on my horse's neck then, and encouraged him by word and hand. Will Grant, behind me, prepared for an encounter with the two troopers just ahead. But there was no need. The amazed and befogged soldiers really regarded the furious, flying horse as possessed of an evil spirit, and made no effort to stop us as we rode. The evening air swept our faces; trees, bushes, rocks fled by and vanished in the dim light, like the phantoms of a vision.

Level neck, back-laid ear, muscles springy as steel — I felt the tireless power of his stride, heard the rapid, monotonous beating of Rangoon's hoofs all along the lonely road. The way was clear; my brave horse had again saved his master.

"Better slack a bit," said Grant after a while; "we 're out of all danger now." So we finished our journey leisurely.

"Will," said I at last, "was that race what you were going to show me at Popocarina?"

"No, it war n't," he answered glumly. "But it 's too late now — we 've gone by it."

And to this day I never have been able to find out what "it" was.

TOMMY'S SCHOOL.

By Gertrude Morton.

"Geography 's a nuisance, and arithmetic 's a bore!"
Said Tommy, with a frown upon his face.
"I hate the sight of grammars, and my Latin makes me roar;
It 's always sure to get me in disgrace.
When I 'm a man," he added, as he threw his school-books down,
"*I 'll* have a school that boys will think is fine!
They need not know an adjective or adverb from a noun,
Nor whether Cæsar bridged the Po or Rhine.

"I don't care if they think that George the Third was King of Spain,
When those old fogies lived so long ago.
Or if they all should answer that the Volga is in Maine,
What difference would it make, I 'd like to know?
But instead of *useless* things, I 'll teach 'em how to coast and skate;
They all shall learn to row and sail a boat,
And how to fire a pistol, and to shoot a rifle straight,
And how to swim, and how to dive and float.

"We 'll play at tennis and at cricket all the livelong day;
And then there 's polo, and — Oh, yes, foot-ball;
And base-ball they shall every single one learn how to play,
For that 's the most important thing of all.
I tell you," finished Thomas, "I 'll have one of just that kind;
Then all the boys, you see, will want to go.
They will not run away and say my school 's an 'awful grind,'
Or call the lessons dull and hard, I know."

THE SPONGE-MAN AND THE APRIL SHOWER.



I.



II.



III.



IV.

AFTER BLACK BUCK IN INDIA.

By Clarence B. Moore.



"HARRY," said Mr. Vance to his son one morning, "I have, as you know, large interests in Bombay. Certain matters require some one in whom I have absolute confidence to represent me there. I see no reason why you should not be the one. In all probability, you will some day have to take my place in business matters, and the sooner you make a beginning the better I shall be pleased."

Harry eagerly accepted his father's proposition; and a month was spent mainly in reading books on India. Though already quite proficient, practice with a rifle came in for its share of time; for, as Mr. Vance said, "You will surely be asked out for some blackbuck shooting, and I want you to do me credit in whatever you attempt in India, whether it be business or sport."

When it was nearly time for Harry's departure, Mr. Vance called him into his study one evening, and gave his son ample directions to guide him as to the matters of business which called him to India. "And as to preparations, Harry," he concluded, "you need buy no clothing here, except two thin suits of clothes to wear while on the Red Sea, everything else necessary can be had in Bombay. You may take my 'express-rifle' that I have often used in India; as you know, it is double-barreled and comes up to the shoulder like a shot-gun."

"To shoot tigers?" asked Harry.

"You will see no tigers," said his father. "They are by no means so plentiful as people imagine, and when one is heard of, the slaying of it is considered the peculiar privilege of some raja, English Resident, or army officer of high rank."

"English Resident?"

"You have heard of the 'whisper that moves the throne'? Well, at the courts of the maharajas, rajas, gaikwars, and raos, as they call various native rulers, dwell members of the British government, who really control the government of their hosts."

"How many 'lacs of rupees' shall I need?" said Harry.

"Not many," said his father, smiling.

"How much is a lac?"

"One hundred thousand rupees; the rupee being nominally worth about thirty-five cents."

"Whew! a lac is really quite a sum of money!"

"Yes," said Mr. Vance; "and a crore is a hundred lacs."

In due time Harry sailed for Liverpool, and after a few days on the continent, he took the steamer for Alexandria. On board was a Major Barton, Political Resident at the court of the Rao of Cutch, and he and Harry soon became fast friends. He was an old tiger-shooter, and told Harry of many thrilling escapes which he had had in the jungle. "You have to be quick," said the Major; "for the tiger looks like a blaze of yellow light when he comes. In the north they shoot them from elephants, but in the Madras district hunters go into the jungle on foot."

"Well," said Harry, "I think I would begin on the elephant and work down, rather than begin on foot and work up."

"You may well say so," said Major Barton. "I have hunted leopards on foot, and I don't care for any more of it. Upon one occasion I slightly wounded one, and hastily retreated up a high rock. The beast charged after me, but, missing me in the blind fury of its desperate leap, fell over the other side and was crushed to death."

"That *was* close," said Harry. "I fancy you were glad to get off. I suppose you use rifles for big game out there?"

"No," answered Major Barton, "rifles are rarely used to kill tigers. In nearly every case the weapon is a double-barreled shot-gun, without 'choke,'* carrying a heavy round ball. Nearly all tigers are killed running, and at very close range, and the time to aim is very limited. When an old tiger-shooter speaks of his 'rifle,' he always refers to a shot-gun."



"LOOKING WHERE THE GUIDE POINTED, HARRY SAW FORTY OR FIFTY BUCKS AND DOES FEEDING." (SEE PAGE 514.)

"I am so eager to get at the black buck," said Harry, "that I can hardly wait. My father has given me letters to a friend at Moortizapoor, in the Central Provinces, and I expect to shoot some down there. Would you mind telling me something about them, Major Barton?"

"Not at all," said the Major, lighting his pipe. "You will find the black buck is a very graceful animal, weighing between thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male, when full-grown, is of inky blackness on the back, while the belly is as white as snow; the contrast being very striking. The horns are black and spiral in shape, and in length average about eighteen inches, although they have been known to reach twenty-six inches. The animals are usually found in herds, and are difficult to approach on foot, as the bucks toss their heads into the air from time to time in a very graceful manner, and some one of them is almost sure to detect any attempt at stalking. They are at times hunted on horseback, but the usual method in many sections is to use a conveyance very much like the back of a horse, only shorter, and made of wood. This is on wheels, is drawn by bullocks, and is called a jungle-cart. It is very close to the ground, and from both sides project flat pieces of wood, upon which the feet rest. The inside is hollow and holds ammunition and luncheon. It is believed that they take the queer little wooden arrangement on wheels for a plow, and

* A gradual lessening of the diameter of the barrel, beginning near the breech and continuing toward the muzzle. This tends to bunch the shot and to increase the distance which they will go. A bullet encountering this choke would probably burst the gun.

consequently are not much alarmed as it draws nearer them in ever-decreasing circles. The bullocks move at the word of command, and are accompanied by a shikaree, or native hunter. The bucks never seem to fear the inhabitants, doubtless having learned they are without guns, and therefore not to be dreaded.

"There!" said the Major, "I have delivered quite a lecture on the subject, and if I say any more you will be asking me to—what is that slang phrase you have in the States?"

"Hire a hall?" suggested Harry.

"That 's it," said the Major, "hire a hall."

"I would be only too glad," said Harry, "to hire a small hall, and hear you talk all night about tigers, leopards, and black buck."

Upon arriving at Bombay, Harry delivered his letters of introduction, and took up his quarters at the Bombay Club, which has cool and comfortable rooms for members and for their guests. He found awaiting him a letter from Mr. Cotgrave, his father's friend at Moortizapoor, inviting him down at his earliest convenience to "have a try" at the black buck; and after two weeks, having arranged his father's business affairs, he accepted Mr. Cotgrave's kind invitation.

After an all-night journey he arrived at Moortizapoor, and was grieved to find that his host was confined to his bed. Mr. Cotgrave had been thrown from his horse while "pig-sticking" the day before. "Pig-sticking" is a rather dangerous sport, and consists in chasing the wild boar on horseback.

Mr. Cotgrave, however, was not seriously injured; and, seated in a large cane reclining-chair (so common in India and so very comfortable), warmly welcomed his guest. The bungalow where he lived was very commodious; although a bachelor, he employed twenty-two servants, including two sices, or grooms, and two shikarees or huntsmen. Wages, though apparently very low in India, are not low considering the number of servants required to attend to duties which would be done by one servant in America or England.

The next morning, after breakfast, Harry started out in search of the buck. His jungle-cart was drawn by two bullocks, snowy-white, and trained to advance or to halt at the word of command, while a shikaree accompanied him on foot. Harry was very nervous; he had heard of "buck fever," the nervous panic that prevents a man from firing at his first deer, and he dreaded an attack of the malady.

They had been out hardly an hour, when he espied, about two hundred yards away, what he knew to be a black buck. Unfortunately the animal saw the hunters at the same instant, and speedily disappeared.

After another hour without seeing game, Harry was beginning to feel a little discouraged (for black buck are very abundant at Moortizapoor), when he was startled by a sudden exclamation from his guide. Looking where the guide pointed, Harry saw forty or fifty bucks and does feeding, about two hundred yards away!

Harry's heart beat fast. Guided by the shikaree, who kept the cart between himself and the game, the hunters slowly circled nearer and nearer. The bucks continually tossed their spiral horns and looked at them, but apparently suspected no trouble. When at a distance of about eighty yards, the shikaree halted the bullocks, and Harry saw that the time had come.

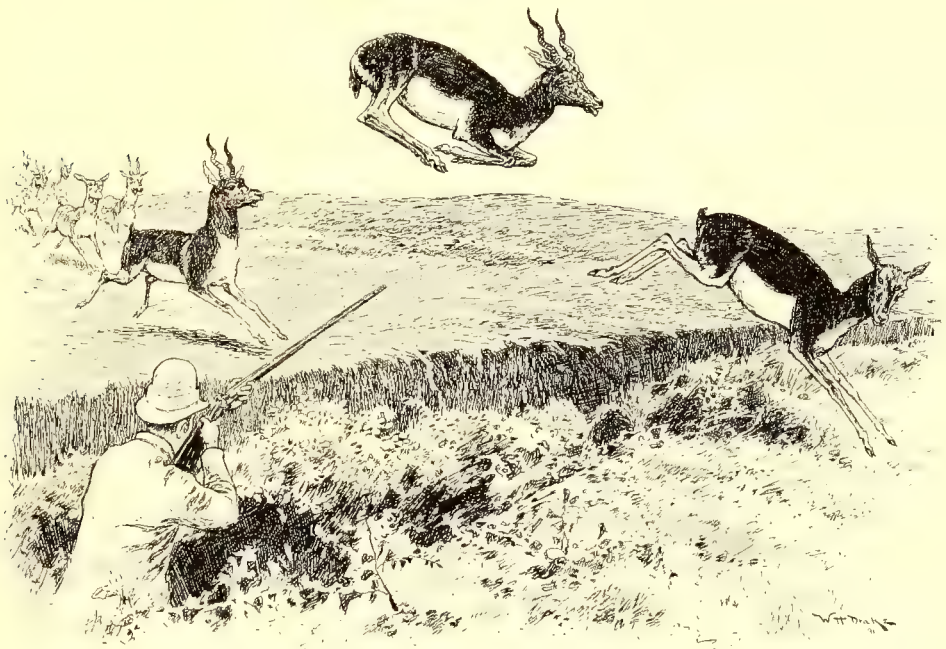
Slowly rising until he stood upright, with his feet supported by the boards on the sides of the jungle-cart, Harry leveled his express and, taking deliberate aim at the shoulder of a fine buck, pulled the trigger. The herd leaped high into the air and then rushed helter-skelter away. With a gnawing feeling at the heart he fired again, and saw the ball raise the dust a yard or two short of them as they ran. He threw down his rifle, bitterly disappointed. Turning to the shikaree, determined to quit the scene of his disappointment and disgrace, Harry pointed toward home, and uttered the single word, "Bungalow!" The huntsman seemed rather surprised, and, taking him by the arm, endeavored to lead him toward the former location of the herd; but poor Harry again sadly turned toward home. The shikaree seemed more puzzled than ever.

At length, seeing the native so persistent, Harry accompanied the shikaree to the place he indicated, and there, quite dead, lay a fine fat buck. Harry's shot was clever enough to delight the young hunter, and taking a rupee from his pocket, he handed it to the shikaree. In-

stantly his companion fell upon his knees, and began kissing the dust from Harry's feet. The young American, unaccustomed to such proceedings, speedily concluded that he had the worth of his rupee, and motioned to the native to rise. Tying the buck to the wagon, they returned home, where Harry, as proud as a king, was warmly congratulated by his host.

That evening Mr. Cotgrave told him a number of amusing stories about the inhabitants. Upon one occasion he had been out shooting snipe, and had fired in the direction of some natives who were at work in a field two or three gunshots away. Immediately there arose loud cries, "He is dead! He is dead!" Approaching them, Mr. Cotgrave and his friends found a man lying motionless upon his back with arms extended and hands relaxed. When they put a rupee into one of the upturned palms, the man's fingers closed upon it, and a moment or two later the prostrate man rose to his feet. The party of Europeans moved away, but were presently recalled by the cry, "He is dead again!" Winking to his companions, Mr. Cotgrave returned, and found the same man lying on his back as before.

This time no coin was dropped into the upturned palm, but, by Mr. Cotgrave's orders, two shikarees lifted the "remains" and carried them to the large tent belonging to the party, no great distance away. Once there, they constructed a bier consisting of boards supported by kegs. Upon this they laid the body, and around it arranged lighted candles, which they slyly moved nearer and nearer, until, the heat becoming unendurable, the "dead man" with a yell sprang to his feet, rushed through the entrance of the tent, and was seen no more.



"WAITING UNTIL A LARGE BUCK WAS IN MID-AIR, HARRY RAISED HIS RIFLE AND FIRED." (SEE PAGE 516.)

Harry laughed heartily at this incident, as did Mr. Cotgrave, who spoke of it as one of the most ludicrous events of his Indian experience.

The next morning Harry went out again, and when about two miles from the bungalow succeeded in missing a fine buck which was feeding apparently alone.

Chagrined but not discouraged, he kept on, and toward afternoon saw another solitary buck standing on the side of a hill. The hillside was entirely covered with some cultivated plant about two feet high. The animal, more timid from being alone, started to run; when "bang!"

went Harry's rifle, and "ping!" went the ball into the mass of vegetation. With loud shouts and screams, fully fifty natives, who had been squatting upon the ground using their little short-handled hoes, rose to their feet! Fortunately no one was hurt, and, this time, neither did any one "play possum."

Harry and his companion speedily followed in the direction taken by the buck, and as they mounted a small eminence were fortunate enough again to see it standing. The animal bounded away; but, overtaken by Harry's bullet, it staggered, plunged forward and fell headlong. Then, recovering itself, it leaped to its feet and continued on its course. A second time Harry fired, and the buck dropped to the ground.

Harry was a proud boy indeed that night at dinner, when Mr. Cotgrave warmly congratulated him upon his marksmanship.

The following morning Harry again sallied forth; and, when only four or five miles from the bungalow, came to a nullah (dry watercourse), upon one side of which, far away to the right, he saw feeding the largest herd of black bucks and does which he had yet come upon. The shikaree motioned to him to descend from the jungle-cart and to creep down the nullah toward the feeding herd.

Rifle in hand, he cautiously approached the animals. While yet considerably out of rifle-shot, the herd, alarmed by something behind them, ran toward the nullah in a long line. One at a time, leaping high in air, the bucks and does began crossing to the other side, where, continuing their rapid course, they were speedily lost to view. Waiting until a large buck was in mid-air, Harry raised his rifle and, aiming ahead of the animal, fired. The effect was instantaneous. While yet high above the ground, the legs of the buck fell limp and at full length, the head dropped, and for an instant the body hung quite dead in the air! Then it fell heavily to the earth. The rest of the herd still continued their flying leaps. Taking deliberate aim, Harry fired the second barrel. This time his target landed safely on the other side, disappearing with the rest; and by the time the rifle was reloaded, the herd had completed the passage of the nullah. At dinner that evening, Mr. Cotgrave was much interested in hearing Harry's account of his good fortune, and it really seemed as if the genial Englishman took more pleasure in the success of his young guest than if he himself had bagged the game.

"What size horns did you get to-day?" he asked.

"Nineteen inches," answered Harry. "How long do they grow?"

"Not much over twenty-two, around here; but up at Jeypore, in Rajpootana, I have heard of horns twenty-six inches in length. I got a day's shooting there once, in the preserves of the raja; and, being requested not to kill over three bucks in a day, I passed by one after another, waiting to encounter horns of extraordinary size. After about two o'clock I never got even a glimpse of one. The black bucks know how to use their horns to advantage. In some parts of India antelopes are hunted with cheetahs, which resemble leopards, and are said to be the connecting link between dog and cat. Now, when a cheetah gets hold of a black buck by mistake, he is very likely to let him go again after receiving a couple of sharp prods from his horns."

After Harry had passed ten days with his kind host, with varied success (on the last day but one killing three bucks before tiffin*), he felt that he ought no longer to postpone his return. Before his departure he warmly thanked Mr. Cotgrave for his kindness.

A week in Bombay was sufficient for Harry to complete his father's business, and, after taking a trip through India (of course not forgetting a visit to Major Barton), he sailed for home, where he arrived safely, and was warmly welcomed by his father.

* Luncheon.

MY TROUBADOUR.

By Charles H. Crandall.

High on the maple swinging,
To usher in with singing
The wedding of the Dawn
With the Dew upon the lawn,
You cheery little poet!
Although you do not know it,
And see nobody near you,
I hear you — I hear you!

Hark, from the orchard hidden,
A serenade unbidden!
And by this dainty clue,
Robin, I know it 's you.
No, you cannot deceive me,
Pretending that you leave me;
I found you out, you dear, you —
I hear you — I hear you!

Now on the meadow floor,
The scarlet troubadour
Such melody is letting
The sun forgets its setting!
You music-beating heart!
Doing your little part,
You shall be seen and heard,
Though you are but a bird;
So never, never, fear you,
I hear you — I hear you.



AT THE MUSICAL.

By Caroline Evans.

The cat on his fiddle thrummed hey-diddle-diddle,
In measure delightfully gay,
And three little kittens waved wildly their mittens,
And murmured: "How well he does play!"
While Puss stamped his boots, thump, thump, on the floor,
As a delicate hint that they 'd like some more.

The Pussy who fell down that horrible well
Arrived, rather damp, toward the end,
With Pussy Cat Mew, dressed in petticoat new,
And Puss from the corner, her friend.
Only one sent regrets — "Sadly grieved to have been
At London detained by a mouse and the Queen."

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

By Lieut. R. H. Fletcher.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter X.

When Charlie, somewhat subdued by his experience with the first act of the play, asked his father what he thought of the second act, the Captain replied, "Well, I think it ought to be short."

"What, shorter than the first?" cried Charlie.

"Yes," said the Captain. "Remember, you and Leslie are giving an entertainment for your friends. You must think of their pleasure, and not seize the chance to show yourselves off as fine writers or actors. Three short acts of ten minutes each are quite enough. You will find that when you come to the performance it will take nearly an hour. And now for the second act. Give me the book, and let me see what will be best."

Charlie had obtained a copy of the story from which he had taken his ideas for the plot, and had brought it home to examine at his leisure. For a few minutes his father read in silence, and then said, "Ah, yes. Here, now; this will do. Let the scene be an out-of-doors one, by way of variety."

"But how can you make it out-of-doors, Pa?" asked Leslie.

"Well," said her father, "I will leave that to you. Only, remember that I am not going to have any carpenters in the house putting up frames, and hammering and upsetting things generally. Half the fun in parlor theatricals is in proving your ingenuity by managing with what things you have at hand. For instance, you can get some cheap green stuff, calico or something, to lay on the floor."

"Not calico, dear," said Mrs. Morton; "they don't make green calico. You might get paper cambric."

"Well, whatever you call it," said the Captain. "Then you can rig up a screen out of the same material to hide the walls of the room, and put some pots of flowers around, and a garden seat or two. You want to give simply the idea, that is all."

"I understand," said Charlie. "It 's just as they do in a photograph gallery."

"Exactly," said his father; "except that the photographer does not care for color, and you do. Now, when the curtain goes up, let Mr. Harper—that is, General Washington—come on the stage ready for departure. He walks up and down with the youngest daughter of Mr. Smith (Frances her name is), talking to her in a kindly way, which he interrupts to say, 'Here comes your father.' Mr. Smith, accompanied by his son still disguised in his red wig, comes forward. Mr. Harper then suddenly turns to young Smith and says, 'If any fear of me induces Captain Smith to maintain his disguise, I beg that he will lay it aside.' 'My son, my son!' cries the elder Mr. Smith, 'you are discovered!' 'Great heavens! sir,' exclaims Frances, turning to Mr. Harper, with clasped hands, 'you will not betray him?' 'Fear nothing,' says Mr. Harper; 'I cannot betray him, and for your sake I would not if I could.' 'Well, I care not,' says the young Captain; 'I am weary of this masquerading.' He takes off his wig and beard and throws them aside. Mr. Harper smiles and says, 'You look so much better in your own proper person, sir, I advise you to keep to it.' Now the elder sister, Sarah, comes on and says hurriedly, 'Father, Harvey Birch is here with your—' then catching sight of her brother without his disguise, she exclaims, 'Why, Henry, what does this mean? Have you forgotten that there is a stranger among us?' And she looks at Mr. Harper. 'My dear sister,' says the young man, 'since the stranger has seen through my disguise, where is the use of keeping to it? It was a great nuisance, and I am well rid of it.' 'And

Mr. Harper has promised not to betray him, Sister,' says Frances, eagerly. 'Rest assured,' says Mr. Harper, pleasantly; 'I have enjoyed your hospitality, and I would not willingly cause you trouble. Now, sir,'—this with a bow to old Mr. Smith,—'if I may trouble you to order my horse, I will take my leave.' Sarah calls Cæsar to bring the gentleman's horse. Mr. Harper then turns to Frances, and says, 'Heaven bless you, my dear young lady! A girl who is so good a daughter, so kind to strangers, and loves her country as you do, deserves every blessing. If ever you should need advice or assistance in these troublous times, send this ring to Mr. Harper, and if it lies in his power he will gladly assist you.' He takes off a ring and hands it to her. Cæsar comes on to say that the horse is ready, the stranger bows to them all, and departs. Then the two young ladies talk about him a little, saying, 'What a gentleman he seems, what a noble countenance he has, and what a kind manner!' They are interrupted by Cæsar, who rushes on in great terror, exclaiming that a body of American soldiers is coming up the valley. Immediately every one is greatly excited. Frances cries out for her brother to fly, Sarah picks up his false wig and beard and helps him to put them on. A drum is heard back of the scenes, and then a sound of firing."

"With real guns, Pa?" said Leslie.

"Not exactly, my dear," said her father, smiling. "The firing can be imitated by opening and shutting a big book rapidly. The Captain and Mr. Smith rush off, followed by Cæsar. There is more firing. The young ladies cling to each other in great distress. Then the noise ceases, and the Captain is brought in a prisoner between two Continental soldiers, accompanied by an officer; his father and Cæsar follow. 'Sir,' says the American officer to Captain Smith, "if it be, as you say, that you are a British officer, I pity you; for we find you inside our lines in disguise, and while it may be true that you come here only to visit your father, your disguise would indicate that you are a spy, and for that Major André was hung.' Then old Mr. Smith on one side, and Sarah on the other, throw themselves on their knees before the officer, crying out, 'Oh, spare him, sir! Spare him!' Frances puts her handkerchief to her eyes, while Cæsar blubbers in the background, as the curtain falls."

"And now for the third and last act," continued the Captain. "That must be even quicker than the others. Let the curtain rise on the parlor scene. Frances is sitting at a table with a book before her, but every once in a while she puts her handkerchief to her eyes. 'Alas!' she says, 'what dreadful trouble has befallen us! My poor brother a prisoner, and soon to be shot as a spy! How can we prove that it was only his affection for us that made him put on that odious disguise?' At this moment her father and sister enter, both looking very pale and with eyes red from weeping. Frances arises and embraces her father, while Sarah says, 'That dreadful American Major has just told me that they are expecting a brigade of soldiers here, and that when they come our poor Henry will be tried by court martial. Oh, what shall we do to save him!' Now have military music on the piano, very faint at first, and growing louder. The Continental Major enters and says that the brigade is coming, and that the court will sit the next morning, and they must be ready to come before it as witnesses. 'Sir,' says Sarah, turning to him, 'is there no one who can save my poor brother?' 'No one, if he is found guilty,' replies the Major; 'that is, no one, of course, except our Commander-in-chief, General Washington; and he is not likely to interfere.' 'Oh,' says Frances, 'if that good, kind Mr. Harper were but here to advise us!' 'Mr. Harper!' says the Major, looking at her curiously. 'What do you know of Mr. Harper?' 'The gentleman spent with us the night on which my unfortunate son arrived,' says Mr. Smith; 'and he thanked us for our hospitality, and offered, if the occasion arose, to be of service.' 'Did he so?' says the Major. 'Indeed, sir, he did,' says Frances, 'and gave me this ring as a token.' 'Why, then,' says the Major, 'if you want my advice, I 'd lose no time in sending to him.' 'But I know not where to find him,' says Frances. 'Well,' says the Major, 'perhaps I may know, and if you choose to trust me with your message I will see that it reaches him.' 'That will I, sir, gladly,' says Frances; 'and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts for your kindness. Father, I will go now and write the mes-

sage.' Then they both go out. Meantime the martial music and tramping outside continue; and Cæsar rushes in and declares that the whole American army is coming down the valley, and runs out again. Then Frances comes back and says that the note has been despatched. 'Pray heaven,' she exclaims, 'it may be of some use!' 'How can it be,' says Sarah, mournfully, 'when that Continental Major has said that no one but General Washington himself could be of use?' Now there is a knock at the door. Cæsar, coming in, announces, 'Mr. Harper!' 'Mr. Harper!' they all exclaim, as that gentleman makes his appearance in his old military cloak. 'General Washington, at your service,' he says, throwing back the cloak and displaying his uniform. Every one, of course, is astonished. But Frances, rushing forward, kneels before him, and taking his hand in both of hers and pressing it to her lips, cries out, 'We are saved! We are saved!' 'Rise, my dear young lady,' says the General. 'Not till you have granted my request,' she says. 'Oh, noble sir, spare my brother's life!' 'I will,' says the General, 'because I know him to be innocent. Major,' he continues, 'bring in the prisoner.' Then Captain Smith is brought in by two soldiers, as before. 'Young man,' says General Washington, severely, 'you have had a narrow escape from a disgraceful death. Let it be hereafter a warning to you not to sail under false colors. Major, you may accept this officer's parole as simply a prisoner-of-war.' The Major bows. Old Mr. Smith puts his arm around his son on one side, his sister Sarah does the same on the other. Frances stands next to General Washington, holding his hand and looking gratefully up into his face. Cæsar, as usual, grins in the background, and down comes the curtain."

"Hurray!" cried Leslie. "Pa, you 're just splendid!" And sitting on his knee, she raised his big mustache with both hands and kissed him.

"I think I 'll be 'General Washington,'" said Charlie thoughtfully.

"It will be a difficult part," said his father; "but still I think it might fit you. The hardest part, perhaps, is 'Frances'; but it seems to suit our little friend Mildred. As for the rest of the characters and the conversation, you must arrange all that yourselves. Furthermore, you must make up your own costumes, remember. Everything about the play must be home-made; those are the terms on which you are allowed to have it."

"Certainly," said Charlie; "we understand that. I 'm ever so much obliged to you, Pa. And, Les," he continued, "we must go over to Mildred's to-morrow and look at the costumes in those old pictures that are hanging in the parlor, so that we 'll know how to make the things. I tell you, Mildred will look fine in one of those old-fashioned dresses, sitting at the spinning-wheel! I do hope her mother will let her act."

CHAPTER XI.

"MILDRED is going to act!" cried Leslie, rushing into the dining-room one Saturday afternoon, about a week after the events narrated in the last chapter. It was now the middle of December, and the party was to take place the following Friday. Charlie and his friend Will Baily were in the dining-room, making a screen out of the kitchen clothes-horse. Charlie, who was hammering, was startled by Leslie's sudden entrance, and hammered his finger; but the news she brought salved the bruise and saved her from an angry reception.

"Is she?" he cried, blowing his hurt finger. "That 's fine! I 'm awfully glad to hear that. Now we 're all right."

"Yes," said Leslie, nodding her head and speaking very fast. "I was over there just now, and Mildred said that when you read the play aloud the other day, her mother liked it very well. And then while they were talking, Blanche Howes came in. She was real nice about this; she said that if Mildred wanted to act she would help get her ready, so that Mrs. Fairleigh would n't have to bother. And Dreddy says that Blanche is a clever girl, and that if she would help her everything would be all right. And at last her mother said she might act. I thought you 'd be glad to know it, so I came right over to tell you."

"Well, that 's a piece of good news, Les," Charlie replied. "I 've been really anxious about that part. I was afraid Mrs. Fairleigh would n't let Mildred play, and I don't know

anybody else who could have taken it. You just ought to see her, Will," added Charlie enthusiastically, turning to his friend. "She is just the girl for that character—pretty and ladylike."

The clothes-horse, which was a high one, was



"'MILDRED IS GOING TO ACT!' CRIED LESLIE, RUSHING INTO THE DINING ROOM."

first covered with red cotton, Charlie standing on a chair and tacking it on while Will afterward ruled lines on it with a piece of chalk, the whole being intended to represent a red brick wall for the garden scene. Creepers and vines were to be stitched on to the cotton to add to the illusion.

"There!" said Charlie, at last, as he stepped back with his head on one side to look at their work. "I think that 's going to be pretty good, myself."

"I wish we could have a regular stage and footlights, and curtain, and everything," said Will.

"So do I," said Charlie; "but we can't. You know they are going to use the room for dancing as soon as the play is over, and if there was a stage they could n't. Besides, pa says that if we put up a stage, people would expect to see real scenery; and if we had real scenery they 'd expect us to act like professionals; and that it 's best not to lead people to expect too much, 'cause then they won't be disappointed. The folding-doors will do well enough for a curtain, and, besides, when they 're closed the audience won't hear the noise we make in getting ready, as they would if we had only a curtain; and there won't be any smarties peeping in to see what we 're doing."

"To-day, when I was over at Mildred's house," Leslie remarked, "Blanche Howes said that in a piece she saw once where there was a storm, you could hear the wind whistle and the shutters slam."

"We might do something like that," said Charlie.

"And Belle Foster," said Leslie, encouraged by this, "said that we could imitate the rain by turning on the water in the bath-tub."

"Of course," said Will, "now that we 've got everything fixed, everybody wants to tell us how to do it!"

"She did n't say how we were to get the bath-tub down into the parlor, did she?" asked Charlie.

"No," said Leslie, laughing. "I guess she did n't think about that."

"We might get pa to write an official request

to the Weather Bureau to have a real thunder-storm that night," continued Charlie.

"But we don't want it to rain really, Charlie," protested Leslie; "it would spoil the party."

"You goosey," said her brother, "I was only in fun. The Weather Bureau can't make it rain."

"Well," said Leslie, "they can tell when it 's going to rain."

"Yes," said Charlie, "they can do that."

"How do they do it?" asked Will.

"Well," said Charlie, "they have men stationed all over, everywhere. Don't you remember, Les, that Signal-sergeant who was at Fort Jones, when we were there — that big man who had orange-colored chevrons, and two crossed flags on his cap? Well, he was one. Then they have a station away up in the Rocky Mountains, on Pike's Peak, where they are snowed-in nine months in the year, and the wind blows so hard that they have to tie the house down with ropes, or it would blow away. And they have them down in Arizona, and up in Washington Territory, and everywhere. And every day they telegraph to the Weather Bureau how the wind is blowing, and how hot or cold it is, and whether there 's a storm coming, and where it is coming from, and all that. And the men of the Weather Bureau read them all, and so know all about it."

"But I don't see how they can tell whether it is going to rain," said Will.

"Why, this way," said Charlie: "Suppose the Sergeant up at Fort Buford, on the Upper Missouri, telegraphs that a storm has just passed over his place, from north to south; and the next station below him, say at Bismarck, telegraphs that they are having a storm at their place and that it came from the north; and the next station south of that, at — at — well, at Red Cloud Agency, says that it looks as if they were going to have a storm from the north, then the head of the Weather Bureau knows that a storm that began somewhere up at Buford is traveling down the Missouri River Valley, does n't he? And he knows how fast it is traveling, because he knows how long it took for it to get from one station to another. So then he can telegraph to the towns further down, at Omaha and St. Louis, where maybe there is n't any sign of a storm, that it 's likely to rain there in twenty-four hours. Don't you see?"

"How did you know all that?" said Will, admiringly.

"The Signal-sergeant at Fort Jones explained it to me," said Charlie. "There 's a lot more he told me that I 've forgotten."

"Do you believe it?" said Leslie.

"Why, of course I do," said Charlie.

"Well, but how can a storm *travel?*" asked Leslie.

"It does n't travel as people do," answered Charlie; "that is, it does n't get on a railroad-train with trunks and a lunch-basket." At which idea both Will and Leslie laughed. "But I 've seen lots of times, out on the plains, a rain-storm go traveling along, away off, while the sun was shining everywhere else."

"Yes," said Leslie, "so have I. But I hope we won't have a real storm the night of the party."

Chapter XII.

And so Mildred had her wish. She was going to act in private theatricals. She was going to be dressed like her favorite in the picture, Mistress Barbara Fairleigh, and there were to be British soldiers like those who had rapped on Barbara's door that night, a hundred years ago, and demanded to know whether they were "king's men or rebels." And "General Washington" was to talk to her. It all seemed like a dream. Charlie had given her a copy of the play so that she might learn her part, and she studied it every spare moment that she had, and asked her mother to hear her say it so many times that her mother soon knew it as well as Mildred did.

Fortunately the tidy that she had been making for her mother had, with Eliza's help, been repaired and was now finished, and lay in her bureau drawer, wrapped in tissue-paper, waiting for Christmas morning. Then, too, in the two weeks that had elapsed before her mother had given her permission to take part in the theatricals, she had devoted her time to making a handkerchief-case for her father. This was of blue silk lined with white quilted satin, and inside of it was violet sachet-powder, and around the edge was a gilt cord. This was now

complete, and lay beside the tidy. Her presents for Amanda and Eliza were to be bought with her own pocket-money that she had been saving for a long time past. She had almost decided that Amanda was to have a new head-kerchief, and Eliza a purse. Her mother, however, had



"'AN' DE LADIES DEY GIVE DEIR RIGHT HAN' TO DE GEN'LEM'."

promised to go shopping with her to determine finally these purchases. To be sure, there was some other Christmas work in the way of helping her mother to get together bundles of flannels and cast-off clothing, and toys, for the orphans at the Home, and for the poor people who always expected help of some sort from the Fairleighs; but that could be done after the party.

Years ago, when Mildred's father and grandfather had plenty of money, Amanda said, there were a great many poor persons, principally colored folk, who made a regular custom of gathering in the kitchen to receive gifts on Christmas morning. At such times old Mrs. Fairleigh, Mildred's grandmother, would distribute dresses and coats and underwear and shoes and groceries.

"'Deed, honey," said Amanda, "you' gran'pa he used to spen' hun'erds o' dolla's on de pore folks at Chris'mas-time. It was ev'ybody come, an' welcome. All dey got to do was to holler, 'Chris'mas gift, Mars' Tom!' an' dey got some'in'. But dem days is past. You' pa lost a heap o' money at de time o' de wa', an' bein' sick all de time, it 's mighty hard scratchin' to get enough togedder to keep de Fairleighs, let alone pervidin' for all dem pore folks. But you' ma she 's boun' to keep up de traditions o' de fambly w'at come to 'em wid de jenny-lugical tree, an' so long 's she 's got victuals an' clo'es she 's gwine to share 'em wid de pore."

So, these days before Christmas, Mildred's spare hours were pretty well occupied. In fact, she was glad that her mother had not given her permission to take part in Charlie's theatricals until after her preparations for Christmas were completed and her school vacation had begun. It was so pleasant to feel that she was not neglecting any of her duties for this new amusement. She wondered if her mother had foreseen this. When she suggested it to Amanda, the old woman promptly replied, "Co'se she did, honey, co'se she did. You' ma she do a heap o' t'inkin' fer yo' w'at yo' don' know nuffin 'bout."

Amanda took a great deal of interest in Mildred's "play-actin'," as she called it. "I mind de time," she said, "w'en dey had jest dem very same identical play-actin' in dis yere house; on'y it war de grown folks w'at did it, not de chillun. I knowed you' gran'ma's maid, Susanna, in dem days o' junketin', jest a'ter you' gran'ma was married; an' I used to come over yere an' help Susanna dress her ha'r, an' lay out de finery an' all dat. An' I don' want to see no likelier woman dan you' gran'ma was, a-comin' down de steps wid her long gown a-trailin' out behind, an' all de gen'lem' a-bowin' an' a-bendin' like dey was jest ready to git right down on de flo' fer her to walk on. An' de way dey talk! I tell yo', honey, de men nowadays dey don' know how to talk. I 've stood at de head o' de sta'rs many a time a'ter de mistis go down, a-list'nin' to w'at dey say. 'Good ebenin', Mr. Lee,' says she; 'I hope yo' well.' 'Madam,' says he, 'to hear you' voice is a cure fo' all illness.' 'How is de wedder out dis ebenin', Mr. Pinckney?' says she. 'Is de moon shinin'?' 'Who has eyes fer de moon,' says he,

'w'en Mistis Fairleigh appears!' Da's de way dey talk. None o' you' common 'I 's tol'able well, thank ye, ma'am, an' how 's all you folks?' or 'Yes, 'm, I spec de moon 's a-shinin'.' Don't yo' fergit dat, honey, in you' play. And w'en it comes to dancin', I reckon you 'll dance de minyet, 'cause da's w'at dey all dance in dem days. It 's like dis: De gen'lem' dey steps out wid deir heads high in de a'r, an' p'int deir toes out, an' hold out deir right han's, wid de left tucked in deir waist-es. An' de ladies dey raise deir skirt a little wid de left han', an' p'int deir toes out, an' give deir right han' to de gen'lem'. An' den de gen'lem' dey steps high dis-a way, an' de ladies dey step high dat-a way, jest like de turkeys w'en dey full o' pride. An' den dey sep'rate, an' de gen'lem' dey put deir han' on deir heart an' bow dat low you could put a tea-tray on deir back, it 's so flat; an' de ladies dey curtsy down to de groun', an' rise ag'in, slow an' easy, like a yeast-powder biscuit in a hot oven. An' de way dey manage deir trails—um! um! I 'clar' to goodness, it 's won'erful. I 've seen you' gran'ma in black velvet wid t'ree yards in her trail, an' real lace dat wide"—and Amanda held her hands a foot apart—"all roun' de hem. An' sometimes w'en she dancin' dat minyet she wind herself up in dat trail so dat she look like de statue in de parlo', on de black pe'stal. An' den she unwind herself, jest as slow an' easy, an' dat trail 'u'd go sweepin' roun', an' de gen'lem' dey so spry dey jest nat'rally step roun' it an' over it so dat de lace ain't so much as frayed out at de edge. I 'd like to see de gen'lem' do dat now-adays! Dey jest walk all over de ladies' trails, 'deed dey do!"

Although these recollections of Amanda's were not of great practical value to Mildred, because she was not to come down the steps in ball costume, nor dance the minuet, yet she liked very much to hear them. In view of her coming appearance as one of those elegant ladies of the last century, Amanda's stories seemed to have a more personal interest. And that night Mildred dreamed that she was the subject of the portrait in the parlor, young Mistress Barbara Fairleigh, dancing a minuet with General Washington, and that she had on a dress with a train that reached all the way across the ball-room and out of the door and across the hall and disappeared up the steps. And in dancing she wound herself up in this endless train, and it kept piling up higher about her, until she could not see over it, and they had to bring a step-ladder to get her out.

At last the day before the party arrived. In the morning the spinning-wheel and the spindle-legged table and chairs had been called for by an expressman, and had been dusted off and brought down-stairs, and carried away to Leslie's house. In the afternoon all those who were to take part in the play were to meet there for a full-dress rehearsal. Mildred had begged her mother to go with her, for she was beginning to fear that she had made a mistake in thinking she could act, and almost wished that she had said no, when Charlie asked her.

However, the rehearsal was very different from what she had expected. There was a great deal of talking and confusion. Charlie had rushed around with the manuscript in his hands, explaining and correcting, and nobody seemed to do the right thing at the right moment. Apparently no one was prepared, and everything went wrong; so that Mildred came away feeling sadly disappointed, and convinced that the performance was to be a dismal failure.



(To be continued.)



IN THE CONSERVATORY.

MAY.

By Nora Perry.

Oh, whom do you think I saw to-day,
  Oh, whom do you think I met,
As I came over the woodland way
  In all the April wet?

The wind was whistling loud and high
  A roistering wild March air,
While April clouds went weeping by,
  As if in sheer despair.

And all the trees flung out their arms
  With shuddering sighs, and yet,
In spite—in spite of these alarms,
  Oh, whom do you think I met?

A little child, a little maid,
  Whose face was like a flower,
Whose laughing eyes shone unafraid
  Through wind and cloud and shower.

She looked at me, she laughed at me;
  Then turned and laughing fled.

I looked at her, and laughed to see
  How fast her footsteps sped.

And then I called, "Come back! come back!
  Come tell me what 's your name,
And what you 've strewn along your track,
  And whence, my dear, you came."

At this, she only laughed the more,
  And shook her flowery dress,
And said or sung, as on she bore,
  "My name, my name? now guess!"

And as she thus did sing or say,
  She flung into my face
The sweet arbutus, spray by spray
  And held upon her race.

And then I knew the lovely thing,
  And guessed her name straightway:
She was the darling child of spring,
  The little maid called May.

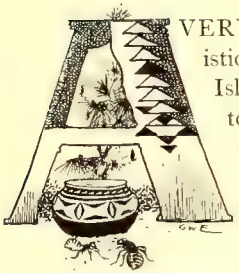


SOLID COMFORT.



The Ants that Pushed on the Sky

By Charles F. Lummis.



VERY ancient and characteristic story about the origin of Isleta is based on the historic fact that part of its founders came from east of the Manzano Mountains,—from one of the prehistoric Pueblo towns whose ruins are now barely visible in those broad plains.

Once upon a time there lived in one of those villages (so runs the story) a young Indian named Kahp-too-óo-yoo, the Corn-stalk Young Man. He was not only a famous hunter and a brave warrior against the raiding Comanches, but a great wizard; and to him the Trues had given the power of the clouds. When Kahp-too-oo-yoo willed it, the glad rains fell, and made the dry fields laugh in green; and without him no one could bring water from the sky. His father was Old-Black-Cane, his mother was Corn-Maiden, and his two sisters were Yellow-Corn-Maiden and Blue-Corn-Maiden.

Kahp-too-oo-yoo had a friend, a young man of about the same age. But, as often happens, the friend was of a false heart, and was really a witch, though Kahp-too-oo-yoo never dreamed of such a thing.

The two young men used to go together to the mountains to get wood, and always carried their bows and arrows, to kill deer and antelopes, or whatever game they might find.

One day the false friend came to Kahp-too-oo-yoo and said:

"Friend, let us go to-morrow for wood, and to hunt."

They agreed that so they would do. Next day they started before sunrise, and came presently to the spot where they gathered wood. Just there they started a herd of deer. Kahp-too-oo-yoo followed part of the herd, which fled to the northwest, and the friend pursued those that went southwest. After a long, hard chase, Kahp-too-oo-yoo killed a deer with his swift arrows, and brought it on his strong back to the place where the friends had separated. Presently came the friend, very hot and tired, and with empty hands; and seeing the deer, he was pinched with jealousy.

"Come, friend," said Kahp-too-oo-yoo. "It is well for brothers to share with brothers. Take of this deer and cook and eat; and carry a part to your house, as if you had killed it yourself."

"Thank you," answered the other coldly, as one who will not; but he did not accept.

When they had gathered each a load of wood, and lashed it with rawhide thongs in bundles upon their shoulders, they trudged home—Kahp-too-oo-yoo carrying the deer on top of his wood. His sisters received him with joy,

praising him as a hunter; and the friend went away to his house with a heavy face.

Several different days when they went to the mountain together, the very same thing came to pass. Kahp-too-oo-yoo killed each time a deer; and each time the friend came home with nothing, refusing all offers to share as brothers. And he grew more jealous and more sullen every day.

At last he came again to invite Kahp-too-oo-yoo to go; but this time it was with an evil purpose that he asked. Then again the same thing happened. Again the unsuccessful friend refused to take a share of Kahp-too-oo-yoo's deer; and when he had sat long without a word, he said:

"Friend Kahp-too-oo-yoo, now I will prove you, if you are truly my friend, for I do not think it."

"Surely," said Kahp-too-oo-yoo, "if there is any way to prove myself, I will do it gladly, for truly I am your friend."

"Then come, and we will play a game together, and with that I will prove you."

"It is well. But what game shall we play, for here we have nothing?"

Near them stood a broken pine-tree, with one great arm projecting from its twisted body. And looking at it, the false friend said, "I see nothing but to play the *gallo* race; and because we have no horses we will ride this arm of the pine-tree—first I will ride, and then you."

So he climbed the pine-tree and sat astride the limb as upon a horse, and rode, reaching over to the ground as if to pick up something, in imitation of one of the most popular and exciting sports of the southwestern Indians and Mexicans—in which the players, on horseback and at a wild gallop, try to snatch some tiny object from the ground.

"Now you," he said, coming down; and Kahp-too-oo-yoo climbed the tree and rode on the swinging branch. But the false friend bewitched the pine, and it grew in a moment to the very sky, carrying Kahp-too-oo-yoo.

"We do this to one another," taunted the false friend, as the tree shot up; and taking the wood, and the deer which Kahp-too-oo-yoo had killed, he went to the village. There the sisters met him, and asked:

"Where is our brother?"

"Truly I know not, for he went northwest and I southwest; and though I waited long at the meeting-place, he did not come. Probably he will soon return. But take of this deer which I killed, for sisters should share the labors of brothers."

But the girls would take none of the meat, and went home sorrowful.

Time went on, and still there was no Kahp-too-oo-yoo. His sisters and his old parents wept always, and all the village was sad. And soon the crops grew yellow in the fields, and the springs failed, and the animals walked like weary shadows; for Kahp-too-oo-yoo, he who had the power of the clouds, was gone, and there was no rain. And then perished all that is green; the animals fell in the brown fields; and the gaunt people who sat to warm themselves in the sun began to die there where they sat. At last the poor old man said to his daughters:

"Little daughters, prepare food, for again we will go to look for thy brother."



SOUTH, EAST, NORTH AND WEST IN SEARCH OF KAHP-TOO-OO-YOO (SEE PAGE 529)

The girls made cakes of the blue corn-meal for the journey; and on the fourth day they started. Old-Black-Cane hobbled to the south, his wife to the east, the elder girl to the north, and the younger to the west.

For a great distance they traveled; and at last Blue-Corn-Maiden, who was in the north, heard a far, faint song. It was so little that she thought it must be imaginary; but she stopped to listen, and softly, softly it came again:

"*To-ai-foo-ni-hloo-hlim,*
Ing-k'hai k'hahm;
Ee-eh-boori-koon-hlee-oh,
Ing-k'hai k'hahm.
Ah-ee-ai, ah-ee-ai, aim!"

("Old-Black-Cane
My father is called;
Corn-Maiden
My mother is called.
Ah-ee-ai, ah-ee-ai, aim!")

When she heard this, Blue-Corn-Maiden ran until she came to her sister, and cried:

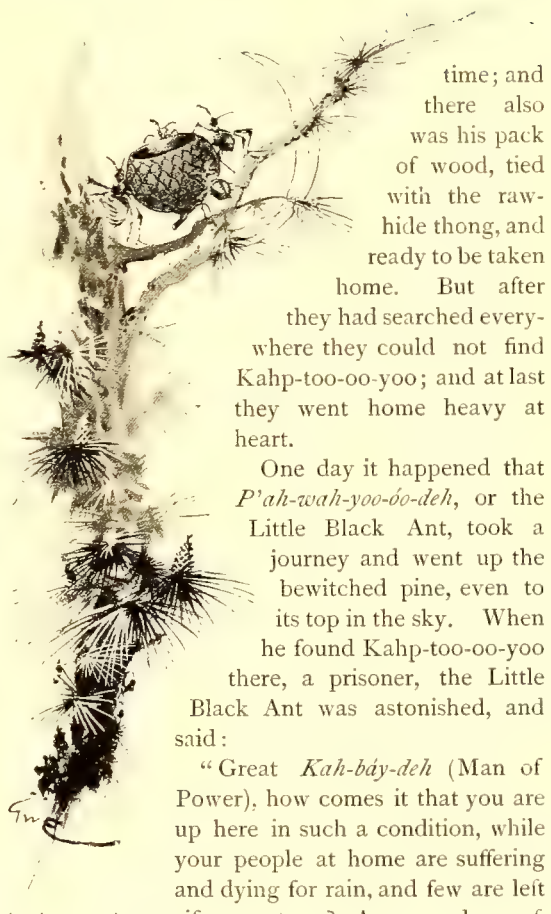
"Sister! Sister! I think I hear our brother somewhere in captivity. Listen!"

Trembling, they listened; and again the song came floating to them, so soft, so sad that they wept—as to this day their people weep when a white-haired old man, filled with the memories of Kahp-too-oo-yoo, sings that plaintive melody.

"Surely it is our brother!" they cried; and off they went running to find their parents. And when all listened together, again they heard the song.

"Oh, my son!" cried the poor old woman, "in what captivity do you find yourself? True it is that your father is Old-Black-Cane, and I, your mother, am called Corn-Maiden. But why do you sing thus?"

Then all four of them began to follow the song, and at last they came to the foot of the sky-reaching pine; but they could see nothing of Kahp-too-oo-yoo, nor could their cries reach him. There, on the ground, were his bow and arrows, with strings and feathers eaten away by



time; and there also was his pack of wood, tied with the raw-hide thong, and ready to be taken home. But after they had searched everywhere they could not find Kahp-too-oo-yoo; and at last they went home heavy at heart.

One day it happened that *P'ah-wah-yoo-óo-deh*, or the Little Black Ant, took a journey and went up the bewitched pine, even to its top in the sky. When he found Kahp-too-oo-yoo there, a prisoner, the Little Black Ant was astonished, and said:

"Great *Kah-báy-deh* (Man of Power), how comes it that you are up here in such a condition, while your people at home are suffering and dying for rain, and few are left to meet you if you return? Are you here of your free will?"

"No," groaned Kahp-too-oo-yoo; "but I am here because of the jealousy of him who was as my brother, with whom I shared my food and labor, whose home was my home, and my home his. He is the cause, for he was jealous and bewitched me hither. And now I am dying of famine."

"If that is so," said the Little Black Ant, "I will be the one to help you"; and he ran down to the world as fast as he could. When he got there he sent out the crier to summon all of his nation, and also those of the *In-tóon*, the Big Red Ants. Soon all the armies of the Little Black Ants and the Big Red Ants met at the foot of the pine, and held a council. They smoked the *weer* (sacred cigarette), and deliberated what should be done.

"You Big Red Ants are stronger than we

who are small," said the War-Captain of the Little Black Ants, "and for that reason you ought to take the top of the tree to work."

"*Een-dah* (No)," said the War-Captain of the Big Red Ants. "If you think we are the stronger, give us the bottom, where we can work more, and you go to the top."

So it was agreed, and the captains made their armies ready. But first the Little Black Ants got the cup of an acorn, and mixed in it corn-meal and water and honey, and carried it up the tree. They were so many that they covered its trunk all the way to the sky.

When Kahp-too-oo-yoo saw, his heart was heavy, and he thought: "But what good will that very little do me, for I am dying of hunger and thirst?"

"Nay, friend," answered the Captain of the Little Black Ants, who knew his thought; "a person should not think so. This little is enough, and there will be some left."

And it was so; for when Kahp-too-oo-yoo had eaten all he could, the acorn-cup was still nearly full.

Then the ants carried the cup to the ground and came back to him.

"Now, friend," said the Captain, "we will do our best. But you must shut your eyes till I say 'Ahw!'"

Kahp-too-oo-yoo shut his eyes, and the Captain made signals down to those at the foot of the tree. And the Little Black Ants above put their feet against the sky and pushed with all their might on the top of the pine; and the Big Red Ants below caught the trunk and pulled as hard as they could; and the very first tug drove the great pine a quarter of its length into the earth.

"Ahw!" shouted the Captain of the Little Black Ants; and Kahp-too-oo-yoo opened his eyes, but he could see nothing below.

"Shut your eyes again," said the Captain, giving the signal. Again the Little Black Ants pushed mightily against the sky, and the Big Red Ants pulled mightily from below; and the pine was driven another fourth of its length into the earth.

"Ahw!" cried the Captain; and when Kahp-too-oo-yoo opened his eyes he could just see the big, brown world.

Again he closed his eyes. There was another great push and pull, and only a quarter of the great pine was left above the ground. Now Kahp-too-oo-yoo could see, far below, the parched fields strewn with dead animals, and his own village full of dying people.

Again the Little Black Ants pushed and the Big Red Ants pulled; and this time the tree was driven clear out of sight, and Kahp-too-oo-yoo was left sitting on the ground. He hastily made a bow and arrows, and soon killed a fat deer, which he brought and divided among the Little Black Ants and the Big Red Ants, thanking them for their kindness.

Then he made all his clothing to be new, for he had been four years a prisoner in the bewitched tree, and was all in rags. Making for himself a flute from the bark of a young tree, he played upon it as he strode homeward, and then he sang:

"*Kahp-too-oo-yoo tu-mah-quee,*
Nah-choor kwe-shay-tin,
Nah-shur kwe-chay-tin;
Kahp-too-oo-yoo tu-mah-quee."

("Kahp-too-oo-yoo has come to life again,
Is back to his home coming,
Blowing the yellow and the blue;
Kahp-too-oo-yoo has come to life again.")



KAHP-TOO-OO-YOO CALLING THE RAIN.

As he walked and played, the forgotten clouds came over him, and the soft rain began to fall, and all was green and good. But only so far as his voice reached came the rain; and beyond all was still death and drought. When he came to the end of the wet, he played and sang again; and again the rain fell as far as his voice was heard. This time the Fool-Boy, who was wandering outside the dying village, saw the far storm and heard the singing. He ran to tell

Kahp-too-oo-yoo's parents; but nobody would believe a Fool-Boy, and they sent him away.

When the Fool-Boy went out again, the rain fell on him and gave him strength, and he came running a second time to tell. Then the sisters came out of the house and saw the rain and heard the song; and they cried for joy, and told their parents to rise and meet him. But the poor old people were dying of weakness, and could not rise; and the sisters went alone. When they met him they fell on their knees, weeping; but Kahp-too-oo-yoo lifted them up and blessed them. He gave an ear of blue corn to Blue-Corn-Maiden, and to Yellow-Corn-Maiden an ear of yellow corn, and brought them home.

As he sang again, the rain fell in the village; and when it touched the pinched faces of the starving they sat up and grew strong. And the dying crawled out to drink, and were strong again; and the withered fields grew green and glad.

When they came to the house, Kahp-too-oo-yoo blessed his parents, and then said:

"Little sisters, give us to eat."

But they answered, "How? For you have been gone these four years, and there was none to give us rain. We planted, but nothing came, and to-day we ate the last grain."

"Nay, little sisters," he said. "A person should not think so. Look now in the storeroom, to see if there be not something there."

"But we have looked and looked, and have turned over everything to try to find even one grain."

"Yet look once more," he said; and when they opened the door, lo! there was the storeroom piled to the roof with corn, and another room was full of wheat. Then they cried for joy, and began to roast the blue ears, for they were dying of hunger.

At the sweet smell of the roasting corn came the starving neighbors, crowding at the door, and crying:

"O Kahp-too-oo-yoo! Give us to taste one grain of corn, and then we will go home and die."

But Kahp-too-oo-yoo handed to each an ear, and said:

"Fathers, brothers, go now to your own houses, for there you will find corn as much as here." And when they went, it was so. All began to roast corn and to eat; and the dead in the houses awoke and were strong again, and all the village sang and danced.

From that day there was plenty of rain, for he who had the power of the clouds was at home again. In the spring the people planted, and in the fall the crops were so great that all the town could not hold them.

As for the false friend, he died of shame in his house, not daring to come out; and no one wept for him.

THE ADMIRAL'S CARAVAN.

By Charles E. Carryl.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

Chapter XI.

THE DANCING ANIMALS.

It seemed to be evening again, and, although the Ferryman was nowhere in sight, Dorothy knew the place the moment she looked up and saw the peaked roofs outlined against the sky. The houses were all brilliantly lighted up, and there were great iron lamps swung on chains across the street, so that the street itself was almost as bright as day. There was a confused sound of fiddling going on somewhere, and as Dorothy walked along she could hear a scuffling noise inside the houses as if the inhabitants were dancing about on sanded floors.

The strangest thing about the fiddling was that it seemed to be going on somewhere in the air, and the sound appeared to come from all directions at once; and presently, as Dorothy turned a corner, she came upon a number of storks who were dancing a solemn sort of quadrille up and down the middle of the street. They stopped dancing as Dorothy came along, and, after gazing gravely at her for a moment,



"AN ELEPHANT AND A SHEEP SEIZED HER BY THE HANDS, AND THE NEXT MOMENT SHE WAS DANCING IN THE RING."

flew away over the tops of the houses, with the sound of the fiddling following them like a traveling band until it finally died away in the distance.

But the scuffling noise in the houses continued, and Dorothy did just what you 'd suppose such a curious little child would do—that is, she stole up and peeped in at one of the windows; but she could see nothing through the thick glass but some shadows bobbing confusedly about. After hesitating a moment, she softly opened the door and went in.

The room was full of animals of every description, dancing around in a ring with the greatest enthusiasm; and as Dorothy appeared they all shouted, "Here she is!" and, before she could say a single word, the two nearest to her (they were an elephant and a sheep, by the way) seized her by the hands, and the next moment she was dancing in the ring. She was quite surprised to see that the elephant was no bigger than the sheep; and, as she looked about, it seemed to her, in the confusion, that all the animals in the room were of precisely the same size.

"Is n't it rather unusual," she said to the Sheep (it seemed more natural, somehow, to speak to the Sheep)—"is n't it rather unusual for different animals to be so much alike?"

"Not in *our* set," said the Sheep, conceitedly. "We all know who 's who. Of course we have to mark the pigs, as they 're so extremely like the polar-bears;" and Dorothy noticed that two pigs, who were dancing just opposite to her, had labels with "PIG" on them hung around their necks by little chains, as if they had been a couple of decanters—"only," she thought, "it would have been 'SHERRY' or 'MADEIRA' instead of 'PIG,' you know."

"I suppose you all came out of a Noah's Ark," she said presently, at a venture.

"Of course. How *very* clever you are!" said the Sheep, admiringly. "Largest size, I believe. By the way," the Sheep added confidentially, "those two tapirs over there are too greedy for anything, about invitations. If they don't go out everynight, they 're always put out."

This sounded like a joke, but the Sheep was so serious that Dorothy did n't dare to laugh, so she said, by way of continuing the conversation, "I don't see any birds here."

"Oh dear, no!" exclaimed the Sheep; "you see, this is really a quadrupedrille. Of course *you're* all right, because it 's precisely as if you were dancing on your hind feet. In fact," she added, nodding approvingly, "you look almost as well as if you were."

"Thank you!" said Dorothy, laughing.

"There was a seal that wanted to join," the Sheep went on. "He pressed us very hard, but he never made the slightest impression on us"; and there was a twinkle in the Sheep's eyes as she said this, so that Dorothy felt morally certain it *was* a joke this time; but, before she could make any reply, the Elephant called out "Paws!" and the animals all stopped dancing and began walking about and fanning themselves with little portfolios which they produced in such a mys-

terious manner that Dorothy could n't see where in the world they came from.

"Now, look here," said the Elephant,—he seemed to be a sort of Master of Ceremonies, and the animals all clustered about him as he said this,—"why can't *she* dance with the Camel?" and he pointed out Dorothy with his portfolio.

"She can!" shouted the animals in chorus. "Come on, Sarah!" And the Camel, who had been moping in a corner with her head against the wall, came forward with a very sulky expression on her face.



"THE ANIMALS BEGAN TO CROWD OUT OF THE FRONT GATEWAY."

"Her name is Sahara," whispered the Sheep, plucking at Dorothy's frock to attract her attention, "but we call her Sarah to save time. She 's kind of grumpy now because the other Camel stayed away, but she 'll titter like a turtle when she gets to dancing."

"I don't know what relation she is to Humphrey," thought Dorothy, as the Camel took her by the hand, "but she 's certainly big enough to be his great-grandmother ten times over." Before she had time to think any more about it, the Elephant called out, "Ladies change!" and the dancing began again harder than ever.

It was a very peculiar dance, and, as near as Dorothy could make it out, consisted principally in the animals passing her along from one to another as if they were each anxious to get rid of her; and presently she discovered that, in some unaccountable manner, she had been passed directly through the fireplace into the next house; but as this house was quite as full of dancing animals as the other, this did n't help matters much except that it got Sarah out of the way—"and *that*," said poor little Dorothy to herself, "is certainly *something!*"

Just then the Elephant, who had mysteriously appeared from a pantry in one corner of the room, shouted out, "All cross over!" and the animals began to crowd out of the front gateway and then to caper in great confusion across the street and into the house on the other side of the way. Dorothy, watching her chance, hid behind a large churn that was standing conveniently in the middle of the street; and when they had all passed in, she ran away down the street as fast as she could go.

She ran on until she had got quite out of the Ferryman's street, and was walking along in the open country, feeling quite pleased with herself for having so cleverly escaped from the dancing-party without having to take the trouble of saying "Good-night" to the Elephant, when she saw in the moonlight something white lying beside the road, and going up to it, she discovered it was a letter.

Chapter XII.

THE CARAVAN COMES HOME.

The letter was lying on a flat stone, with several lumps of sugar laid on it like paperweights to keep it from blowing away. It was n't

at all a nice-looking letter; in fact, it looked as if it had been dragged over the ground for a long distance; and Dorothy, after observing all this, was just turning away when she chanced to look at the address and saw that the letter was intended for her. The address was written in a very cramped little hand, and the writing was crowded up into one corner as if it were trying to get over the edge of the envelop; but the words were "TO DOROTHY," as plain as possible.

"What a very strange thing!" she said to herself, taking up the letter and turning it over several times rather distrustfully. "I don't think it looks very nice, but it may be something important, and I suppose I ought to read it"; and saying this, she opened the letter. It was printed in funny little letters something like bird-tracks, and this was what was in it:

We are in a bad fix. The fix is a cage. We have been seezed in a outburst of ungovernernable fury by Bob Scarlet. He says there 's been too many robbin pies. He goes on and says he is going to have a girl pie. With gravy. We shreeked out that we was n't girls. Only disgized and tuff as anything. He says with a kurdling laff we 'll do. O save us. We wish we was home. There is no male and we send this by a noble rat.

THE CARAVAN.

"That 's the most ridiculous letter I ever got!" said Dorothy, gazing at it in blank astonishment; "and I don't *think* it 's spelled very well; but of course I must go. I ought to feel frightened, but I really feel as brave as an ox. I suppose *that 's* because I 'm going to help the unfortunate"; and putting the letter in her pocket, she started off.

"It 's perfectly surprising," she said to herself as she ran along, "the mischief they get into! They 're really no more fit to be going about alone than so many infants"; and she was so pleased with herself for saying this that she began to feel quite large and bold. "But it was very clever of 'em to think of the rat," she went on, "and of course *that* accounts for the sugar. No one but a rat would ever have thought of using sugar for paper-weights. If I was n't afraid of a rat I 'd wish it had n't gone away, though, for I have n't the slightest idea where the Caravan is."

But it presently appeared that the noble rat had arranged the whole matter for her; for as Dorothy ran along she began to find lumps of sugar set up at intervals like little mile-stones, so that she should n't miss the road.

"It 's precisely like 'Hop-o'-my-thumb,'" she said, laughing to herself when she saw these, "only better, because, you see, the birds can't carry them off."

The rat, however, seemed to have had a very roundabout idea of a road, for the lumps of sugar were scattered zigzag in every direction, and, at one place, led directly through a knot-hole in a fence as if nobody could possibly have any trouble in getting through *that;* but, as the little mile-stones appeared again on the other side of the fence, Dorothy scrambled over and ran on. Then she found herself climbing over rocks and wading through little puddles of water where the sugar was set up on stones in the most thoughtful way, so that it should n't melt; and in another place the lumps were stuck up in a line on the trunk of a large tree, and, after leading the way through a number of branches, suddenly descended on the opposite side of the tree into a little bog, where Dorothy stuck fast



"BY THIS TIME THEY WERE RUNNING SO FAST THAT SHE COULD HARDLY KEEP UP WITH THEM."

for several minutes and got her shoes very much soiled. All this was very provoking, and she was beginning to get a little out of patience, when the lumps of sugar suddenly came to an end at a little stone wall; and, looking over it, she spied the Caravan in their cage.

The cage proved to be an enormous rat-trap, and the Caravan, with remarkable presence of mind, had put their legs through between the wires at the bottom of it, and were walking briskly along, holding up the cage with their hands. The news of this extraordinary performance had evidently been spread abroad, as the Ferryman and a number of serious-looking storks were escorting the Caravan with an air of great interest, and occasionally taking to their heels when the Admiral chanced to look at them through the wires with his spy-glass. The Caravan seemed greatly mortified when Dorothy appeared, and she saw that Sir Walter was making a desperate attempt to hide some little rattles in the corner of his shawl.



"IT SLOWLY CHANGED TO A BIRD-CAGE WITH A ROBIN SITTING IN IT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"How did you ever get into *this* scrape?" said Dorothy, rather impatiently.

"It was easy enough to get into," said the Admiral; "but it pricks us like anything when we try to get out."

"And where did *those* come from?" said Dorothy, pointing to the rattles.

"They was in the cage," said the Admiral, trying to look unconcerned. "It 's what they call a rattletrap, you know."

"And I suppose you went in to get them, and got caught," said Dorothy, severely.

"We thought they were something to eat," said Sir Walter, in a rather shamefaced way.

"There 's seeds in 'em, anyway," remarked the Highlander. "You can hear 'em jingle."

"And where are you going now?" said Dorothy; for by this time they were running so fast that she could hardly keep up with them.

"We 're going to the Ferry," said the Admiral, "and these pelicans are showing us the way;" and as he said this the whole party hurried through a little archway and came out at the water-side.

An old stage-coach without any wheels was floating close up against the river-bank, and quite a little party of the dancing animals were crowding aboard of it, pushing and shoving one another, and all talking in the most excited manner; and as Dorothy found herself next to her old friend the Sheep, in the crowd, she inquired anxiously, "Where are you all going?"

"We don't know exactly," said the Sheep, "but we 've all taken tickets to different places so as to be sure of getting *somewhere*"; and with this remark the Sheep disappeared in the crowd, leaving Dorothy very much bewildered.

By this time the Caravan had, by great exertions, climbed up on top of the coach and were

sitting there in the cage, as if it had been a sort of cupola for purposes of observation; and, indeed, the Admiral was already quite absorbed in taking in various points of interest with his glass. The storks meanwhile had crowded into the coach after the animals, and had their heads out through all the windows as if there were no room for them inside. This gave the coach somewhat the appearance of a large chicken-coop with too many chickens in it; and as Dorothy did n't fancy a crowd, she climbed up on the box. As she did so, Sarah, the Camel, put her head out of the front window and, laying it in Dorothy's lap, murmured, "Good-evening," and went comfortably to sleep. The next moment the fiddles in the air began playing again and the stage-coach sailed away.

. . . . . .

Dorothy never knew exactly what happened next, because everything was so confused. She had an idea, however, that they were all singing the Ferry Song, and that they had just got to a new part, beginning —

"*It pours into picnics and swishes the dishes*," when a terrible commotion began on top of the coach, and she saw that Bob Scarlet had suddenly appeared inside the cage *without his waistcoat*, and that the Caravan were frantically squeezing themselves out between the wires. At the same moment a loud roaring sound rose in the air, and the quadrupeds and the storks began jumping out of the windows in all directions. Then the stage-coach began to rock violently, and she felt that it was about to roll over, and clutched at the neck of the Camel to save herself; but the Camel had slipped away, and she found she had hold of something like a soft cushion — and the next moment the coach went over with a loud crash.

Dorothy gave a little scream as the coach went over, and then held her breath; but instead of sousing into the water as she expected, she came down on top of it with a hard bump, and found herself sitting up on a carpeted floor. For a moment the rat-trap, with Bob Scarlet inside of it, seemed to be floating around in the air like a wire balloon, and then, as she rubbed her eyes and looked again, it slowly changed into a bird-cage with a fat robin sitting in it on a perch, and peering sharply at her sideways with one of his bright little eyes; — and she found she was sitting on the floor of the little parlor of the Blue Admiral Inn, with her little rocking-chair overturned beside her and the cushion firmly clutched in her hand. And as for the roaring sound in the air — why, Uncle Porticle was fast asleep in his big arm-chair, with his handkerchief spread over his face, and I think it more than likely that he had something to do with the sound.

Dorothy stared about for a moment, and then jumped up and ran to the window. It was snowing hard, and she saw through the driving snowflakes that the Highlander and Sir Walter Rosettes were standing on their pedestals, complacently watching the people hurrying by with their Christmas parcels; and as for the Admiral, he was standing on *his* pedestal, with a little pile of snow like a sugar-loaf on top of his hat, and intently gazing over the street through his spy-glass.



THE END.



"LADY LOFTY HAS HER CARRIAGE."

THE TELEPHONE.

By Annie A. Preston.

"OH, a rose and a pink have bloomed to-day!"
Said little lame Ruth to her mother.
"I watched them open, leaf by leaf;
And they nodded to each other,
As if there was something they wished to say—
A secret, you know—and there was no way.

"And then a spider with wondrous skill—
You 'll hardly believe it, Mother—
Stretched a web from the pink to the rose,
So they could talk to each other.
And ever since then their heads are still,
For they say through their telephone what they will."

THE DISPUTED SHINNY MATCH.

By James L. Ford.

For fully five minutes it looked as if there was going to be a free fight. The boys were gathered together in a little knot at the south end of the playground, with shinnies in their hands, and the whole field rang with their excited shouts.

"He was on our side, and had a perfect right to play wherever he chose and whenever he chose!" exclaimed Clemens.

"Play? Yes!" retorted Graham, "but he had no right to hide himself away and then pop out like a jack-in-the-box where no one was looking for him. Supposing I dug a trench and put three fellows in it ready to jump out as soon as the ball came their way, would that be shinny?"

"Put your men wherever you like! We don't care!" chimed in Dick English; "and if you can win that way you 're welcome to. We won this game fair and square, and we 'll leave it to anybody you choose, if you 're not satisfied; but we 're not going to play it over again or give in one inch."

"Play it over again?" cried Graham. "Who wants to play it over again? Our house would n't play a match of jackstraws with you fellows after this day's performance. Everybody knows that we won, and what 's more, we 're going to give three cheers for the losers, according to custom. Now then, fellows, three cheers for the high-toned 'Hickories'!"

Three ironical yells were raised, and then, with a "Come along, fellows," Graham and his side walked off, with the satisfaction of having had the last word. The great match between the two rival houses of Dr. McAllister's boarding-school was over; but the question, "Who won?" has never to this day been satisfactorily settled, for scarcely a week passes that the discussion does not break out afresh in the dormitories or on the playground, though the subject was long ago banished from the dinner-table by Dr. McAllister, after he and his assistant teachers had been bored by constant repetition of its pros and cons.

There had always been, even before this match, the fiercest rivalry between the "Macs," or dwellers in Dr. McAllister's house, and the "Hickories," as those who live in Mr. Sinclair's house are called. There are twenty boys in Mr. Sinclair's house and thirteen under the roof of Dr. McAllister, but those who lodge with the principal are larger and stronger than their rivals, and make up in superior strength and agility what they lack in numbers.

In base-ball, where numerical strength does not count except in furnishing a contingent to sit on the woodpile and howl encouragingly, the Macs are invincible; but in shinny and foot-ball the houses have been for some time past pretty evenly matched when the full numbers of both are pitted one against the other.

The Hickories once beat the other house at base-ball, and that was when they played on a plan suggested by Dick English, which was that the Hickories should have the privilege of assigning the members of the other nine to whatever positions they chose. And, the Macs having accepted this condition, Jerry Clemens, the captain of the Hickories, put the slow, ponderous Tom Acton behind the bat, and sent lithe, active Dick Graham to "molder," as he expressed it, at right field. Jack Dalton, who could run like a deer, but had long since earned the nickname of "Butter-fingers," (and justly, too), was sent to first base, while fat, lubberly Joe Harris played short-stop. The inefficiency of the disorganized nine was heightened, moreover, by the yells of derision which went up from the audience on the woodpile at every bad play; and the result was that for the first time in the history of the school the Macs were defeated at the game in which their supremacy had before been unquestioned. That

was a funny match, as even the vanquished players admitted; but when they sent a challenge to the Hickories to play a shinny match,—first three goals in five,—it was generally understood that *this* game would be a desperate and hotly contested one, for the Macs felt a little sore over their defeat and the accompanying ridicule.

The challenge was placed in the hands of Jerry Clemens on Friday evening, naming the following afternoon as the time, and requesting the honor of an early reply. Clemens read the challenge to the Hickories gathered about him in the common hall, or sitting-room, of Mr. Sinclair's house, and then asked, "What are we going to do about it?"

"Why, play them, of course!" exclaimed Dick English. "It won't do for the Sinclair House to decline a fair and square challenge like that."

"Well, if we accept," said Clemens, "you 've all got to turn up on the playground to-morrow afternoon ready for business. The last time we played them, there were three of you little shavers who sneaked off and did n't play at all. No wonder they licked us. Now I want to know, before I send an answer over to Graham, how many of you are going to play and how many are going to spend the afternoon sitting around the stove and trying to keep warm. If there 's any one here who 's going to sneak off, let him speak now."

No one answered for a moment, and then Tommy Wines, a very small and chubby boy, said timidly, "I 'm likely to be kept in to-morrow afternoon; but I 'll try and get off so as to play too."

Clemens looked down at the round, innocent face and smiled broadly. "Well, Tommy," he said, "I 'm glad to see that you 're ready to sacrifice yourself on the altar of patriotism, and I hope you won't come to grief through it. Now is anybody else kept in?"

"No, there 's nobody but Tommy, and he does n't count," exclaimed English; and so Clemens wrote an acceptance to the challenge and despatched two of the smaller boys with it to Dick Graham's quarters in Dr. McAllister's house.

It was Jerry Clemens who had previously won for his housemates the name of "Hickories," by which they were commonly known. It was just before a football match when Dick Graham said to him: "How many fellows have you got on your side?" And Clemens made answer: "An even twenty, and they 're all as tough as hickory." From that time forth the boys in Mr. Sinclair's house were known as the Hickories, and nobly did they strive in all athletic sports to uphold their right to the title.

The game was called at three o'clock in the afternoon; and at that hour Clemens saw the entire strength of the Sinclair house assembled on the playground, while Dick Graham marshaled his full dozen of followers in battle array. Clemens's goal was the fence beside the school-house, and Graham's was the stone wall that bounded the playground on the opposite side.

Clemens, who was to lead off, placed the ball a few feet in front of his goal, while the Hickories stretched out in an eager line on either side of him, ready to run as soon as the ball was started. Graham's forces were scattered over the field awaiting the onslaught. It was an important moment, and every nerve was strained to its highest point of tension.

"Are you all ready?" called Clemens.

"All ready," answered Graham from his place in the center of the field; and then, while every boy held his breath with suppressed excitement, the captain of the Hickories raised his shinny high above his head —

"Wines, you 're wanted immediately in the school-room," cried Mr. Sinclair suddenly, from his open window, and the uplifted shinny descended gently to earth, while, amid a roar of laughter in which both sides joined, Tommy Wines ignominiously marched off to do penance in the school-room.

"Would you like to postpone the match till some day when you can have all your good men?" asked Graham, ironically.

"You 'll find out before we get through that we 've got plenty of good men left," retorted Clemens; "and they 're all as tough as hickory, too," he added, as he once more raised his shinny above his head. "Are you all ready?"

"All ready," and away went the ball, with fifteen out of the nineteen Hickories flying after it. Four remained to guard the goal.

Dick Graham stopped the ball by jumping in front of it. Then with a terrific blow he sent it flying across the field past the goal-keepers and through the palings of the fence.

"One goal for us!" he called, while the Macs cheered with delight and the crestfallen Hickories walked slowly back to their places.

"If you'd had little Tommy standing against the fence, he would have stopped the ball for you," said Dick Graham, tauntingly.

And now Jerry spread his men out over the field, while Graham put the ball on the ground and called out, "Are you ready?"

They were, and the ball was sent flying into their midst and was cleverly stopped by Dick English. Dick returned it, and in another minute the two sides were blended in a struggling, shouting mob, while the clash of sticks and yells of "Shinny on your own side!" "Home with it!" "That 's a good one!" rent the air. Twice Dick Graham succeeded in forcing the ball almost up to the Hickory goal, and twice it was stopped by one of the goal-keepers and sent flying into the middle of the field, where the opposing forces fell upon it in fierce battle for supremacy. At last Billy Durant, a wiry, active lad, succeeded in stealing the ball from under the sticks of half a dozen who were fighting for it, and sent it obliquely across the field and against the stone wall.

Tommy Wines, in solitary confinement in the school-room, brightened up as the yells of the victors were borne to his ears, and observed to Mr. Sinclair, who was in charge of the room at the time:

"That 's a goal for our side, sir."

"Why do you say *our* side?" queried Mr. Sinclair; "I don't see that I belong to either side, and your own connection with the game has certainly ceased."

"But it 's your house against Dr. McAllister's," replied Wines, earnestly. "Those other fellows made a big boast and we took 'em up. They said this house was no good at shinny; and Jerry Clemens and the rest of us said it was the best house in the school, and we could prove it, too. So we would if we were n't short-handed this afternoon."



"THE HUMILIATING DEFEAT WAS VIEWED BY MR. SINCLAIR AND TOMMY FROM THE SCHOOL-ROOM WINDOW." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"What do you mean by short-handed?" asked Mr. Sinclair, putting aside his book and walking over to the window.

"Why, they 've lost me, have n't they?" said Tommy. Mr. Sinclair made no reply, and after a minute or two of silence the boy continued: "Please, Mr. Sinclair, may I sit nearer the win-

dow? The light is so bad here I can't see to study my algebra."

The teacher smiled as he gave the desired permission, and then opened the window and stood looking out at the game. The fact that the boys of his own house were playing against their rivals had aroused his interest, and so he continued standing with his back to his pupil, and looking through the wide-open window — for the afternoon was sunny and warm — at the spirited contest.

"Remember, that's one goal each!" shouted Clemens, as he raised his stick to open the third game. This time the goal was won in less than three minutes. Indeed the ball seemed to make slow, steady progress from the moment Clemens lifted it high in air with one of his strong, swinging blows, until English, with a quick, cunning stroke, snatched it away from Jack Dalton and sent it spinning over the stone wall and "out."

The effect of this second victory was to render the followers of Clemens so elated that they attempted to repeat the same tactics in the next goal, and were defeated by a swift, brilliant rush on the part of Dalton, Graham, and Tom Acton, who drove the ball through the ranks of the Hickories and whirled it between two goal-keepers, who were so astonished that they forgot what their duties were till the loud bang of the ball against the fence told them that the game was lost.

The humiliating defeat was viewed by Mr. Sinclair and Tommy from the school-room window; that is to say, Mr. Sinclair stood by the open casement, gravely watching the game, and purposely ignoring the fact that little Wines was climbing on a desk in his eagerness to see the match. The teacher did not care to make the boy's captivity any more irksome than it was. It was bad enough, he thought, to take him away from the game, without depriving him of the poor pleasure of watching it.

And now the last goal was to be contested. Clemens placed the ball on the ground before him, and then paused to offer a few words of caution to his excited followers, who were standing in readiness to plunge into the thick of the fray.

"Are you ready?" he shouted.

"Yes; hurry up!" replied Graham, and the ball rose high in the air, and fell far out in the field, in the very midst of the enemy.

"A beauty!" cried Wines excitedly; and then, realizing where he was, he dropped precipitately into his chair and bent over his geography with a look of rapt attention. But Mr. Sinclair did not turn round. He was smiling to himself at the lad's enthusiasm, and besides, he was becoming interested, for were there not a score of boys fighting their way across the playground for the honor of the house which bore his name? It must have been a cold nature that could look upon such a struggle unmoved.

"They 're not keeping our goal as they ought to," murmured Tommy; "and they 'll lose this goal as they lost that other one. First thing they know, the ball will go by those two sleepy-heads and whack up against the fence, and then where are we?"

"You may be called upon soon for that geography lesson, and then where will you be?" rejoined the teacher in a warning voice, but without turning his face from the window.

"I 'm just going to study it now, sir," said little Tommy, briskly turning over the leaves of his book, but hardly able to take his eyes from the game outside.

There was silence for a moment or two. Mr. Sinclair was watching the progress of the game with the keenest interest. The ball was over in the center of the field, buffeted to and fro under the vigorous strokes of the shinny-sticks. The goal was, no doubt, inefficiently guarded; all the boys, with the exception of the two "sleepy-heads," as Tommy called them, being out in the field in wild pursuit of the flying ball. One skilful blow from a stick wielded by a strong arm, and the game would be lost, unless, indeed, Clemens should succeed in sending it home this time.

But no. Graham has stopped it, and is preparing for a deliberate blow, for none of the Hickories can reach him in time to prevent it, and the two "sleepy-heads" will be sure to tumble over each other in attempting to stop it.

"Please, may I go for just a minute," says an eager voice behind the teacher, and Mr. Sinclair utters a short assent without turning his head.

The boy is "out" before Mr. Sinclair can draw another breath — out through the window,

head over heels on the grass. He has caught up a stick, and as the ball comes flying across the field he throws himself in its path and it strikes his plump body with a force that almost takes his breath away. He has saved the goal when it was within ten feet of being lost, and a wild yell tells him that his quickness has been appreciated. He knocks the ball to Dick English, who is coming in hot pursuit, English knocks it to Clemens, and he in his turn sends it home. The great match is over, and Tommy Wines meekly returns to the school-room and buries himself in his big geography, while the playground rings with an excited discussion as to which side won—a discussion which has never been satisfactorily settled to this day.



A SAFE VEHICLE.

By J. Ellis Joy.

I have traveled round the world,
Northward eighty-one degrees;
I have seen ice-mountains hurled
Into stormy, surging seas.
To the summit I 've ascended
Of the highest Alpine peak;
And one day my way I wended
From Ceylon to Mozambique.

I 've explored with learnèd sages
Parthenons and temples Doric;
And seen relics of the ages
That we call the prehistoric.
I 'm at home in Rome and Venice,
Paris, London, Aberdeen;
And I 've danced and played lawn-tennis
With the daughter of a queen.

I have seen the Arab manly
Entertaining in his tent;
Traveled all the way with Stanley
Through the darkest Continent;
Scaled those wondrous, storied cellars
In our own New Mexico,
Where the people called cliff-dwellers
Lived so many years ago.

Yet in all my journeys never
Have I suffered harm's attack;
Never coach or car whatever
That I boarded left the track.
Never was I vexed or daunted
At hotel or foreign station;
For the car in which I jaunted
Was my own imagination.

LE PETIT MARCHAND DE SUCRE D'ORGE.

(See frontispiece.)

By Herminie H. Merriam.

Voici l'heure de la récréation: les enfants s'échappent joyeusement de l'école, et se précipitent au-devant du petit marchand qui ne manque jamais le moment de la sortie.

C'est un enfant de dix à douze ans, vêtu de blanc, à la figure douce et avenante, portant fièrement son petit béret également blanc et la planchette suspendue à son cou.

Sa marchandise est soigneusement alignée sur du papier blanc; ce sont les bâtons de sucre d'orge, si chers aux petits Français. Il y en a au citron, à l'orange, au chocolat, au caramel, à la guimauve; ceux-ci blancs et fondants et tournés en spirales. Un sou pour les petits, deux pour les gros. Il est bien rare, qu'en partant pour l'école, l'enfant n'obtienne pas de sa maman la précieuse pièce qui doit lui procurer ce friand dessert après son goûter.

Le jeune marchand sert chacun à son tour, recevant les sous dans sa petite boîte, et enveloppant le bout de chaque bâton de sucre d'orge d'un morceau de papier, pour que ses jeunes pratiques ne se poissent pas les doigts.

Il ne dédaigne pas de faire honneur à sa marchandise en goûtant lui-même à l'un de ses bâtons. De temps en temps, il l'éloigne de ses lèvres, en criant: "Sucre d'orge, sucre d'orge, un sou et deux sous!"

Un coin de son tablier est relevé et montre ses culottes courtes, ses bas bien tirés et ses solides souliers; car notre petit marchand doit faire de longues courses parmi les écoles du quartier où il trouve ses meilleurs chalands, et se rendre le soir, aux abords des théâtres fréquentés par les ouvriers et leurs familles, pour lesquels le bâton de sucre d'orge est un régal favori.

C'est sa mère, sans doute, une pauvre veuve, qui confectionne chez elle son humble marchandise. Son fourneau, toujours allumé, reçoit le mélange d'eau d'orge et de sucre, qui, après une longue cuisson, est placé dans différents réceptacles pour y être aromatisé et travaillé, puis formé en bâtons qui doivent se refroidir et durcir sur une plaque de marbre. La journée terminée, le petit marchand de sucre d'orge, s'il a fait bonne vente, rentre tout joyeux au logis, pour verser sur les genoux de sa mère le produit de son commerce du jour.

ELIZABETH.

By Amos R. Wells.

I know a little lady — such a very stately dame!
She 's queen of all the lassies, and Elizabeth 's her name.
I also know a damsel made to romp with and caress;
So I keep a welcome ready for my darling little Bess.
And mother shows me working, just as quiet as a mouse,
A pleasant little girl named Beth, the helper of the house.
And sister shows me Lizzie, who goes with her to school,
Who sometimes gets a lesson, and sometimes breaks a rule.
I 'm acquainted with another child I 'd rather never see;
For this young girl, named Betsey, is as cross as she can be.
Now, would you ever guess it? These five are but the same
Kaleidoscopic lassie! And Elizabeth 's her name.



THE AXIS DEER



THE LIONESS

AT THE ZOO.

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

By Laura E. Richards.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter VI.

JULIA WARD.

Once upon a time, in a great house standing at the corner of Bond street and Broadway, New York City, there lived a little girl. She was named Julia, after her lovely young mother, but as she grew she showed no resemblance to that mother with her great dark eyes and wealth of black ringlets. This little girl had red hair, and that was a very dreadful thing in those days. Very fine, soft hair it was, thick and wavy, but—it was red. Visitors, coming to see her mother, would shake their heads and say, "Poor little Julia! what a pity she has red hair!" and the tender mother would sigh, and regret that her child should have this misfortune, when there was no red hair in the family, so far as one knew. And the beautiful hair was combed with a leaden comb, as one old lady said that would turn it dark, and it was soaked in honey-water, as another old lady said that was really the best thing you could do with it; and the little Julia felt that she might almost as well be a hunchback or a cripple as that unfortunate creature, a red-haired child.

When she was six years old, her beautiful mother died; and after that Julia and her brothers and sisters were brought up by their good aunt, who came to make her home with them and their father. A very good aunt she was, and devoted to the motherless children; but sometimes she did funny things. They went out to drive every day—the children, I mean—in a great yellow chariot lined with fine blue cloth. Now, it occurred to their kind aunt that it would have a charming effect if the children were dressed to match the chariot. So thought, so done! Dressmakers and milliners plied their art; and one day Broadway was electrified by the sight of the little Misses Ward, seated in uneasy state on the blue cushions, clad in wonderful raiment of yellow and blue. They had blue pelisses and yellow satin bonnets, and this was all very well for the two younger ones, with their dark eyes and hair, and their rosy cheeks; but Julia, young as she was, felt dimly that blue and yellow was not the combination to set off her tawny locks and exquisite sea-shell complexion. It is not probable, however, that she sorrowed deeply over the funny clothes, for her mind was never set on clothes, either in childhood or in later life. Did not her sister meet her one day, coming home from school, with one blue shoe and one green? Her mind was full of beautiful thoughts, her eyes were lifted to the green trees and the blue sky bending above them,—what did she care about shoes? Yes; and, later, is it not recorded that her sisters had great difficulty in persuading her to choose the stuff for her wedding-gown? So indifferent was she to all matters of dress!

Auntie F. had her own ideas about shoes and stockings—not the color, but the quality of them. She did not believe in "pompeying" the children; so in the coldest winter weather Julia and her sisters went to school in their slippers and white cotton stockings. You shiver at the bare thought of this, my girl readers! You look at your comfortable leggings and overshoes (that is, if you live in upper New England, or anywhere in the same latitude), and wonder how the Ward children lived through such a course of "hardening." But they did live, and Julia Ward seems now far younger and stronger than any of her children.

School, which some children regard with mingled feelings (or so I have been told), was a delight to Julia. She grasped at knowledge with both hands: plucked it as a little child plucks flowers, with unwearying enjoyment. Her teachers, like the "people" in the case of the

> Young lady whose eyes
> Were unique as to color and size,

all turned aside, and started away in surprise, as this little red-haired girl went on learning, and learning, and learning. At nine years old she was studying Paley's "Moral Philosophy," with girls of sixteen and eighteen. She could not have been older when she heard a class reciting an Italian lesson, and fell in love with the melodious language. She listened, and listened again; then got a grammar and studied secretly; and one day handed to the astonished Italian teacher a letter, correctly written in Italian, begging that she might join the class. Will you kindly consider these things, dear girls?

When I was speaking of the good aunt who was a second mother to the Ward children, I meant to say a word of the stern but devoted father who was the principal figure in Julia's early life. She says of him, "He was a majestic person, of somewhat severe aspect and reserved manners, but with a vein of true geniality, and great benevolence of heart." And she adds: "His great gravity, and the absence of a mother, naturally subdued the tone of the whole household; and though a greatly cherished set of children, we were not a very merry one."

Still, with all his gravity, Grandfather Ward had his gleams of fun occasionally. It is told that Julia had a habit of dropping off her slippers while at table. One day her father felt a wandering shell of kid, with no foot to keep it steady. He put his own foot on it and moved it under his chair, then said in his deep, grave voice, "My daughter, will you bring me my seals, which I have left on the table in my room?" And poor Julia, after a vain and frantic hunting with both feet, was forced to go, crimson-cheeked, white-stockinged, and slipperless, on the required errand. She would never have dreamed of asking for the shoe. She was the eldest daughter, the companion and joy of this sternly loving father. She always sat next him at table, and sometimes he would take her right hand in his left, and hold it for many minutes together, continuing to eat his dinner with his right hand; while she would rather go dinnerless than ask him to release her own fingers.

Grandfather Ward! It is a relief to confess our faults; and it may be my duty to say that, as soon as I could reach it on tiptoe, it was my joy to pull the nose of his marble bust, which stood in the great dining-room at Green Peace. It was a fine, smooth, long nose, most pleasant to pull; I fear I got it soiled sometimes with my little grimy fingers. I trust children never do such naughty things nowadays.

Then there was Great-grandfather Ward, Julia's grandfather, who had the cradle and the great round spectacles. Doubtless he had many other things besides, for he was a substantial New York merchant; but the cradle and the spectacles are the only possessions of his that I have seen. I have the cradle now, and I can testify that Great-grandfather Ward (for I believe he was rocked in it, as his descendants for four generations since have been) must have been an extremely long baby. It is a fine old affair, of solid mahogany, and was evidently built to last as long as the Wards should last. Not so very long ago, two dear people who had been rocked together in that cradle fifty — or is it sixty? — years ago, sat down and clasped hands over it, and wept for pure love and tenderness and "leal souvenir." Not less pleasant is its present use as the good ship "Pinafore," when six rosy, shouting children tumble into it and rock violently, singing with might and main, "We sail the ocean blue, and our saucy ship 's a beauty!" That is all about the cradle.

My mother writes thus of Great-grandfather Ward, her own grandfather:

He had been a Lieutenant-Colonel in the war of American Independence. A letter from the Commander-in-Chief to Governor Samuel Ward (of Rhode Island) mentions a visit from "your son, a tall young man of soldierly aspect." I cannot quote the exact words. My Grandfather had seen service in Arnold's march through "the wilderness" to Quebec. He was present at the battle of Red Bank. After the close of the war he engaged in commercial pursuits, and made a voyage to India as supercargo of a merchant vessel belonging to Moses Brown, of Providence. He was in Paris at the time of the King's death (Louis 16th) and for some time before that tragic event. He speaks in his journal of having met several of the leading revolutionists of that time at a friend's house, and characterizes them as "exceeding plain men, but very zealous." He passed the day of the King's execution, which he calls "one of horror," in Versailles, and was grieved at the conduct of several Americans who not only remained in town, but also attended the execution. When he finally left Paris, a proscribed nobleman, disguised as a footman,

accompanied the carriage, and so cheated the guillotine of one expected victim.

Colonel Ward, as my grandfather was always called, was a graduate of Brown University, and a man of scholarly tastes. He possessed a diamond edition of Latin classics which always went with him in his campaigns, and which is still preserved in the family. In matters of art he was not so well posted. Of the pictures in the gallery of the Luxembourg he remarks in his diary: "The old pictures are considered the best, I cannot think why."

I remember him as very tall, stooping a little, with white hair and mild blue eyes, which matched well his composed speech and manners.

I have called Great-grandfather Ward a merchant, but he was far more than that. The son of Governor Ward of Rhode Island, he was only eighteen when, as a gallant young captain, he marched his company to the siege of Boston; and then (as his grandson writes me today) he "marched through the wilderness of Maine, through snow and ice, barefoot, to Quebec." Some of my readers may possess an engraving of Trumbull's famous painting of the "Attack on Quebec." Look in the left-hand corner, and you will see a group of three, one of them a young, active figure with flashing eyes — that is Great-grandfather Ward. He rose to be Major, then Lieutenant-Colonel; was at Peekskill, Valley Forge, and Red Bank, and wrote the official account of the last-named battle, which may be found in Washington's correspondence. Besides being a good man and a brave soldier, he was a very good grandfather; and this made it all the more naughty for his granddaughter Julia to behave as she did one day. Being then a little child, she sat down at the piano, placed a music-book on the rack, and began to pound and thump on the keys, making the hideous discord which seems always to afford pleasure to the young. Her grandfather was sitting by, book in hand; and after enduring the noise for some time patiently, he said in his kind, courtly way, "Is it so set down in the book, my dear?"

"Yes, Grandpapa!" said naughty Julia, and went on banging, while grandpapa, who made no pretense of being a musician, offered no further comment or remonstrance.

Julia grew up, a student and a dreamer. She confesses to having been an extremely absent person, and much of the time unconscious of what passed around her. "In the large rooms of my father's house," she says, "I walked up and down, perpetually alone, dreaming of extraordinary things that I should see and do. I now began to read Shakspere and Byron, and to try my hand at poems and plays." She rejoices that none of the productions of this period was published, and adds, "I regard it as a piece of great good fortune, for a little praise or a little censure would have been a much more disturbing element in those days than in these." I wish these sentiments were more general with young writers.

Still, life was not all study and dreaming. There were sometimes merrymakings; witness



JULIA WARD HOWE AND HER BROTHERS, AS CHILDREN.
(FROM A MINIATURE BY MISS ANNE HALL.)

the gay ball after which Julia wrote to her brother: "I have been through the burning fiery furnace; and I am Sad-rake, Me-sick, and Abed-no-go." There was mischief, too, and sometimes downright naughtiness. Who was the poor gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, from whom Julia and her sisters extracted a promise that he would eat nothing for

three days but what they should send him, they in return promising three meals a day? He consented, innocently thinking that these dear young creatures wanted to display their skill in cookery, and expecting all kinds of delicacies and airy dainties of pastry and confectionery. Yes! and being a man of his word, he lived for three whole days on gruel, of which those dear young creatures sent him a bowl at morning, noon, and night; and on nothing else.

In a certain little cabinet where many precious things are kept, I have a manuscript poem, written by Julia Ward for the amusement of her brothers and sisters, when she was still a very young girl. It is called "The Ill-cut Mantell, a Romaunt of the time of Kynge Arthur." The story is an old one, but the telling of it was all Julia's own, and I must quote a few lines:

I cannot well describe in rhyme
The female toilet of that time.
I do not know how trains were carried,
How single ladies dressed, or married,
If caps were proper at a ball,
Or even if caps were worn at all;
If robes were made of crape or tulle,
If skirts were narrow, gored, or full.
Perhaps, without consulting grace,
The hair was scraped back from the face,
While on the head a mountain rose,
Crowned, like Mont Blanc, with endless snows.
It may be that the locks were shorn;
It may be that the lofty puff,
The stomacher, the rising ruff,
The bodice or the veil were worn.
Perhaps mantillas were the passion,
Perhaps ferronières were in fashion,
I cannot, and I will not tell.
But this one thing I wot full well,
That every lady there was dressed
In what she thought became her best.
All further notices, I grieve,
I must to your imagination leave.

Julia sometimes tried to awaken in her sisters' minds the poetic aspirations which filled her own. One day she found the two little girls playing some childish game which seemed to her unnecessarily frivolous. (You all know, I am sure, the elder sister's motto,

Good advice and counsel sage,
And "I never did so when I was your age";

and the companion sentiment of the younger sister,

"Sister, don't!" and "Sister, do!"
And "Why may not I as well as you?")

Miss Ward — she was always called Miss Ward, poor little dear! and her dolls taken away from her when she was only nine years old, that she might better feel the dignity of her position! — Miss Ward rebuked the little sisters, and bade them lay aside their foolish toys, and improve their minds by composing poetry. Louise shook her black curls, and would not — moreover, did not, being herself a child of some firmness. But little sweet Annie would try, to please Sister Julia; and after much thought and labor she produced the following pious effusion:

He feeds the ravens when they call,
And stands them in a pleasant hall.

I never can recall these lines without having an instant vision of a pillared hall, fair and stately, with ravens standing in niches along the sides, between the marble columns.

So this maiden, Julia, grew up to womanhood, dreamy and absent, absorbed in severe study and composition, yet always ready with the brilliant flashes of her wit, which broke like sunbeams through the mist of dreams. She was very fair to look upon. No one now pitied her for the glorious crown of red-gold hair, which set off the rose and ivory of her matchless complexion; every one recognized and acknowledged in her, "stately Julia, queen of all."

Once, while on a visit to Boston, Julia heard the wonderful story of Laura Bridgman, who had just been led out of darkness into the light of life and joy by a certain Dr. Howe, a man of whom people spoke as a modern paladin of romance, a Roland or Bayard. She saw him, and felt at once that he was the most remarkable man she had ever known. He, on his part, saw a youthful prophetess, radiant and inspired, crowned with golden hair. Acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into love; and so it happened that, in the year 1843, Samuel G. Howe and Julia Ward were married. The next chapter shall tell you of Julia Ward Howe as we, her children, have known her.

(*To be continued*)



The Swing

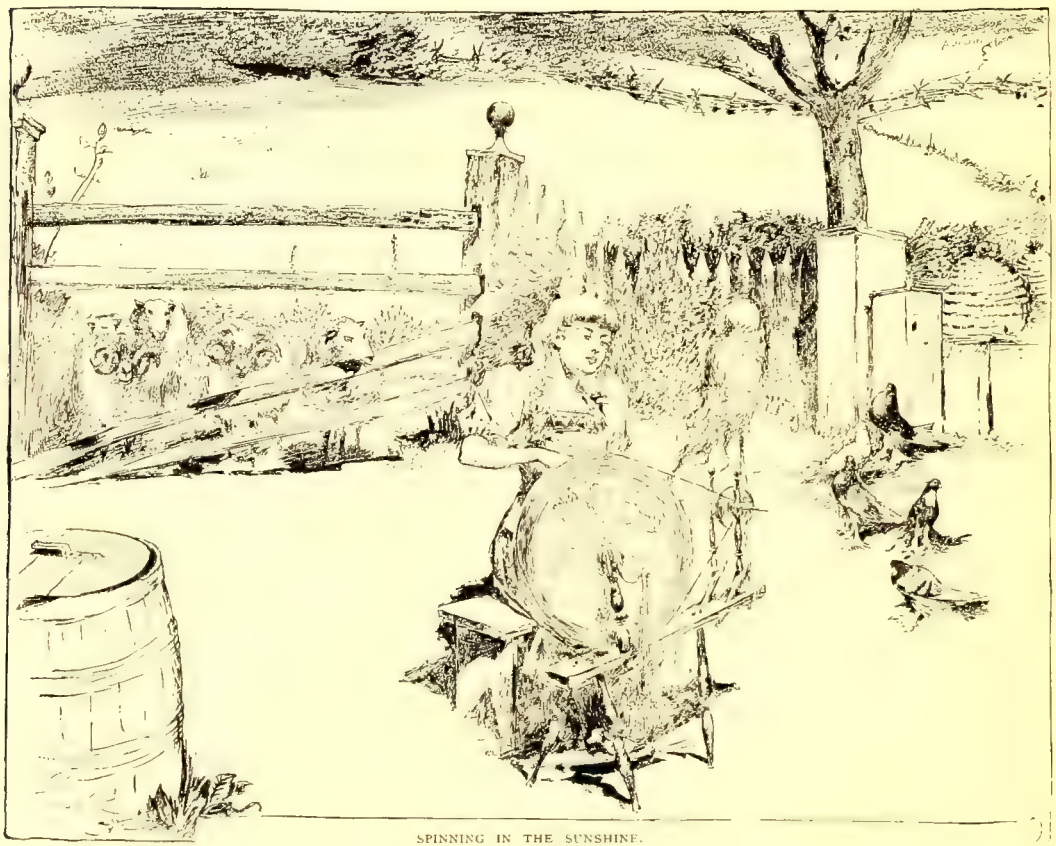
"LAUGH A LITTLE BIT."

By J. Edmund V. Cooke.

Here 's a motto, just your fit:
"Laugh a little bit."
When you think you 're trouble-hit,
"Laugh a little bit."
Look Misfortune in the face,
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 't will yield its place
If you have the grit and wit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Keep your face with sunshine lit;—
"Laugh a little bit."
Gloomy shadows off will flit
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ:
"Laugh a little bit."
Keep it with you, sample it;—
"Laugh a little bit."
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and Fame deride you,
But you 'll mind them not a whit
If you laugh a little bit.

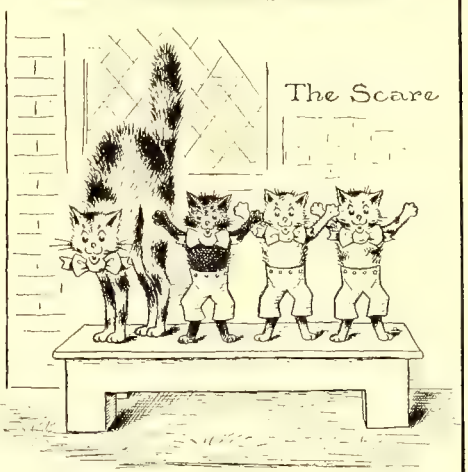


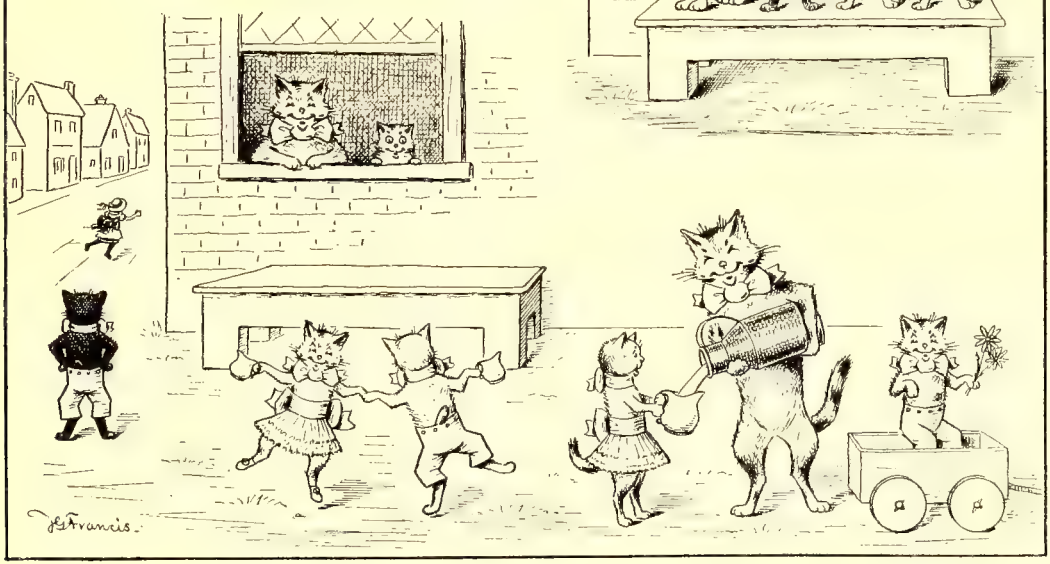
SPINNING IN THE SUNSHINE.

A CASE OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY



Said a Cat to his sons,
"I should deem
This blithe Picture-Book-Boy
carried cream.
Let us give him a scare,
So he'll leave it right there."—
This will show the success
of his scheme.







JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE comes May — the sweetest, loveliest month of the entire twelve, excepting those that when they arrive turn out to be just as sweet and lovely! This is to be blossom-time in earnest, my hearers, blossom-time overhead, blossom-time underfoot, blossom-time in our hearts, and blossom-time in — in — in,— well, in our intentions; for you see I have a plan to propose. In a word, I am going to ask you to

PLANT SOMETHING.

Yes, your Jack wishes every and each one of you, my young friends, to plant something this spring — plant something, however small, and care for it and watch its development. It may be that many of you have gardens connected with your homes, or even hothouses and conservatories. So much the better if you enjoy them. But that is not quite it. I should like to know that this year every boy and girl in America — if only in honor of grand old Columbus — has started something growing on American soil — a shrub, a vine, a tree. It may be started from the seed, or from a cutting, or in any well-advised way,— possibly in early May, or later,— but let it be something that will live and grow.

And when autumn comes, please let your Jack hear from you in regard to the matter.

MEANWHILE here is a letter concerning

DOG-TALK.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a country boy. We have two dogs, "Umslopogas" and "Webster." One day Umslopogas was in the woods and came to the house. Web ran out and began to bark at him; but Umps only wagged his tail and the two trotted back to the woods together.

I think that Umps told Web that he had something worth seeing in the woods.

Yours, dear Jack,
CLARENDON J——.

DID you ever hear a robin singing among the cherry-blossoms? Your friend Thomas C. Collier not only has heard the song, but he understands it perfectly — as this translation of it, which he has written for you, prettily testifies:

A SPRING CATCH.

OH, the cherries, cherries, cherries,
And the ripe strawberries,
Where are they?
Lo, these snowy blossoms hold them,
So that sun and dew can mold them
In the May.

And when June shall bring completeness
To their rounded crimson sweetness,
Then my share
Will all be gathered duly;
For I 'll not forget them, truly,—
Berries, berries; cherries, cherries;
Ripe and rare.

LIVE OYSTERS IN THE HOUSE.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Years ago, a family lived on a farm in a little country town, where there was no railroad, and the nearest city was a number of miles distant.

The father was very fond of oysters, and how do you suppose he managed to have some always "at hand"? He would drive to the nearest city, buy a bushel of "real live" ones, and bring them back home with him. But that was not all. They were then carefully placed in rows along the cellar floor, where it was rather dark and cool, and a little damp. The most interesting part, however, was to keep them alive. Every little while some one would go "down-cellar" and feed them by sprinkling them with meal and with water. One of the little girls in the family, who is now grown up, says she can remember how the oysters closed their shells with a snap after they were fed; but perhaps that was only in her imagination. Anyway, if they happened to be forgotten for a time, they would be found patiently waiting with their shells open, ready to receive their next meal!

By the way, nearly all of us have heard the saying that oysters are good to eat only during the months which have an R in their name, but who knows when that idea first originated? It was mentioned in a book called "Dyet's Dry Dinner," printed in 1599. We are not so very much brighter than our ancestors, after all, are we?

LOUISE B——.

THE Deacon says it is to be hoped, for the poor oysters' sake, that this man's cellar was very damp indeed, though for the health of the family it hardly could have been too dry. He asks, too, why could not the oysters have been kept in a comfortable tank, properly supplied with mud and water and genuine "sea-salt"? Indeed, it is possible that he is not strictly pleased with this inland father for keeping oysters in his down-cellar, half-fed way. What wonder that their shells often stood pathetically open! Yet the father had his oysters.

WHICH?

MY hearers! which would you prefer to resemble — the fellow who, having traveled once around the earth, declared there was nothing more for him to learn, or the Frenchman who said, "Life is too short to enable me thoroughly to study all the wonders in a square foot of meadow-land"?

"BE QUICK, MY LAD!"

A HAWK flies at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

Well, well. That does not at all remind us of a small boy going on an errand. Does it now?

CLOVER FOR FOOD.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR JACK: I cannot tell you anything new about the appearance of the red and white clover, but I can tell you something about the different uses of it.

The red clover is used by the Dakota Indians as an article of food. They pound the seed until it becomes a mere pulp, and then they mix it with onions and bake it like a cake.

The same clover is used also as a sort of salad.

Your interested listener, HARRIET E. G——.

BIRDS IN TIERS.

DEAR JACK: Three tiers of brilliantly colored little birds was one of the many pretty sights I often saw in the bird-market in Paris. To lighten his burden, the owner of these pretty songsters had placed a great many of them into one large cage. The cage had but a single perch—a long one, to be sure, yet at best it could hold only one third of the birds. As you may suppose, all places on this perch were always in great demand, and usually its whole length was fully occupied by the tiny warblers, crowded together in jolly companionship. Flying about the cage in all directions were those not fortunate enough to secure "seats," and their antics in endeavoring to find a resting-place were very pretty and clever. Alighting on the seated ones, they would wedge their tiny feet between two of them in an attempt to reach the perch; and sometimes they succeeded; but more often a second tier of birds was started by the new-comers coolly getting upon the backs of the first. A slight disturbance of the center of gravity, however, and all would come tumbling down. Then there would be great commotion and a perfect medley of color, as the birds rushed again, pell-mell, for the coveted places. Presently quiet would be restored, and the two tiers of birds again successfully completed.

But there were still others flying about, or hopping around on the bottom of the cage, who also expected to get resting-places. To perch on top of the second tier was indeed a very pretty and a very difficult performance, as there was considerable wobbling in the lower tiers, even at the lightest touch of a hovering bird. Finally, with dainty wings and feet outstretched in slow descent, a bright little acrobat would start the third tier. But alas! the next bird might prove a careless little fellow, and would upset them all.

However, in spite of accidents and carelessness, the third tier was often finished, and sometimes it lasted even several minutes before it was demolished. But when the pyramid was completed, usually some hungry little chap in the first story, spying a dainty morsel lying on the bottom of the cage, would withdraw his support, to the disaster and confusion of the crowd.

Thus it went on, all day long—incessant change of place and form and color. Happily through it all the little acrobats were as merry as birds could be, pouring out their liquid music into the golden sunshine, joyously twisting and shaking their bright little heads. The grand music of old Notre Dame Cathedral, close by, was not more charming than that of this pretty feathery choir singing under the kind inspiration of a soft June sky.

MEREDITH NUGENT.

RED DOG-TOOTH VIOLETS?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

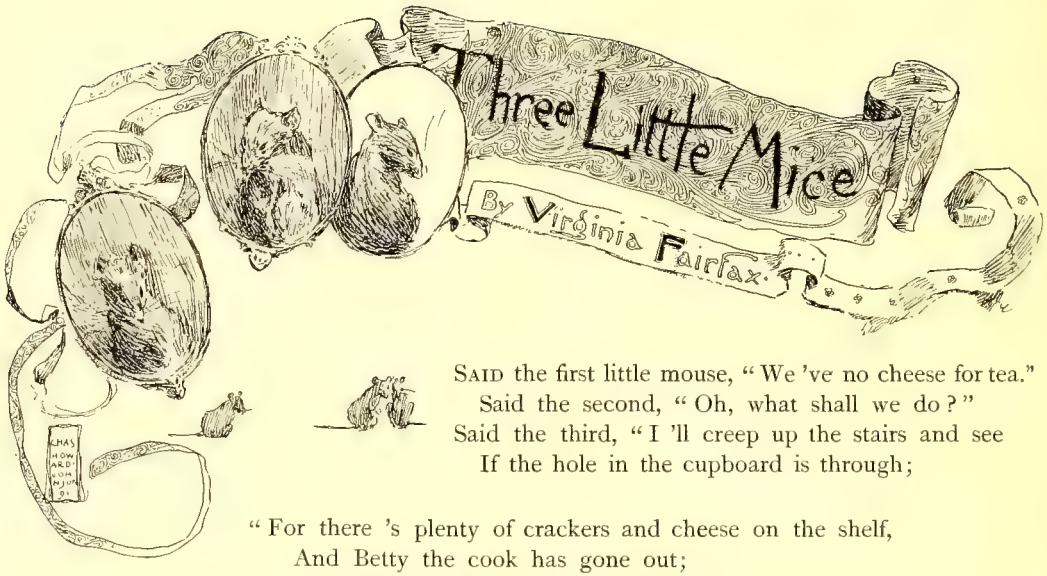
DEAR JACK: Last spring I found two dark-red dog-tooth violets growing in a damp wood in the eastern part of New York State.

Were they merely a freak of nature, or is there a red species? O. M. L.

THERE are no dog-tooth violets near my pulpit, red or otherwise; but I am told that hosts of fine yellow ones come up every spring in the woods yonder! Have any of you, my children, ever found any dark-red dog-tooth violets?



BIRDS IN TIERS



Said the first little mouse, "We 've no cheese for tea."
Said the second, "Oh, what shall we do?"
Said the third, "I 'll creep up the stairs and see
If the hole in the cupboard is through;

"For there 's plenty of crackers and cheese on the shelf,
And Betty the cook has gone out;
And if I can get in, I can help myself
To enough for us all, no doubt."

"Oh, I will go too!" said the first, with a squeak.
"And I!" said the second. "Oh, dear!
I hope," said the third, "the old cat is asleep;
Her claws are most dreadful, I hear!"

"Nothing risked, nothing gained," cried all in one voice;
So upstairs they scampered in glee;
But, like old Mother Hubbard's, the cupboard
was bare,
And not even a bone could they see.



"Oh, here are three holes," said the first little
mouse;
"Let 's peep in and see what we find there."
Snip, snap, snip!—all was still in the dreary
old house,
And the three little mice were—where?



In the clutch of an enemy worse than a cat
Their three little heads were caught,
While just within reach were the tidbits of cheese
Which they had so eagerly sought.



And when Betty the cook came down in the dawn
And opened the cupboard door,
There were three little tails sticking straight from the trap,
But the three little mice were no more.

THE LETTER-BOX.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

A TRANSLATION of the story, "*Le Petit Marchand de Sucre d'Orge*," in this number, will soon be published in ST. NICHOLAS. Meanwhile young scholars will enjoy reading the story in French.

FAXON, MINN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and live in the western part of Minnesota, on a farm by the banks of the Minnesota River. My only glimpse of the outside world is ST. NICHOLAS, and I wait for it every month, and like the stories very much. I have a great many pets, such as lambs, birds, and a good many others. I have been taking ST. NICHOLAS for three years, and have found much pleasure in reading the other little folks' letters. I wish you as much pleasure as ST. NICHOLAS brings to your little friend

KITTY W——.

MEXICO CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, and have lived in Mexico City three years. There are many curious things here, and we do not speak the same language you do, but we like to read the ST. NICHOLAS all the same.

There are many feast-days here; to-day is the feast of the Epiphany. A sister of my French teacher told me this morning such a nice story about this day. I think I will write it for you. It is a Russian legend that when the wise men were on their way with gifts for the child Jesus, they passed the cottage of an old woman, who begged them to wait for her to tidy her rooms, and she would go with them; but they would not. After she had finished her work she followed, but never overtook them. So she has been wandering over the world ever since, trying to find the child Jesus; and this night every year she brings gifts to sleeping children all over the world, hoping he may be among them.

HALLIE H——.

HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am in the highest class in the Punahou Preparatory School. Punahou or Oahu College is the best school on the islands; its graduates go to the leading schools in America. Next year I am going to the college. I take arithmetic, grammar, history, Hawaiian geography, reading, spelling, penmanship, drawing, and music.

I have just formed a foot-ball team, in which I am center-rusher. We play by the American intercollegiate rules.

The boys of this city are very large for their age. They are strong and active, are good riders, and when sixteen years old can stick on a bucking colt.

Your reader, ALLAN J——.

THE GRANGE, ASHFORD, COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your jolly magazine since 1885, and we like it awfully. We bathe twice every day in the summer, and like it very much; we can swim and dive, and are quite at home in the water. We love riding, and each of us has an Arabian horse (such beauties!); Una's is called "Sir Roger," and mine "Starlight." We have followed the hounds several times with Uncle Kenneth, and enjoy hunting very much, but we always leave before the finish, as we cannot bear to see the fox killed.

A river flows through our estate, and we boat a good deal. One day our boat was upset, and we, being caught in the current, were rapidly drifting into a whirlpool called the Witches' Cauldron; but, thanks to our swimming powers, and to the assistance of a rope thrown by one of our boy cousins, we reached the bank safely.

We are twins, fourteen years old, and go to school in Germany; we are home for the holidays now. Good-by.

UNA AND PEGGY.

THE AQUARIUM.

THE aquarium is a wonderfully useful pleasure. It is a source of amusement and also one of observation. The other day I bought a large iron-tipped aquarium, and I also bought with it some lizards, some goldfish (which die very easily), some silverfish, some eels, and as a gift received two polliwogs. I also bought some little rock-fish, besides a rock-house and aquatic plants. To have an aquarium one must have a few aquatic plants in the water, to purify it. It is also advisable to buy a box of fish-food; and, above all things, do not put in any worms; for if you do, they will make the water become impure, and the fish will die. There is another thing: Never feed the fish more than three times a week. There are few silverfish in my aquarium; I did not put many in, because they die so easily; and if you touch them they are almost sure to die. If a boy of my age (ten) does not want to keep fish that die so easily, let him buy a, say, thirty-inch bowl; in this he can keep some very small bullheads and eels. Perhaps you want to keep turtles; to do this one should get a large tin pan used for washing dishes. With turtles the water should be changed every other day. Turtles may be fed on flies and worms; but never buy them large (not larger than a twenty-five-cent piece), and never forget to let them be able to climb out of water. An aquarium is useful in this way: It will teach reckless boys to study the beauties of nature. I have learned the character of the eels. Their chief trait is that they will sometimes lie motionless for twenty-four hours. On the contrary, the goldfish or silverfish are (almost) always in motion; at all hours you can see them swimming around. For three dollars one can buy a beautiful large aquarium, and for another dollar you can stock it with fish, plants, and a rock-house.

ALFRED F. E——.

AURORA, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American boy, eight years old. My kitty's name is "Major." My papa makes fun of him. Kitty comes up-stairs and plays with me through the spindles on the side of my bed, in the morning. He pushes at the door, and if he can't get in he calls "Miew, miew." Then I say, "Push, kitty; push hard." Then he tries again, and gets in.

I like your magazine very much.

Yours truly, DUDLEY R. H——.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought some of your congregation might like to know of a very nice sort of a party which we had the other day. It is called a "Hunting Party." About thirty-five children came. We got about a hundred and fifty bundles, which we hid in every imaginable place. When the children came, mama gave them each a paper bag, such as grocers use to put their bundles in. We blew a horn and off they went to look for the things we had hidden.

We gave a prize to the girl who got the most, and to the boy who got the most. It was great fun, as any one who tries it will find.

Your devoted reader, JULIA J——.

U. S. RECEIVING SHIP "WABASH,"
NAVY YARD, CHARLESTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on the receiving ship at Boston Navy Yard. It is lovely, for we see the ocean steamers come in. Every Sunday I see inspection. My papa is a naval officer.

I have been sick and will not go to school for a long time. We have to go over to the yard in a scow, for the ship is anchored out from the land. It is pleasant to watch the marines drill at the barracks, in the yard. I am eleven years old. Good-by. ANNIE O'K——.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two friends, and we have taken you for a long time, and like you very much.

We do not live right in the town of Manchester, and not far from us there is lovely country. There are some very fine buildings in the town, especially the Town Hall, the clock of which you can hear striking more than four miles away! We have also some very good concerts every winter, given by Sir Charles Hallé. Nearly everybody here goes to hear them, and we sometimes go ourselves and enjoy them very much, as we are both very fond of music. We suppose that you are all going wild over Paderewski in the same way as we did when he was here, and we envy you very much hearing him.

We very seldom have any skating, but last year there was a long and hard frost, and we enjoyed the unwonted luxury.

We like reading the stories about England very much; it is very interesting to hear what you Americans think about England.

Wishing you continued success, we remain your interested readers, M. S. AND F. M.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like all your stories very much, but the ones I like the best are those about horses and their riders, as I love them, and have ridden all my life, and like anything about horses.

I go to school in the country, and every afternoon that I can I go out in the pony-cart with an old pony which has been in the family about twelve years, and is about twenty years old. So you see we are very much attached to her, and would not part with her for anything. She seems to grow younger and go better every year. In the summer I have a saddle-horse, and have fine times riding with my friends. In winter it is too cold to ride in the country, but in the city it is very nice.

I am your faithful reader, I. M. G.

TORONTO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a horse called "Billy." One day when he was in the stable he managed to get his halter off; the stable door was open, and he came out and started away down the street; afterward he got running down the principal streets; we could not catch him because every time that we would get near him he would kick up his legs and run; so we gave it up, knowing that he would come back. And at dinner-time he did come back and went into his stable. I suppose he wanted his dinner, but he had to wait till tea-time before he got anything.

I remain your interested reader, JOHN K——.

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received you this morning, and have just finished reading "The Letter-box."

I have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but have been unable to do so before, as I have been very ill for over three months, unable to move any part of my body except my hands and arms.

Papa has given you to me, bound, for the last two Christmases, and this year he subscribed for you. Of course you can imagine how much I enjoy you, especially now, when I am ill and unable to walk. You give me many pleasant moments, dear old ST. NICK, and I hope I shall never have to part with you. When I am well I go to school. One of your many admirers,

DORA S. H——.

MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, but am spending the winter in Montreux. I go to a French school, where only two other American girls go beside myself.

The people here speak all sorts of languages, and it is very difficult to understand them sometimes.

My cousin has a pretty little puppy, about seven months old; his name is "Budge." When he was about five months old, he learned to sit up in the corner and beg; he does several cunning little things; if we hide the handkerchief or spool, and tell him to find it, he will go snuffing about until he finds it, and sometimes he will hide it himself and make us find it.

Montreux is on Lake Geneva, and we always have a lovely view of the lake.

Your devoted reader, M. E. L.

KENILWORTH, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your delightful magazine for seven years. I live on the old battlefield of Winchester, in a house built more than a hundred years ago, which was headquarters for both armies. I have often found relics of the war, among them a saber, bullets, and other things.

I am twelve years old, I ride on horseback to Winchester to school every day. I ride five miles there and five back. I have two little brothers, Murroy and Neville. We have nice times together with our boat on the pond.

Your loving reader, JACK S——.

NICE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you what a lovely place we are in, where winter is summer, and where the flowers always bloom and the sun always shines. Here, in Nice, although in midwinter, the air is as deliciously soft and balmy as on an American June day. Our garden, which surrounds our château, situated on the hillside, commanding a magnificent view, is full of tropical plants, palms, and aloes, and is a constant delight. The eucalyptus-trees and century-plants tower upward, tall and stately, while the large orange-orchard stretches away to the left. We make a great number of excursions, and yesterday

we went to Cimiez to see the ruins of a Roman amphitheater. I am devoted to the French people, and my brother and I both know the language well. We have traveled a great deal in Europe — in England, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and France. We know and love "la belle France" the best of all. We lived six months in Paris, and saw all its interesting sights, and mounted the Eiffel Tower.

I enjoy your charming stories very much, but like best your tales of bygone times.

Your enthusiastic reader, GWENDOLYN D——.

FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father is an army officer, and has been stationed here five years. There are a great many nice children in the post, and a great many of us have ponies; so we have great fun riding, which we do a great deal. My pony is named "Candy," and my sister's "Verde." We also enjoy our hops, which we have every other Friday night.

Hoping you will live a great many years more, I am ever your constant reader, ALICE W. B——.

THE DOLLS' HOSPITAL.

(A True Story.)

GIRLS, did you ever hear of a dolls' hospital? Well, I am going to tell you about one. My sister Edith once had a very beautiful doll named "Rosy," and we were all very fond of her. She came to us in England, and had always been rather pale and delicate; so while we were in Florence, Italy, we thought it might possibly benefit her to take a course of baths.

One beautiful morning we took her out with us, and climbing the hill to the Piazzali di Michelangelo, where we were accustomed to play every day, we came to a beautiful fountain with a low, broad basin. This exactly suited our purpose. Undressing poor Rosy, her gentle little mother boldly plunged her into the water. We watched her gaily. After a while her mama said it was time to take her out of the bath; so out Miss Rosy came. Oh, what a sight to behold! Just imagine! Her hair was all coming out, her bones were out of joint, and her skin was peeling off. (Her skin was the kind which French dolls usually have — compressed paper.) We all set up a dismal howl, and rushed home to ask mama if anything could be done for the poor darling. Mama tried first of all to quiet and soothe Rosy's broken-hearted little mother, and then proceeded to examine the wreck. She made Rosy a nice little nightgown and cap, laid her in a little bed, and comforted us by telling us she hoped the poor creature would soon be better. But Rosy still remained very ill, and never got any better, in spite of the tender care we all bestowed upon her.

Finally we left Florence, and went to Venice; but the change of climate did not benefit our dear invalid. From Venice we went to the Lake of Como, where we stayed two months, and often took our darling out to row on the blue waters. Still there was no change for the better. Then we journeyed over the Alps, into Switzerland, where we spent the whole summer; but the Swiss air seemed to have lost its virtue. Rosy was no better. At last, when winter was near at hand, we went to Wiesbaden, Germany. This is a very beautiful city, as you all know, and famous for its hot baths. Many invalids go there to be cured. We had been there only a short time when we met a kind lady who, hearing of Rosy's condition, told us that she knew of a dolls' hospital, not very far from Wiesbaden, where old dolls were made young, and sick ones quite restored to health.

After much thought and discussion, we at length decided to send our darling there. We bade her good-by with many tears and kisses, laid her in a narrow box — how funereal it seemed! — and sent her away. She had been gone only a few days when the winter rains began, and soon there were great floods throughout Germany.

For many long weeks we did not hear one word from her. Every day we went down to the doll establishment from which she had been sent to inquire about her; but all in vain. At last, however, our sad hearts were made very glad. One morning, going down on our daily errand, we found Miss Rosy had arrived, and was waiting impatiently to see us. Oh, joy! There she lay in a box, just as plump and rosy as she could be. Her long golden curls fell about her lovely face, and reached down to her waist.

When we arrived at home and tried on her dresses, none of them would fit. Would you believe it? She had grown a whole inch!

MILDRED L. COWLES.

FAIRFORD, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a great many years, and I like you very much. I am very much interested in the story "Tom Paulding." I am ten years old, and I have three brothers and one sister. There is a large sawmill here, and my father is the superintendent of it. I am very fond of dogs. We have two setters at home, named "Doc" and "Tatum." Papa has a kennel, and he has twenty hounds. Leo, my brother, and I have a gun apiece, and we go out hunting every Saturday. I like to hunt very much.

Yours sincerely, CURRAN LAMAR S——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Edna W., Mary W., Julia B. H., Georgina G. R., Clara G. G., Laura V. B., Louise P. B., Leona B., Ethel F., Mabel B., Abbie F. P., H. T. W., Emily B., Arlie H., Beatrice F. M., Edith P. M., Agnes K. J., Paul V. R., Edna S. P., Mary M. W., Clara G. A., Harry W. L., Charlotte L. A., Blanche, Beulah McF., Lucien M., Ellenor D., Florence F., X. Y. Z., Lucille M. C., Eloise C., C. Earl Fenner, Isabel R. D., Elsie S., Gertrude K., Ruth McN., Chris S. M., J. H. P., Jamie R. P., Paula H., Annie M. M., Katherine D. Y., Lawrence B. E., Elizabeth C. G., Florence Adelaide F., Madelaine L., Katharine M. A., M. Agnes B., R. M. H., Percy L. B., Minnie L. M., Emma C. D., Laurence B., M. W. P., Lynn A., Lucille B., Minnie W., Bessie C., Virginia G., Edward B., Helen S. F., Nina S., Carl B., and G. M.



THESE DRAWINGS ARE FROM THE POCKET SKETCH-BOOK OF A NEW YORK BOY, THIRTEEN YEARS OLD. THEY WERE MADE DURING A TRIP ON THE HUDSON RIVER AND A VISIT TO CENTRAL PARK, AND WERE NOT DRAWN FOR PUBLICATION.

THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Easter; centrals, Sunday. Cross-words: 1. Easel. 2. Abuse. 3. Songs. 4. Tides. 5. Eland. 6. Royal.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Raphael. 1. Charade. 2. Blake. 3. Ope 4. H. 5. Bat. 6. Sleek. 7. Ability.

DIAGONAL. America. Cross-words: 1. Antique. 2. Emperor. 3. Amenity. 4. Hearsay. 5. Imagine. 6. Tobacco. 7. Miranda.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Podsnappery. Cross-words: 1. Slipper. 2. Colonel. 3. Gradual. 4. Fluster. 5. Blunder. 6 Fanatic. 7. Skipper. 8. Grapnel. 9. Benefit. 10. Charade. 11. Playful.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. Upper square: 1. Prop. 2. Rase. 3. Ossa. 4. Peat. Lower square: 1. Oast. 2. Area. 3. Seal. 4. Tall. From 1 to 4, pastoral.

WORD-BUILDING. E, em, elm, lime, Selim, samiel, mailest, simulate, mutilates, stimulates.

OCTAGONS. I. 1 Lap. 2. Mavis. 3. Lateran. 4 Average. 5. Pirated. 6. Sages. 7. Ned II. 1. Lea 2. Bilbo. 3 Literal. 4. Elevate. 5. Abraded. 6. Oaten. 7. Led.

ANAGRAM. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

When April blows his horn,
It is good for both hay and corn.

RHOMBOIDS. I. Across: 1. Dunes. 2. Sever 3. Tepor. 4. Naval. 5. Lemon. II. Across: 1. Gowan. 2. Revel. 3. Newel. 4. Renew. 5. Roger.

PI.

Already close by our summer dwelling
The Easter sparrow repeats her song;
A merry warbler, she chides the blossoms—
The idle blossoms that sleep so long.

The bluebird chants from the elm's long branches
A hymn to welcome the budding year.
The south wind wanders from field to forest,
And softly whispers, "The spring is here."

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Armada. 2. Raises. 3. Misses. 4. Assume. 5. Deemer. 6. Assert. II. 1. Albata. 2. Leaves 3 Batons. 4. Avowee. 5 Tenets. 6. Assess.

ZIGZAG AND DIAGONAL. Zigzag. From 1 to 7, Lycidas; 8 to 14, Thyrsis. Cross-words: 1. Lethe. 2. Myths. 3 Vichy. 4. Fiery. 5. Disme. 6. Vapid. 7. Basis. Diagonal. From 1 to 6, Milton; 7 to 12, Arnold. Cross-words: 1. Masked. 2. Dingle. 3. Eulogy. 4. Sentry. 5. Dragon. 6. Aonian.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Maude E. Palmer — Two of "The Wise Five" — Paul Reese — Josephine Sherwood — E. M. G. — "The Peterkins" — C. M. D. — "Arthur Gride" — "The McG.'s" — Gertrude L. — L. O. E. — "Toodles" — Annie M. Bingham — Ed and Papa — Chester B. S. — Jo and I — Aunt Kate, Mama, and Jamie — Hubert L. Bingay — "Mid" — Edgar Darby — Marian F., Aunt Eva, and Lulu — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co. — Ida, Alice, and Olive — No Name, N. Y. City — Mama and Franz — Stephen O. Hawkins — Effie K. Talboys — "Dodo and Doder" — The Spencers — Grace and Nannie — "May and '79" — "The Sewalls" — Ida Carleton Thallon — "Leather Stocking" — Florence A. Gragg — Jessie Chapman — E. Kellogg Trowbridge — Blanche and Fred.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Elsie Burke, 1 — Susan L. Butler, 1 — S. A. Gardner, 1 — Bessie C., 1 — C. G., 1 — Carrie Chester, 1 — V. H. Berghaus, Jr., 1 — "Lorna Doone," 1 — Lawrence Pumpelly, 1 — Eric Palmer, 2 — Bessie Wood, 2 — Grace I. Shirley, 1 — Elaine S., 5 — Marie Beredi, 1 — Alma Devlin, 1 — Wilfred and Helen Jordan, 1 — S. W. French, 2 — Eleanor Hurd, 1 — "Bubbles," 5 — M. Beatrice Brien, 1 — Belle MacMahon, 1 — Annie McClure, 1 — Shirley Lenerd, 1 — Addie and Esther Stone, 1 — Roberta C., 1 — Gertrude Kerr, 2 — Wilkie Husted, 5 — Edna H., 2 — Roy Murchie, 1 — J. Schmitt, 1 — Walker G. McLaury, 1 — Henry Hunt, 1 — Elma and Alma Dixon, 1 — Naje Rheaton, 2 — Tracy R. Kelley, 5 — S. Lindsley, 1 — Elizabeth C. and Clara W. Chambers, 3 — Eleanor Ogier, 1 — Clara Louise Green, 3 — Lily D. Barnwell, 1 — Mama and Harold, 6 — Marguerite H. Sanderson, 1 — Ruth F. Graves, 1 — Ivy, 1 — Harry and Mama, 9 — Ella C. D., 1 — Howard Ford, 1 — "Jill," 1 — Lillian Adonis, 2 — Nellie Archer, 8 — Daisy B. Allen, 2 — Flossie and Gussie, 10 — Isabel Wallace, 1 — Caryl and Mamie, 2 — Gardner Hendrie, 1 — Rae Russell, 2 — E. S. B., 1 — Amanda E. T., 11 — Floy L. Noteman, 1 — Charles Munch, 1 — L. and E., 4 — "Oregon," 6 — "Jack Spratt" and "Polly Flinders," 8 — "Waiontha," 8 — Marian Gray, 8 — Nellie L. Howes, 9 — "We Girls," 11 — Rosalie Bloomingdale, 11 — Millard Russell, 2 — Harry Day Brigham, 10 — "Myself," 1 — Alma E. Rosenberg, 2 — Gladys M. Bucke, 1 — James Robertson Smith, 11 — E. M., A. P. C., and S. W. A., 8 — Janet and Bertha, 10 — "Somebody," 10 — Mama and Charlie, 6 — "Only I," 1 — No Name, Louisville, 8 — Schuyler F. S., 2 — Mama and Marion, 4 — "The Three Eldridges," 10 — "Suse," 10 — E. K., 3 — Eunice MacMichael, 1 — Sam Harrison, 1.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. IN a manner. 2. Belonging to a city. 3. To decline. 4. A mythological being. 5. Sluggish. K. F. L.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. MY initials and finals each name a planet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Metrical arrangement of language. 2. Additional. 3. Saltpeter. 4. To overturn. 5. A cardinal point.

II. MY initials and finals each name a planet.

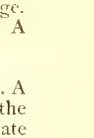
CROSS-WORDS: 1. A planet. 2. A large country. 3. A famous mountain of western Asia. 4. A city of the Bahama Islands. 5. One who exacts a very high rate of interest. 6. A river of England. "ZUAR."

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a person of distinction, and leave allied. 2. Behead shaped like an egg, and leave empty. 3. Behead to pine, and leave grief. 4. Behead concise, and leave pertaining to the Celtic race in the highlands of Scotland. 5. Behead an old-fashioned kind of ship, and leave to produce designs on metal or glass by means of acid. 6. Behead to furnish for service, and leave a severe retort.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous strategist. "XELIS."

DOUBLE SQUARES.



I. 1. A TROPICAL tree. 2. Fragrance. 3. Influence. 4. To reform. 5. Guards.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. A gipsy. 2. To be indebted. 3. Mankind.

II. 1. To come to pass. 2. A wading bird. 3. A Turkish ruler. 4. To league. 5. To advert.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. Hurried. 2. An eastern name. 3. The egg of any small insect. "XELIS."



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-five letters, and form a quotation from the writings of Thomas à Kempis.

My 70-25-34-55 is a waiter. My 5-27-82 is a grain. My 62-15-37-18-11 is one of an ancient order of priests. My 3-66-75-93-88 is to drag. My 46-8-78-22-48 is averse. My 29-58-51-90 is fancy. My 86-39-60-54-63 is a weight of twelve grains. My 13-23-49-84-68-41 is troublesome. My 76-36-6-20 is the cheven. My 57-80-94-81-21 is a feminine name. My 72-77-1-17-85 is a quick puff of air or smoke. My 52-45-16-92-31-26 is dough before it is kneaded into loaves. My 4-43-35-28-33-74 is secret. My 19-91-71-24 is an ancient city. My 64-53-67-30-69-47 is niggardly. My 2-56-40-10 is a season of the year. My 7-65-50-61-83-87 is another season; my 12-9-44-38-89-32 is a third season, and my 42-14-79-73-59-95 is a fourth. M. D.

PI.

NOE ubsmean thos cassor a coydul ady
Nac grintheb lal eht darer sanepex fo siske;
Eno vongil limes nac meak a yewar yaw
A thap ot rasipaed. EVERETT E. R.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A pecuniary punishment or fine. 2. An interstice. 3. To attack. 4. A collection of four things. 5. Conjectured. 6. The person to whom a bill of exchange is addressed.

DOWNWARD: 1. In castle. 2. A parent. 3. A period. 4. A collection of boxes. 5. Drugged. 6. Exalted. 7. One who airs. 8. A Buddhist priest in Tibet. 9. Moisture. 10. A Latin prefix. 11. In castle.

"XELIS."

ANAGRAM.

A WELL-KNOWN man of letters:
RAPID, UGLY INK DR.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, the diagonals (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell the name of a famous writer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Beats. 2. An invented story. 3. To fascinate. 4. Pressing into a narrow compass. 5. Transports. 6. Artful. 7. Binds by contract or promise.

H. R. MORRIS.

ENIGMA.

TAKE one hundred and ten, one hundred and one,
Five hundred and fifty, and when you have done
Knock it all into pi, and what have you there?
The end of a testament, added with care.

J. W. Y.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the central letters will spell a faithful friend.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Raises. 2. Pickle. 3. To shape. 4. The European flounder. 5. Relish. 6. To allay. 7. Endowed with utterance. 8. A respectful title given, in India, to Europeans of rank. 9. A machine for raising and lowering heavy weights. 10. A species of pepper. 11. A crevice. 12. One of the hereditary classes into which the Hindoos are divided. C. B.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A VOWEL. 2. An article. 3. To annoy. 4. Profit. 5. A small weight. 6. Ventilating. 7. Showering. 8. Educating. 9. Filtering. 10. Recoloring. 11. Curbing.

"XELIS."

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell a kind of scraper.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Behind a ship. 2. Pertaining to a horse. 3. Certain intricate musical compositions. 4. A kind of fine pottery. 5. Soda ash. 6. Not to recognize. 7. Loyalty. 8. The fireside.

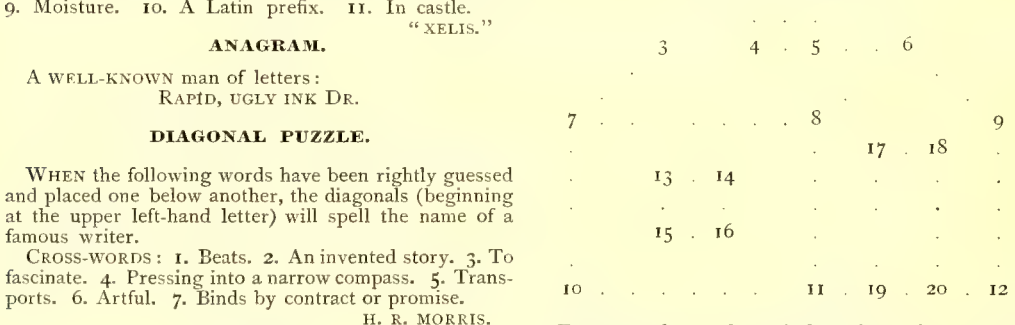
O. B. G.

HOUR-GLASS.

1. ADVOWSONS. 2. Broiled. 3. To blaze. 4. Since. 5. In summer. 6. To regard studiously. 7. Bundles. 8. The first of each month in the ancient Roman calendar. 9. To compel.

The central letters, reading downward, will spell a musical instrument. M. T. M.

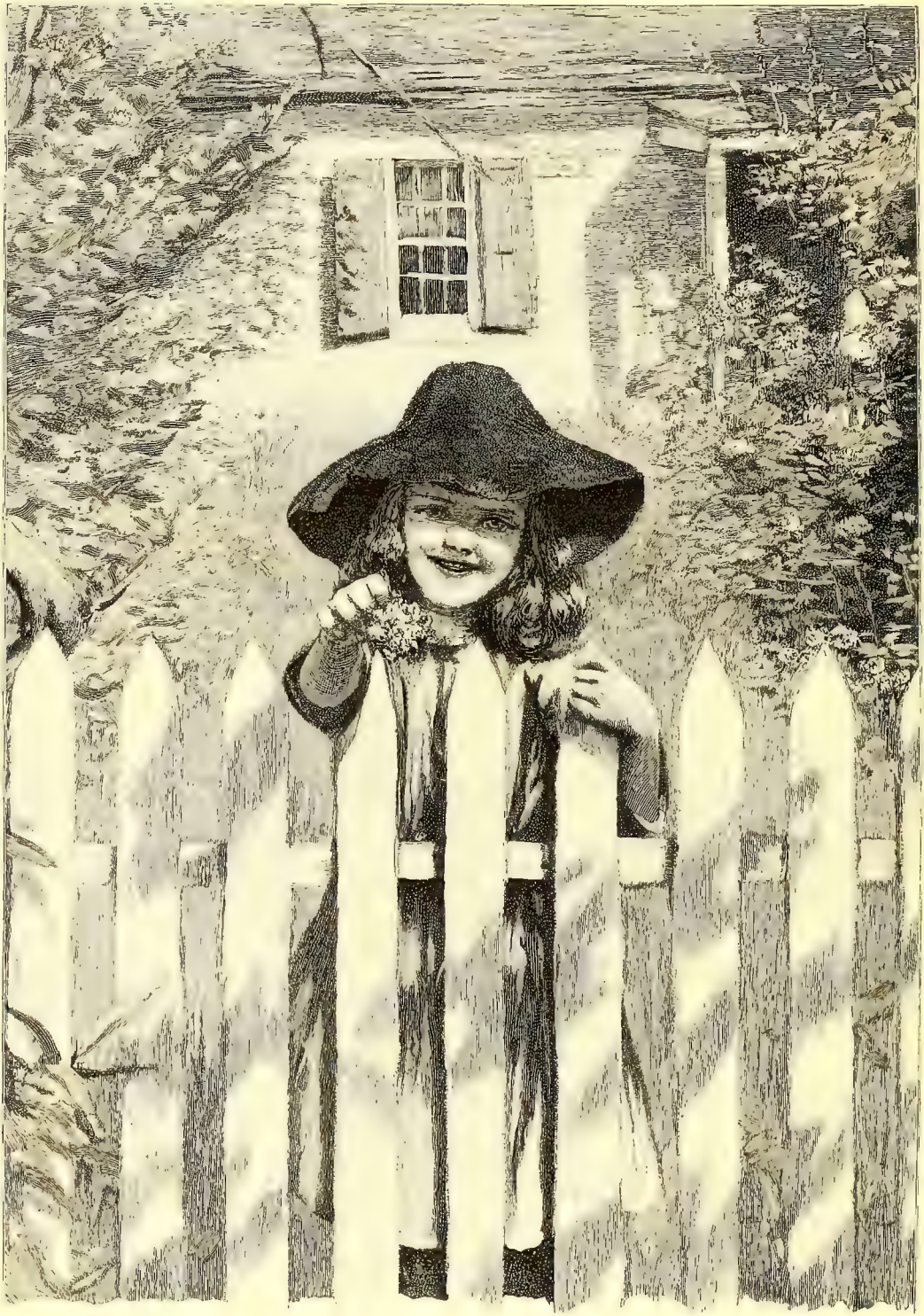
A COTTAGE PUZZLE.



FROM 3 to 6, a mathematical word meaning a quantity consisting of three terms; from 7 to 8, strives; from 10 to 11, a metal discovered by Müller in 1782; from 11 to 12, methods; from 3 to 7, a book; from 7 to 10, graceful; from 6 to 8, a young woman; from 8 to 11, any fallacy designed to deceive; from 6 to 9, meager; from 9 to 12, unwholesome; from 1 to 4, iniquity; from 1 to 2, to observe closely; from 2 to 5, an edible root; from 13 to 15, a horned animal; from 13 to 14, to fool; from 14 to 16, ay; from 15 to 16, a lady in Spenser's "Faëry Queen"; from 17 to 19, a musical instrument; from 17 to 18, a solemn promise; from 18 to 20, to trill.

ELSIE L.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



"SUMMER 'S COME."

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE BOY WHO WOULD N'T BE STUMPED.

By Bessie Chandler.

Bobby Cameron came into the dining-room shyly, and sat down. His nose was swollen, and there was a raw, bruised place, about as big as a ten-cent piece, between his eyes. He did n't seem anxious to draw attention to these defects, and was unusually quiet. Presently his father put down his newspaper, and his glance fell upon hapless Bobby.

"Robert," he said sternly, "what is the matter?"

"I got hurt," muttered Bobby, with his mouth full of oatmeal.

"Got hurt! I should say so! I can see that for myself. *How* did you get hurt?"

"I jumped off the oat-bin and struck my head against the pole of the carriage."

"What possessed you to do that?"

"Well, a boy stumped me, and so—"

"A boy did *what?*" interrupted his father.

"Stumped me," repeated Bobby, growing more and more embarrassed.

Mr. Cameron looked at his wife.

"What is he talking about, Jane?" he said helplessly.

"What do you mean, Bobby?" asked his mother gently. "What is it to be *stumped* by a person?"

"Why, it 's when a fellow says you can't do a thing and you say you can; and then you 've got to do it, or else you 're stumped, and all the other fellows jeer at you. I 'm never stumped,—never!"

"But, Bobby, if it is something perfectly impossible?"

"Ah, if you think it 's like that, why, you can ask the fellow that stumps you to do it himself; and if he can't do it that lets you out. But if he does it, you 're bound to do it too. That 's a *lead* stump, when he does it first; and it 's a *dare* stump when he says you can't do it, and you say you can. I never take a lead stump, and I have n't taken a dare stump this year." His father looked at him severely.

"Well, I want you to understand, sir," he said, "that I 'm not going to have you jumping off from oat-bins, and breaking your nose against carriage-poles. I don't want to hear any more of stumps, or such ridiculous performances!"

Bobby did n't answer. He looked much depressed.

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After his father had left the table, his mother turned to him and said:

"Now, Bobby, did you hear what papa said?"

"Yes," he answered impetuously, "but, Mama, I can't. I can't be stumped. I have n't been stumped this year."

His mother looked at him thoughtfully.

"We can't have you running such risks, dear, and hurting yourself, perhaps for life. Come upstairs with me now, and I 'll put some plaster on your nose; and you must try to be more careful."



"'I GOT HURT,' MUTTERED BOBBY."

Mr. Cameron was at his office, and Mrs. Cameron was in her own room, sewing, about the middle of the forenoon, when a little boy rushed in, breathless and excited.

He was a neighbor's child and Bobby's dearest friend. He was so frightened that he was quite pale, and his freckles stood out in bold relief, like spatters of mud.

"Oh, Mrs. Cameron!" he gasped, "come quick! Bobby 's got the door-knob in his mouth, and he can't get it out!"

"The *what?*" she said, rising hurriedly.

"The door-knob of the play-room. George Nelson stumped him to put it in his mouth, and Bobby tried and tried, and at last he did, and now he can't get his mouth off!"

Mrs. Cameron hurried to the scene of the disaster. There stood poor Bobby, fastened to the door, his jaws opened to their utmost capacity and clinched around the knob. They had just slipped over the smooth porcelain surface, and closed upon it. The knob seemed as firmly fastened in his mouth as one of his own teeth. It was nearly choking him, and the tears were streaming down his face.

Several boys stood near, offering advice and sympathy.

"I say, Bobby," said one, "I 'm awful sorry I laughed at first, 'cause you looked so funny. I wish I 'd never stumped you now."

His mother came near him. He cried afresh at the sight of her. He would have bawled, but the door-knob in his mouth prevented.

"Can't you get it out, Bobby?" she asked anxiously.

He tried to shake his head, but being fastened immovably, he could only roll his eyes at her. It looked a little as if he must spend the rest of his life fastened on to that door.

"Can't we unscrew the knob?" suggested one of the boys.

"What 'll he have to pull against then?" objected another with scorn.

This was true. Bobby with a door-knob in his mouth and nothing to pull it out by would certainly be in a worse fix than Bobby fastened to an entire door.

His mother said nothing, but seemed to be considering.

"Go up to the desk in my room, Georgie," she said, "and bring me down that big ivory paper-cutter. Not the little one, but that big, flat, white one. Now, Bobby," she added, kissing his forehead, as his mouth was otherwise engaged, "you must n't be frightened. If your mouth opened wide enough to get it in, we can get it out. Don't cry, and keep cool. One

reason why you can't get it out is because you are nervous and frightened."

When Georgie brought her the paper-cutter, she put it in the corner of Bobby's mouth, so that she could pry with it against his teeth, and then, taking his chin in her other hand, she told him to open his mouth as wide as he possibly could, and she would help him.

After one or two unsuccessful trials, the knob slipped out, and Bobby was free.

The first words he said were: "There, George Nelson, I did it after all."

He spoke thickly, for his tongue was swollen and his jaws stiff.

"Bobby," said his mother, "you must come into the house with me now"; and they went in together, while the little group of boys disappeared, after examining the door-knob carefully, as if it were full of unusual interest.

Half an hour afterward, Bobby was lying on the sofa in his mother's room. There was a handkerchief, wet with some arnica, under his chin, and he looked somewhat pale and subdued.

His mother had some books in her lap. She looked at him lovingly, and passed her hand over his head once or twice before she spoke.

"Bobby," she said finally, "I 've been thinking about this stumping business of yours, and I 've concluded it 's one of the greatest things in the world."

He looked at her in amazement. He had n't expected this.

"Yes," she said, "I don't think the world would ever have amounted to much, if it had n't been for the men who would n't be stumped."

"Why, Mama!" he said.

"It 's true, Bobby. All the great generals were just men who would n't let their enemies stump them. Christopher Columbus would n't be stumped, when he started to discover America; no, not by poverty nor by the jeers of all Spain,— not even when his sailors mutinied and wanted to kill him. George Washington would n't be stumped, nor General Grant, nor Napoleon, nor any of those men that you like to have me read to you about. All the Arctic explorers, and the people who have gone into Africa, were men who would n't be stumped. Sometimes, Bobby, it is your life, and not another person, that stumps you. You want to do something, and it seems as if your life said to you, 'You can't.' But all the famous men,



"THERE STOOD BOBBY, FASTENED TO THE DOOR."

all the men who have succeeded, were men who turned around to their lives and faced them, and said, 'I *can*.'"

There was a little silence. Bobby was alert and interested.

"I am going to read to you about two men who would n't be stumped. One was Winstanley, who built the Eddystone lighthouse, and the other was our own Sheridan, who won the battle of Winchester. And then I want to read to you about the sinking of the 'Cumberland,' and how she fired that last broadside, just as she was going down; I think that was so splendid."

Bobby nestled contentedly on the sofa. He loved to hear his mother read poetry. He told her once it was "just like the dribbling rain on the garret roof." It seemed a queer compliment, but she understood it, and thanked him.

He was very much interested that day, and his eyes were bright and shining when she had finished.

"Were those really all stumps, Mama?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, dear," she said, smiling, "I think they were; and I want to read to you about some more — listen."

She took up some newspaper cuttings, and began:

"'Mose Putnam yesterday jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge. He had wagered one thousand dollars that he could do it. The jump was made at 3.30 P. M. Putnam was knocked senseless on striking the water, and instantly sank. His friends were beneath the bridge in a boat, and one of them promptly jumped in after him and succeeded in bringing him to the surface, and he was taken at once to the hospital. He is still unconscious, and it is not thought that he will recover.'"

Bobby looked a little uncomfortable as his mother read this. It did not strike him as a very noble deed.

She read another:

"'There was a strange spectacle yesterday on Broadway, between Tenth and Twentieth streets. Mr. Harvey Johnson had laid a wager that he would wheel Mr. Sam Skeehan ten blocks on Broadway in a wheelbarrow, if Harrison were elected; and yesterday he fulfilled his promise. Quite a crowd followed him. Mr. Skeehan is reported as enjoying his ride exceedingly.'"

"Oh, Mama, don't!" said Bobby softly.

She smiled, but read on.

"'The contest between Mike Stevens and Paddy Hennessy as to who could eat the most oysters in a given time came off yesterday; and Hennessy, having disposed of three hundred and forty-five oysters in five minutes, was declared the winner.'"

"Oh, Mama!" said Bobby again, "don't read any more like that. They seem so silly after those others."

"Bobby," she said slowly, "nobody could have looked sillier than you looked this morning, fastened to that door-knob."

Then they both laughed, but Bobby looked very much ashamed.

"It is n't always brave not to be stumped, is it?" he said, after a pause.

"No," she answered thoughtfully, "you see for yourself that it is n't."

"But, Mama, how can you tell? How can I tell,— with the boys, you know?"

"I was thinking of that," she said. "I don't quite know, dear. It will be hard to decide, but it seems to me that I would n't do a foolish thing just because I was stumped into it. It 's good to be strong and quick and fleet. It 's good to aim straight and to throw far. All stumps that make you run or jump or climb better I should say were worth taking, but not the foolish ones that only make you seem reckless and silly. Sam Patch, the jumper, was reckless, you know; do you think he was brave?"

Bobby did n't answer; he seemed to be thinking hard.

"Do you think it would be silly," he said, "to climb up on top of the cupola of the Gilmans' barn?"

"Certainly I do," she answered promptly. "Why?"

"'Cause Joe Gilman stumped me to do it, and I was going to do that after the door-knob, you know; but I won't now."

His mother leaned over and kissed him, and wisely left to his own reflections the boy who would n't be stumped.



THE LONELY LIGHTHOUSE.

By William Abbatt.

How many of you have been inside a lighthouse? Some, of course, who live in seaports or in towns on the Great Lakes; but how about the boys and girls who live where there is no navigable water, and so ships and steamboats never come? Perhaps there are some people, too, who live near lighthouses but have never been inside of them; just as a young man from Philadelphia told me, this past summer, that though he had traveled a good deal in our own country, he had never been inside of either Girard College or the Mint in his own city!

Lighthouses, the dictionary says, are "towers or buildings with a powerful light at top, erected to serve as a guide to sailors." The earliest were built long, long ago. The oldest, probably, about which we know anything, was the *Pharos* (which is Greek for lighthouse) of Alexandria, in Egypt. It was one of the "seven wonders of the world." It was built about 285 B. C. As the world grew older and men grew wiser, more and better lighthouses were built, until now there are eight hundred in use in the United States alone. The first was erected on Little Brewster Island, at the entrance to Boston harbor, in 1716. Some are very large, some quite small, being a mere framework of heavy posts just big enough to hold the lantern. Such are generally placed close to the water's edge, beside narrow channels, such as the entrance to Long Island Sound (the passage commonly called Hell Gate) at New York City.

Perhaps in size most of them are like that I visited last summer on Long Island Sound. It was built of brick, painted white outside and inside (as they usually are), and sixty feet high. Its shape was the first thing about it that looked queer, but you know the bees make the honey-cells six-sided, and scientific men tell us six-sided things have less waste room in them than square or round ones. So probably the Government Lighthouse Board was right in building it so, though to be sure many lighthouses are round. Most round ones are of iron.

The keeper lived in a nice brick house close to the tower, and also painted white. Unlocking the tower door, we began to climb the iron stair which winds round and round inside until your head swims. It was very dark (I don't remember any windows there). Up and up we went, quite slowly, the keeper leading. I saw him limp, and, when we stopped a moment for breath, I had a talk with him and found he was a Union veteran, one of the Eighth Connecticut, and had been wounded at Antietam. Up we went until the stairs seemed to run right up

against the ceiling; but the keeper pushed a bolt aside, stepped up one more step, and a flood of light came down upon us. He had opened an iron trap-door, and we went up through the opening. It was a tight fit, I tell you. I don't think it could have been more than eighteen inches square, and I could just squeeze through. I guess no ladies ever go up that lighthouse!

There we were at last, on the top, close to the lantern. I can't describe it scientifically, but it was a beauty. All of brass and thick plate glass, both wonderfully polished. In the center was the lamp, which holds two quarts of kerosene oil; but the light uses nearly four quarts every night, between sunset and sunrise. So, each night, at about midnight, the second lamp full of oil has to be set in place. Think of that, boys! Every night in the year, at midnight, that keeper has to get out of a warm bed, climb the long stairs, and change the lamp. It may be a cold winter night, the thermometer below zero, with a furious gale shaking the tower and driving the spray clear over the top. No matter; the lamp must be changed. Many lives on some passing vessel may depend upon that light's shining brightly at that particular time, and duty must be done at all times, if this world of ours is to be worth living in at all. I asked if he had any family to help him. "Yes, I have a son and daughter, and either will go up at night if I wish, but I like to do things myself generally, then I know they 're well done." And just then I remembered the words that Longfellow makes Miles Standish use, "If you wish a thing well done, you must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others."

The lantern stands about two and a half feet high, on an iron pedestal as high, and has a clock-work attachment, run by a heavy weight, which hangs half-way down the tower, in a groove in the wall. The keeper puts in a big key and turns it once or twice. "Now watch," he says; and then slowly, very slowly, the whole lantern begins to move. "It turns around once in three minutes," he says, "and shows a flash each side for a quarter of a minute, once every half-minute. At that point to the southeast it shows red through that red pane there. That 's what we call the red sector."

"Why does it?"

"There 's a dangerous shoal in that direction."

So now you will know what a "sector" is in a lighthouse.

There is room to walk around the lantern, but a man six feet high would have only two inches space above his tall hat! The sides of the tower here are thick panes of beautifully clear glass, almost half an inch thick; yet sometimes they are broken. By what, do you think? Why, by wild ducks and geese flying against them, dazzled by the light! Think of opening your back door in the early morning and finding a nice fat wild duck or two lying there dead (for the shock always kills them), ready for your breakfast. How extremely convenient,—if only one did not have to live in a lighthouse in order to get the duck! Most of us, I think, would prefer going to market for ducks, just as ordinary people must.

"One night last spring," says the keeper, "I saw a big white thing come bang against the glass and fall on the gallery." I forgot to say that a narrow gallery, with a railing, extends round the tower top, outside. "I opened this door," showing a little low iron door which I had not noticed, "and got it. It was quite dead; a sort of bird I had never seen before, very handsome. I thought it might be a rare one, so I just wrapped it up and sent it by express to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington for their collection. A while afterward I got a very nice letter about it, saying it was an Arctic owl and very rare so far south as this; in fact, only seen once before in fifty years. I 'd like to go to Washington and see it there, stuffed; but I have n't been to Washington since I left the hospital there, about Christmas of 1862, and came back home, disabled."

The little room in which we are is very hot; the big panes of glass around it cannot be opened, and though there is a thick yellow shade to each one, I am almost faint with the heat.

So we go down again, through the little trap-door, into the dark tube of the tower, where our footfalls and voices ring hollow on the iron stairs and the cold white walls. How cool and refreshing it is after the stifling little top room! Down and around we go, till once more the bottom is reached and we step outside on the

grass again. To the west, north, and south is the broad expanse of Long Island Sound, dotted with sailing vessels of all sorts and sizes, and from the south is coming up a big white steamboat. The sun will set in half an hour, and then the lantern must be lighted. The rules of the Lighthouse Board at Washington are very clear on this point. "Light it at sunset, put it out at sunrise," they say, in effect. No matter what the weather,— hot or cold, rain, wind, snow, sleet, ice all over, or the thermometer hot enough to scorch you,— the light must be lighted and be extinguished regularly. "How many years have you been here?" I ask the keeper. "I was appointed in 1863." So for *twenty-nine years* this man has kept the light burning in this tower — a lonely spot in winter, seven miles from the railroad on one side, two miles and a half of water in front of him on the other side, north and south nothing but water as far as the eye can reach. How many lives during those long years may have depended on his faithful doing of his duty, day by day! Does he have anything to read? Yes, he shows me a box of books, twenty-five or so, and says twice a year he gets a change, when the Government steamer brings a box and takes away the old one, to be sent to some other lighthouse.



CHANGING THE LAMP AT MIDNIGHT.

I shake hands with him, and go away. Reaching the road, I turn and look back. As I do so, a light shines out from the tower, and by that I know my friend has once more lighted the lantern, one more time in the twenty-nine years of work. How many more like him there are at this moment, tending their lanterns all along the coast from Maine to Florida, each a plain man, unknown to fame, just doing his duty in a quiet, monotonous existence! But do you know, boys and girls, I often think of them, and particularly of this one I met, with a great deal of respect? They are not distinguished or learned men, but they are men who are faithful to their trust, men on whom a great deal depends, and who are doing well their duty. And, as Mr. Whittier has said of steadfast Abraham Davenport:

Simple duty hath no place for fear.

A STORY OF OLD SPAIN



By Tudor Jenks.

Within Fort Xalabania
Played Yusef, the throne's heir,
At chess with the Alcayde,
Who held him prisoner there.
They leaned on silken cushions
Broidered with golden thread,
And warred in mimic battle,
While not a word was said;
Until the flushed Alcayde
A moment scanned the board,
Then cried, "Your king 's beleaguered;
The game is mine, my lord!"
But Yusef, shrewdly smiling,
Declared, "'T is not yet won—
The game is never over
Until the play is done."

"But see, there 's no escaping,"
Replied the Alcayde then;
"You 've lost a rook, a knight, a pawn,
And now a rook again!"
Low laughed the shrewd Alcayde,
And moved his valiant queen.
"A mate," he cried, "in three more moves,
Whate'er may intervene!"
Just then a messenger arrived
In haste, and from the King.
"Read, read, my lord Alcayde,
For tidings sore I bring!"
He seized the royal mandate,
And broke the scarlet seal.
He read and paled with horror,
Nor could his grief conceal.

"Oh, well-belovèd Yusef,"
He gasped, "put by thy chess!
For here are cruel words indeed,
Of deepest bitterness!"
"Nay, nay!" spake kindly Yusef,
"Let me thy trouble share.

It ran: "High-born Alcayde,
When this thy warrant 's read,
Slay me my brother Yusef,
And send the traitor's head."
Then turning to the messenger,
Said Yusef: "I must die.



"FOR HERE ARE CRUEL WORDS INDEED, OF DEEPEST BITTERNESS."

The things that never happen
The hardest are to bear!
The King has sent his warrant
To slay me? Be it so.
Come, let me see the letter,
That I the worst may know."

I ask but proper respite
To bid my friends good-by."
"Delay," the messenger replied,
"Lies not within my power.
I can but do the King's command:
You die within the hour!"

"'T is well," said tranquil Yusef.
"Until the hour is done
The time is mine. On with the game,
Till it be lost or won."
But now the poor Alcayde
In vain his skill he tries.
He cannot see the pieces,
For tears so dim his eyes.
"Checkmate!" at last cries Yusef.



"BEHOLD! ANOTHER MESSENGER CAME RIDING IN HOT HASTE."

"Although 't was well begun,
The game is never over
Until the play is done!"

"Alas!" sighed the Alcayde,
"I fear our games are o'er!"
"Hope on," said Yusef calmly,
"There are five minutes more."

And when before the headsman
The youthful Prince was placed,
Behold! another messenger
Came riding in hot haste.
"Put by the sword! and harken
Unto the news I bring:
The King Muhammad is no more!—
Long live Yusef, our King!"
Up sprang the smiling Yusef,
While all his courtiers bow.
"And am I king?" he gravely asks.
"What says the Alcayde now?
Alcayde! night ne'er cometh
Before the set of sun:
The game is never over
Until the play is done!"



"THEN RODE THEY TO GRENADA."

Then rode they to Grenada,
O'er ways all flower-spread,—
A cavalcade of banners,
King Yusef at its head.

"Ah!" said the sly Alcayde,
"Your reign has well begun;
But still — the game 's not over
Until the play is done!"

A VISIT FROM HELEN KELLER.

By Adeline G. Perry.

I should like to tell you about a visit we have just received from Helen Keller, the little blind girl and deaf-mute. You, doubtless, know something of her story* — how, when she was eighteen months old, she was very, very ill, and when at last the slow recovery came, her parents were horrified to find that she had become perfectly deaf and also blind. For nearly seven years these poor parents had no means of communication with their little girl or she with them. When Helen was seven, five years ago, Mr. Keller wrote to the Perkins Institute

* See St. Nicholas for September, 1889.

for the Blind, in Boston, asking that a teacher might be sent to them in northern Alabama. Miss Sullivan, who at one time had been perfectly blind, and who had taken the course at the Institute, was sent to the Kellers, and remained for two years, teaching Helen and her family how to communicate with one another by means of the manual for the deaf and dumb.

It was then deemed best for Helen to go to the Institute, since she could advance more rapidly there. She has now been there three years, under the charge of Miss Sullivan the entire time.

Once a year she goes home to Alabama for a visit, always accompanied by her dear friend and teacher.

When our principal informed us of Helen's prospective visit, we all were pleased; but still the thought came that it would be very difficult to talk with her, and also a pitiful and rather trying experience to see a person in such a sad condition. We are now very thankful that the opportunity was given us to meet this wonderful child.

Helen came one afternoon with Miss Sullivan and Miss Marrett, another teacher in the school, and also one of our graduates.

In the evening the students were all invited into the drawing-room to meet the visitors and to see what wonders have been done for this once helpless child. She stood with her arm about Miss Sullivan's neck, a tall child for her age, with a very bright and smiling face.

As the different girls came up to meet her, Miss Sullivan repeated their names to Helen by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, and Helen spoke to them.

You ask how can that be?

One of the most marvelous things of all is, that she has learned to articulate. Think of it! She has *never* heard a human voice in her life. Of course, her articulation is very imperfect; but when she speaks slowly, one can understand quite well what she says. Her teachers think that in a year or two her utterance will be perfectly distinct. Her voice is necessarily peculiar, and listening to its monotonous tones, one can better appreciate how important hearing is to modulation and expression.

About thirty girls were introduced to her, for each of whom she had a pleasant word. I think in no one case did she forget a name.

She felt of the faces, hair, and dress, learning each feature, while every personal peculiarity seemed firmly fixed in her mind.

Some of the girls told her they had recently been to Concord and Lexington, whereupon Helen began to describe her visit there. She spoke of the hills about Concord looking like "beautiful clouds"; and said that the "bending trees were there, the folding ferns among the grass, and the fairies and wood-elves whispering among the violets."

She said she visited the Alcotts' house, and could well imagine "Jo, sitting by the window, writing; Amy, near by, drawing; and sweet Beth sewing; while Meg and Mr. Brooke were merrily chatting together."

Some one mentioned "The Minute-Man," Mr. French's statue, marking the famous battle-ground at Concord; and Helen cried eagerly, "Yes! and 'fired the shot heard round the world!'" quoting from Emerson's beautiful ode, the first lines of which have been inscribed upon the pedestal of the statue:

> By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world!

Soon she added, "Is n't it dreadful for men to kill each other? But I think it is good not to be afraid of death, and to be ready to fight for one's country. My father would n't be afraid to die; he fought in the Rebellion."

Helen is a rather pretty child, and has perfect manners. She is very affectionate, and seems devotedly attached to Miss Sullivan. Every few minutes she would caress her, with a loving smile; and she seems to have a similar affection for all her friends. She has great tact, and has that innate refinement of word and action which it is so delightful to see.

She has been doing a beautiful work of charity. She owned a fine mastiff last winter, which died, and the loss made her quite sad. Some friends raised three hundred dollars, and sent it to her as a gift with which to buy another dog. In the mean time Helen heard of a boy, five years old, Tommy Strenger, who also was blind

and deaf. Her tender sympathy was aroused, and she immediately decided to use her money for Tommy's needs. But the yearly expense for one person at the Institute is more than twice as much money as Helen had. Quite confident of success, the little girl wrote letters to nine newspapers, each differently expressed, stating Tommy's needs. As a consequence many subscriptions were sent to Helen, and Tommy has now been an inmate of the asylum for a year or more.

In telling us of Tommy, she said, "When he was a little baby, his dear mama died and then he was sick, and the light went out of his eyes, and the hearing from his ears. Now he has come to be educated. And by and by," she added, "when he knows more words, he will understand what a wonderful thing language is, and how education brings music and love to body and soul." It is difficult to realize that such words are from the lips of a child not then twelve years old.

The next morning Helen was taken up into the cast-room. She was led first to the cast of Niobe, and allowed to pass her fingers over the face. She knows a few pieces of sculpture, but this was quite new to her, and she had never heard the pitiful story of the poor mother robbed of her little ones.

Passing her hands softly over the features, she said, "She is a woman"; and then, quite low, "She looks sad." The young Nero's bust was shown, and she said, "He is young and pretty."

"Do you know anything about Nero?" asked one of the girls. "Oh, yes," she replied quickly. "He was a king of Rome." After this the head of Nero as an old man was shown her. She looked grave while touching his face, and said slowly, "He is changed. The nose is the same, but he is so proud," and she pursed up her lips in imitation of his.

A little baby's image pleased her very much, and she murmured softly to herself while caressing the round face and chubby limbs; then, looking up with a sweet smile, repeated some verses describing a child.

Dante's cast interested her exceedingly. She did not know anything about him, except that he was a poet. When she was told that he was a patriot, exiled from home and a wanderer for many years, she said thoughtfully, "He loved Italy." We next took her into the art-room, and showed her some of the articles used for studies in still-life.

She was especially pleased with an old spinning-wheel; and the instant her fingers touched the flax, she cried, "Flax! It is blue!" Her teacher hastened to tell her that it is only the flower that is blue, and that flax itself is white. Helen quickly began:

> Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
> Her cheeks like the dawn of day.

"Yes," said Miss Sullivan; "the poet referred to the flowers."

She was delighted with a tambourine, and wished to know how it was used. She was sorry to lay it aside. Of course she cannot hear a sound from musical instruments, but the vibrations please her wonderfully, and she is very fond of music. One of the girls played to her upon the piano, and it was a pretty sight to watch the changes of light in her face. She could scarcely keep quiet to listen; and when the "Skirt Dance" was played her hands and feet kept time constantly to the music. She afterward sat down herself and played a simple exercise which she had learned.

She held quite a little reception later in the day, and many people from town came in to see her—professors and their wives, and many children of her own age. Helen asked the latter such pointed questions that they were often at a loss to reply, and appealed to their mothers for help. To one little boy she said, "What is your favorite city?" The little boy looked perplexed, and finally, anxious to make a reply, said, "Boston." "Mine are Venice and Florence," said Helen, "among those I have read of. My own home I love best of all." When Professor Coy was introduced, she remarked naïvely, "I have heard of coy maidens, but not of men." With a French gentleman she spoke a few words in French, and then added, "I think Paris is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The French are very gay, are they not?" "Yes, too gay sometimes," he replied. "Oh," she said, "some day I want to know French." "We will speak it together the next time we meet,"

Dear St. Nicholas;

It gives me very great pleasure to send you my autograph because I want the boys and girls who read St. Nicholas to know how blind children write. I suppose some of them wonder how we keep the lines straight so I will try to tell them how it is done. We have a grooved board which we put between the pages when we wish to write. The parallel grooves correspond to lines and when we have pressed the paper into them by means of the blunt end of the pencil it is very easy to keep the words even. The small letters are all made in the grooves, while the long ones extend above and below them. We guide the pencil with the right hand and feel carefully with the fore finger of the left hand to see that we shape and space the letters correctly. It is very difficult at first to form them plainly but if we keep on trying it gradually becomes easier, and after a great deal of practice we can write legible letters to our friends then we are very, very happy. Some-time they may visit a school for the blind. If they do, I am sure, they will wish to see the pupils write.

Very sincerely your little friend

Helen Keller.

he answered as he shook hands with her, and she smiled a bright reply.

Thus, for each one she had some cordial word of greeting.

"My favorite study is geography," she remarked, "because then I can learn all about the world and its different countries."

Some one gave her a "Jack-in-the-pulpit," and inquired, "Does he preach?" "Oh, yes," she answered. "He preaches to all the other flowers, but he is not so large as dear Dr. Brooks"—referring to Phillips Brooks, who is one of her stanch friends. "Yes, I love to play," she replied to a question from a little girl; "but I like best to study; and I love poetry. Who is your favorite poet? Mine is Holmes." Mr. Holmes is a personal friend of hers, and she also knows Mr. Whittier and has visited him. Helen's is a poetical nature, and with her strong imagination and quick mind her language is often beautiful and full of pretty metaphors and similes.

A purse was made up for Tommy, which delighted her very much.

In the afternoon we all gathered in the chapel, and heard from Miss Marrett something about the system of teaching in the asylum. In speaking of the library, she alluded to Dickens's works. Helen, reading the words by the medium of Miss Sullivan's fingers, bent forward eagerly and asked, "How does Dickens write?"

None of us could say, and

after a few moments' waiting she told us, her face aglow with fun, "All of er Twist!"

When Miss Marrett finished, Helen told Miss Sullivan, "I would like to speak to the young ladies." She was led to the desk, and spoke with self-possession somewhat like this:



HELEN KELLER.

"Dear friends of Andover, I want to thank you for my pleasant visit here, which I shall never forget; and my mother will be so very happy when she hears how kind you have been to me. Thank you, too, so much, for your kind gift to Tommy; he will be so glad. I think our kind Heavenly Father has given us a beautiful world, and his goodness is written all over the walls of nature. I hope, when you come to Boston, you will come to our school and see us there, and meet Tommy. We shall be very glad to see you. Good-by."

It was inexpressibly touching to see the little blind girl, to hear her simple words. She had never seen this "beautiful world," and yet found so much in it to love and to enjoy.

Though we had always thought of little Helen with the greatest pity, we shall ever remember her as one of the happiest and most blessed of children.

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

By Lieut. R. H. Fletcher.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter XIII.

"Mildred, are you ready, dear?" said her mother, coming into her room with her bonnet on.

The night of the party had arrived, and Mildred, attended by Eliza, stood in front of the mirror, looking at herself.

"Come now, little Miss Vanity," continued her mother, smiling, as she turned Mildred away from the glass, "let me see."

And Mildred, drawing back a little, laughed and blushed, and said, "Am I all right, Mama?"

"Yes," said her mother, putting her hand under Mildred's chin to raise the bright little face; "I think that you will do."

"She looks real cute, Mis' Fairleigh, don't she?" said Eliza, standing back to get a good view of the result of her work.

And indeed Mildred did look "cute." She wore a gown made of some soft, flowered material, very short-waisted and falling straight to her feet; short, puffed sleeves on the shoulders showed her dimpled arms, while a snowy lawn kerchief was folded across her breast. On her feet were red-heeled sandal slippers with the silk ties crisscrossed over her gold-clocked stockings, and on her head was a cap of white muslin with an edge of dainty lace framing her dark curly hair and pretty face. While her mother and Eliza were looking at her, a slow, heavy step was heard on the stairs, and a familiar voice said, "Can I come in, honey?"

"Yes, come in," cried Mildred.

Then Amanda appeared, very much out of breath from having climbed the stairs to see her favorite dressed for "play-actin'." "G'way f'om yere, chile!" she exclaimed, settling her spectacles as she looked at Mildred's quaint little figure. And throwing out her hands, she continued, "Um, um! Ef you ain' de livin' image o' dat pictur' down-sta'rs, I 's a sinner! How come you make yo'self look like dat? I don' know, though; you look a heap like yo' ma, too, when she was a li'l' gell. Ain' dat so, Miss Mary?"

"Do I, Mama?" said Mildred.

"Yes, perhaps you do, a little bit," said her mother, with a sweet, grave smile that sometimes came into her face, as if her thoughts were half pleasant and half sad, and altogether far away.

"I 'm so glad," said Mildred.

"Are you, dear?" replied her mother. "Come, now, it is time for us to go."

And, followed by the admiring servants, Mildred accompanied her mother down-stairs to the library, where her father was reading.

Major Fairleigh was not going with them, because he was not well enough to go out at night. In fact, Mildred's papa had been ill more than usual lately, and was looking far from well these days. His closely cut brown hair was turning gray at the temples, as was his curling brown mustache and pointed beard. His face was thin and pale; and whenever he arose from his chair he had to be assisted, and his crutches must be handed to him. In spite of all this, however, Major Fairleigh was still a distinguished-looking gentleman.

Before she entered the parlor Mildred whispered playfully to her mother, "Let me knock at the door." And when in answer to the knock her father replied, "Come in!" Mildred went in very softly until she got in front of him, and then as he looked up she took her dress in each hand and made him a very deep, old-fashioned courtesy.

"Well, upon my word!" said her father, putting a paper-knife in his book and laying it upon the table beside him. "So it is you, is it, little Grandmama?"

And Mildred laughed, and came and stood at his knees to be inspected.

"I wish you were going with us, Papa," she said.

"I wish so too," said her father; "I should like to see the play. But as I can't, you will have to tell me all about it when you come home."

Then Eliza came to the door to say that the carriage was waiting. This was a hired vehicle, the driver of which was Eliza's husband. And as he stood there in the light of his own flashing lamps, it was evident that Eliza's husband had put on his best hat with a cockade on it, and his coachman's overcoat with its half dozen capes, to do honor to the occasion. As the door banged to, and they started off in fine style, Mildred wished that Leslie's house might have been farther away, it was so pleasant to be rumbling along the streets at night in a carriage. But in a few moments they had stopped, the door was opened, there was a little run up the steps, a glare of light, a rush of warm, perfumed air, the sound of many young voices, and then, following a servant through the hallway, Mildred presently found herself in an up-stairs room where they were to leave their wraps.

Here Leslie instantly joined them, in great excitement. "Oh, Dreddy," she exclaimed, "I 'm so glad you 've come. I was *so* afraid you might be late!" And then, as the maid removed Mildred's cloak, she cried, "Oh, my! How lovely you look! How do you think I look?"

"You look lovely, too," said Mildred.

And Leslie's old-fashioned frock, made like Mildred's, except that it was plain blue, was really very becoming to her. But, scarcely pausing to hear Mildred's opinion of her costume, Leslie rattled on: "Oh, say,—would you believe it?—pa 's sent a real drummer to the house, with a regular army drum. He knows the commanding officer over at Fort Meyer, and he let him come. And he 's going to drum at that part where you hear the soldiers coming—don't you remember? Won't that be nice! And—and the ice-cream has n't come, and ma! she 's just worried to death about it. Did you see Carrie Wilkins when you came up?"

"No," said Mildred, "I came right up-stairs. I did n't see anybody."

"Well," said Leslie, "Carrie Wilkins has got on a white silk dress and real pearl ear-rings; her father gave them to her on her birthday. And Mabel Jones—"

But then there was a rapping on the door, and Charlie's voice was heard calling out, "Leslie!"

"What is it?" said Leslie, dancing over to the door.

"Is Mildred in there?" said Charlie.

"Yes," said Leslie.

"Tell her to hurry," said Charlie; "we 're all ready."

"All right," said Mildred, speaking for herself, "I 'll be there in a minute. Come, Mama, they are all ready to begin."

And the color in Mildred's cheeks deepened, and her eyes sparkled. She felt a little afraid again at the thought of facing that roomful of children and grown people, whose voices could be heard in a subdued murmur as they went down-stairs.

Of course Mildred and Leslie and the others who took part in the play were not to show themselves until they appeared upon the stage. But the desire of the children in the parlor to see their costumes, and the desire of the actors to display them, had resulted in many little private exhibitions. But Mildred, entering into the spirit of the theatricals, insisted upon going down the back stairs, so as to take no chances of being discovered.

The play was to be given in the back parlor, which was shut off from the front parlor by folding doors. The hall also was curtained off. The back parlor had two doors, one opening into the screened hall, and another into a rear room, which Charlie called the greenroom. It was here that Mildred, accompanied by her mother, took refuge. When they opened the door there was a babel of voices all talking at once. There was Will Baily, with his face blacked, "cutting up like everything," as Leslie expressed it. There was the boy who played old "Mr. Smith," dressed in a snuff-colored suit of small-clothes, a white wig and spectacles, and an ebony cane swinging from his wrist by a cord. He was standing up very straight for

an old man, and seemed to be rather at a loss what to do with his hands. There was his son, "Captain Smith, of the British army," disguised in a red wig and beard, and rough clothes; a costume which, as the other boys thought it was comical, he helped out by talking in Irish brogue, and trying to be as funny as Will Baily. These two were "showing off" for the benefit of several other boys who had no business behind the scenes, but who had slipped in to see what was going on. Then there were the "Continental Major" and the two soldiers.

"General Washington" had stepped out somewhere to see about some detail.

Leslie took Mildred through this rabble into the back parlor to show her "the stage"; and while Mildred was looking around at the arrangements, Leslie opened a crack in the folding doors and peeped through. Then, as a child on the other side cried out, "I see somebody!" she hastily shut them again. Screens had been placed in front of the hall door and greenroom door, leading on to the stage, so as to hide these exits from the view of the audience. The old-fashioned furniture and the spinning-wheel were there; and the real drummer was in the hall in charge of the thunder and lightning. In fact, everything seemed to be ready, and the audience on the other side of the folding doors began to show signs of impatience. Mildred, very much excited, went back into the greenroom to look for Charlie and to ask him if they ought not to begin. She found both Charlie and his father there, the Captain having come in on the same errand as Mildred.

"Come, now, Charlie," he said; "every one is tired of waiting. It is time that you were showing us what you can do."

"All right, sir," said Charlie; "we are going to begin right now." And he clapped his hands, and called out, "Stop talking, everybody, and listen to me! All of you who are not going to act must go out! Come, Dick, Arthur, hurry up! That 's right. Thank you. Now, then," he said to the others, as he closed and locked the door on the last lingering intruder, "remember that there must be no more laughing and talking in the greenroom, because when the stage is open they can hear you out front. You must listen to what is going on on the stage, so as to get your cues. And understand," he continued, looking at Will Baily and the boy in the red wig, "this is business. We are not doing this for our own fun, but to show the audience that we can act. So, now, don't let 's have any more of this foolishness, but let everybody try to do their best."

Mildred was greatly pleased by this little display of authority on Charlie's part. From the behavior of the others she had begun to fear that the theatricals would be a silly failure, and the actors a laughing-stock for the audience. As Mildred had a great deal of personal dignity, she did not like to be laughed at, and she was growing indignant with the others, especially Master Baily and the British Captain, for their frivolous conduct. But this little speech of Charlie's immediately had a good effect. They all became quiet, and some began to read over their parts for the last time. Mildred was still further delighted when Charlie, suddenly snapping his fingers, exclaimed, "My goodness! I 'd forgotten the prompter!" and, turning to her mother, said, "Mrs. Fairleigh, won't you help a fellow out? You 'll be just the one if you 'll only do it. I 'll put a chair there inside the screen by the hall door, where you can see everything, and here 's the whole play written out for you to prompt from."

"Oh, yes, Mama, do!" cried Mildred.

"Certainly I will, Charlie, if you want me to," said Mrs. Fairleigh. "Where shall I sit? Here?"

"Yes 'm, if you please," said Charlie.

And Mildred felt completely satisfied now that the play could not be a failure. Armed with the silver bell from the dinner-table to give the signal for opening and closing the doors (which work was performed by two boys who were instructed to keep out of sight), Mrs. Fairleigh took her seat.

"Now, then, we 're all ready!" said Charlie. "Frances" (this was Mildred), "take your seat at the wheel. Mr. Smith, take your place in the chair, please, and open that book on the table. Now, then—"

Here there was a knock on the greenroom door, and Mrs. Morton's voice was heard inquiring, "Are n't you nearly ready, Charlie?"

"Yes, Ma, yes," cried Charlie.

Then came a little stamping of feet and clapping of hands from the impatient audience in the parlor.

"Now, then," cried Charlie, hurriedly, "Sarah" (this to Leslie), "stand here, looking out of the window." The window had been made in the screen that stood in the front of the door leading into the hall, where the thunder and lightning were stationed. "Clear the stage!" cried Charlie. "All ready! Strike one bell, please, Mrs. Fairleigh. That 's for pa to turn down the gas in the parlor," he explained in a whisper as he joined the prompter, behind the screen. And as soon as the bell was rung the noise in front stopped instantly. A second bell was rung, and the folding doors rolled back.

Mildred felt herself grow pale with alarm. She would have liked to have run away. She dared not lift her eyes to meet the gaze of all those other eyes fastened upon her. With her foot upon the treadle, she kept the spinning-wheel revolving rapidly, and bent her head over the flax upon her distaff. The audience applauded and then became silent and attentive. Leslie had to make the first speech, and Mildred thought that she was a very long time making it. Yes, she certainly was a long time saying it. Was anything the matter? The next moment Mildred heard her mother's voice from behind the screen, very low but very distinct, telling Leslie her words. Still no sound from Leslie. The audience began to whisper and move, and some one tittered. Mildred was growing very nervous. At last she gained courage enough to raise her head and steal a glance at her companion. To her dismay she found that Leslie still kept her back to the audience, while her shoulders were shaking very suspiciously. Then in an instant Mildred understood it all. The unfortunate "Sarah" was laughing —laughing so that she could not say her lines. Something had to be done, and in sudden desperation, not knowing whether she was doing right or wrong, Mildred herself began speaking Leslie's words.

"How dark it is to-night! It looks as if a storm was brewing." And then, continuing, she uttered her own speech, "Oh, I hope not. Just think of the poor soldiers who have to sleep upon the ground without a roof to shelter them!"

Frightened at the sound of her voice, at first Mildred had faltered; but as she proceeded she gained confidence, and when at last she had finished, old "Mr. Smith" took up the conversation quite naturally: "Alas! yes, my daughter. Think of your poor brother Henry, who is fighting for his king by the side of the British soldiers. Pray heaven, he may be safe in camp to-night!" Then Mildred all at once felt a perfect ease and self-possession coming over her, as pleasant as it was unexpected.

It seemed to her that she really was "Frances Smith," and that it was her father sitting over there, and this their home; and anxiety for her soldier brother became the uppermost emotion in her breast. She forgot about the audience, and was only dimly aware of Charlie's whispering from behind the screen to Leslie, "Don't make a goose of yourself, Miss, and spoil it all!"

But by this time Leslie was facing the audience, no longer laughing, but with a rosy color in her cheeks and a very determined look in her eyes. She made her next speech without a falter. Evidently the worst was over. The dialogue went on without a hitch. Mildred, busying herself with her spinning, had quite forgotten about the calcium lightning; and when it suddenly flared through the window she was really startled and half arose from her seat. Then followed the crash of the thunder on the gong, and the swish of the rain as the peas rattled down into the box. At all of which the audience applauded enthusiastically. When, in reply to the knocking at the door, black "Cæsar" made his appearance, every one laughed—he looked so comical. But when "Mr. Harper" came in, with his military cloak and three-cornered hat dripping with rain, he received round after round of applause.

Mildred herself would have liked to have applauded Charlie,—he looked so stately and dignified. Handing his wet garments to "Cæsar," he made a bow to the ladies that would have warmed old Amanda's heart if she could have seen it. Surely a tea-tray could have been set upon *his* back! And Mildred and Leslie performed their courtesies in return in a way that Mistress Barbara herself might have envied.

At last "Mr. Harper" retired and "Captain Smith" threw off his disguise. This produced a sensation, and the doors were closed upon the first act in a storm of applause.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEHIND the scenes all was excitement. Charlie appeared jubilant. He declared that they had won a great success. And then, to Mildred's surprise, he said, "We 've got Mildred to thank for that! I thought for a moment, when Les got to laughing, that the whole business was gone up! You did splendidly, Mildred! But I knew you would," he added.

Mildred blushed with pleasure at this praise, and began to explain earnestly, "I did n't know whether I ought to say Leslie's part then or not. But I thought that somebody ought to do something, right away; and so I just did it."

"I 'm mighty glad you did," said Charlie; "it saved the play. And the way you jumped when the lightning went off was fine."

Mildred was going to explain how this had happened also, when she felt her mother's hand laid gently upon her shoulder. "I think," said Mrs. Fairleigh, "that every one did remarkably well. Leslie's self-control in overcoming her desire to laugh and going on with her part was excellent. Indeed, my dear," she continued to Leslie, who was standing behind Charlie a little distance away, "I think you ought to be very proud of yourself."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mildred eagerly, with a sudden feeling of self-reproach, "did n't she do well, Mama? She did better than I did, a great deal better."

"I think she did mighty well, too," said Charlie, hurriedly, turning around to Leslie.

But Leslie did not seem very happy at this praise. She looked at her brother a moment, and said, "You need not have been so cross with me!" And then went away with some of her girl friends who had slipped behind the scenes to talk over the play.

Indeed, the room was fast filling up with the audience and actors, all talking at once. "Say, how did I do?" "Was n't Mildred splendid!" "How did I look?" "Was n't the lightning good!" "He 's a real soldier." "Yes, I saw his drum. He 's going to play on it in the next act." Then Charlie, having by this time somewhat recovered from his excitement, clapped his hands to attract attention and called out: "Everybody please go back into the parlor now; we 're going to begin." And the room was cleared.

Mildred had been looking for Leslie. She wanted to say something pleasant to her, and have Leslie tell her that she did not mind about her having said her lines. But Leslie did not come back until the folding doors were ready to be opened.

The furniture had been moved out into the hall, and the clothes-horse representing the brick wall had been set up, and the plants placed around for the garden scene. "General Washington" and "Frances" were the first to appear, and began the act very smoothly. In fact, all went well until that point was reached where the drums of the advancing American troops were heard, at first very soft and seemingly at a great distance, and then growing louder and louder. This effect the audience applauded with great delight. "Sarah" now picks up her brother's wig and beard, which he has cast aside, and begs him to fly; while "Cæsar," with popping eyes, rushes in and exclaims, "Golly! Massa Henry, you better run away. De sojers is a-comin'!" Then the young Captain says: "My good fellow, you know not what you are talking about. A British officer never runs away." At least that is what he should have said. But, unfortunately, in the excitement of the moment the gallant Captain forgot his lines. He got as far as "my good fellow," and there he stuck fast. Twice he repeated this, looking anxiously around. Mrs. Fairleigh from behind the screen prompted him once, but the Captain, being confused, did not hear her, and only looked helplessly in her direction. Again she repeated the lines, a little louder, and the audience began to smile. A third time the prompter spoke them, so loud that every one heard them, whereupon a mischievous boy in the back part of the parlor put his hand to his mouth and called out in a very loud whisper, "*A—British—officer—never—runs—away!*" At which there was a shout of laughter. And when the unhappy Captain obediently repeated

the words, there was another peal. This was hardly subdued when, at the close of the act, the Captain, disappearing, reappears a prisoner in the hands of the "Continental Major"; and "Sarah," having to go down on her knees before him in a wild appeal, found that she was quite unable to keep her face straight. Whereupon the stage-manager hurried the signal for closing the doors, while the applause which followed was mixed with a good deal of merriment.

For a few minutes Charlie was bitterly vexed, but remembering a hint that his father had given him in the early part of the evening, about not losing his temper over such mishaps, he not only controlled himself and listened good-naturedly to the mortified Captain's eager explanation of how it had all happened, but laughed with the others, and declared that after all it did not matter. For which little display of manliness he was rewarded by an approving look from Mrs. Fairleigh and by afterward overhearing the poor Captain say, "Charlie is a regular brick not to get mad."

The only slip that occurred in the last act was that the drummer, forgetting that he was in a private parlor, drummed so loudly when the American reinforcements were arriving that the voices of the actors could not be heard. This, however, could scarcely be called a misfortune, because the boys in the audience thought the *rat-a-plan-plan* so fine that they cheered the drummer. Then when "Mr. Harper" came on and, casting aside his old cloak, declared himself to be General Washington, there was another round of applause. And finally, when "Frances" threw herself at the General's feet and begged for her brother's life, the audience was excited to a high pitch of enthusiasm. So much so, indeed, that when the doors closed on the final tableau, they had to be reopened to allow the actors to acknowledge the continued applause. And thus the theatricals came to an end with great success.

A little later the stage was cleared away, and those who had taken part in the play joined their friends in the parlor and received praise enough to satisfy them all. It was somewhat bewildering to Mildred to leave the last century, as it were, and come back to the present; especially when she was surrounded by so many people complimenting her for her acting. She scarcely knew what to say or do. She never had been praised so much before. She found it very delightful to be told how pretty she had looked and how well she had performed her part. The only drawback to her gratification was the thought that perhaps Leslie was offended with her. But when the dancing began, and Charlie, quite gallant in his uniform, came to lead her out, she soon ceased to think about the possibility of this. Then, too, all the boys, one after another, came up and wanted to dance with her, which was very pleasant. In fact, when late in the evening Charlie once more appeared to claim the last dance before supper, Mildred was as happy as she could possibly be.

Now it so happened that in this dance, which was a quadrille, Mildred stood at the end of the room near a little group of girls talking among themselves. And in one of the figures where her partner had to advance alone, leaving her standing in her place, Mildred heard her name mentioned. She could not help hearing what followed. "Did you ever see anything like the way she is carrying on?" said one of the girls. "She won't give them a chance to dance with any of the other girls." "Oh, but that 's not anything," said Carrie Wilkins, "to what she did in the play!" "What did she do?" chorused the others. "Well, you know," said Carrie, "in the first scene, when it was Leslie's turn to speak, Mildred was so afraid that people would n't notice her that she took Leslie's words right away from her and said them herself." "Did you ever!" exclaimed the others, in various tones of surprise and blame. Then one of the girls said, "Hush! She 'll hear you, she 's standing right there." "I don't care," said Carrie; "listeners never hear good of themselves, anyway."

Now, at the very first remark Mildred felt the blood rush into her face hotly and then recede, leaving her quite pale. At first she thought such things could not be said of her in earnest, that the girls were only trying to tease her; but the next moment she could no longer doubt their seriousness. Then she was about to turn on her accuser and deny the unkind statement. But as quickly she shrank from the rude scene that this was likely to create.

When, however, the last remark was uttered, Mildred felt that she could no longer stand there and listen, so turning around she said, as quietly as her trembling voice would allow, "I did hear what you said; and it is not true."

As she spoke the other girls immediately became embarrassed; but Carrie giggled, and then tossing her head said, "Well, Leslie said you did, at any rate."

This unexpected statement overwhelmed poor Mildred, who simply stared at Carrie, unable to reply. Had Leslie really said this of her! Then she heard Charlie's voice at her ear, saying, "What 's the matter?" and turning around she found that she was delaying the dance. "What 's the matter?" repeated Charlie, looking at her curiously. "What makes you so pale?"

Mildred, striving to keep the tears from her eyes, said, "Oh, nothing; I don't feel very well." She would like to have gone directly to her mother, but some spirit within her prompted her not to let Carrie Wilkins and the others see how much she was hurt, and she finished the rest of the dance, holding her head up proudly. And when the music changed into a march, and every one moved into the supper-room, Mildred accompanied Charlie, trying to talk and be like herself in order that he might not know what had happened. She made a pretense of eating, just to satisfy him; but as soon as she could she made her escape and sought her mother.

"You are tired, dear," said Mrs. Fairleigh, looking anxiously into Mildred's face.

"Yes, Mama," said Mildred; "I am ready to go home, if you like."

"That is a sensible little girl," said her mother. "There is Mrs. Morton over there, now, with Leslie. We will go and wish them good night."

Mrs. Morton protested against their going so early, and then had a great deal to say about Mildred's success in the play, and how much they thanked her for helping them; to all of which Mildred could think of nothing that she could truthfully reply, and so she kept silent and let her mother answer for her. Only once, when Mrs. Morton was saying how greatly obliged Leslie and Charlie were to her for helping them, Mildred looked Leslie in the eyes. To her surprise, Leslie not only met her gaze but responded to it with a little laugh; to be sure, the color came into her cheeks, but that was the only guilty sign. And Mildred wondered indignantly, as she turned away, how any one could be so double-faced. She was glad to leave the house, she was glad to get back to her own home, and it was not until she was safe in the shelter of her room and had exchanged for her wrapper her player's costume, which had suddenly become an object of dislike, that she unburdened her heart to her mother.

Whatever Mrs. Fairleigh may have thought on hearing Mildred's story, she said nothing, but sitting down before the fire, she took the weeping girl in her arms and rocked her and soothed her, and whispered words of comfort to her until the storm of tears had passed away.

"Mama," said Mildred, finally, after the last sob had subsided, and she had sat silent for a little while, her arms around her mother's neck, her head on her shoulder, and her eyes gazing into the fire—"Mama, I don't think I want ever to act in theatricals again."

"Don't you, dear?" said her mother.

"No," said Mildred, shaking her head and winking away a lingering tear that made darts and arrows of the firelight. "If I had known that people were going to think dreadful things of me, like that, I would n't have acted at all."

"Don't you think that you are exaggerating this a little, Mildred," said her mother. "It is quite natural that you should, of course. At the same time, I don't think that any one thought unkind things of you. Certainly none of the ladies did, and the boys showed that they did n't. And as for Carrie Wilkins, I don't think that even she really believed what she said of you."

"But why did she say it, then, Mama?" said Mildred, suddenly sitting up and opening her eyes at her mother.

"Well," said Mrs. Fairleigh, "when two or three little girls get talking together at a party, they very often say silly things that they don't mean. And if it happens that they don't receive as much attention as they expect, they

sometimes say spiteful things of other little girls—things that they know are not true."

"Well, but, Mama," said Mildred, "I think that is very wicked."

"So do I, dear," said her mother. "At the same time there are such people in the world, and all that we can do is to keep away from them and try very hard not to become like them."

"I don't think I ever could be like that," said Mildred, very decidedly.

"I hope not, dear," said her mother.

Then, after looking dreamily at the fire a little while, Mildred said, "I did n't think that Leslie was so deceitful; did you, Mama?"

"What makes you think she is deceitful, Mildred?" said her mother.

"Why, because," said Mildred, in surprise, "did n't Carrie Wilkins say that Leslie had declared that I said her words in the play just to make people look at me? And Leslie knows that I did n't."

"Would you like friends of yours to believe the unkind thing Carrie said of you?" asked Mrs. Fairleigh.

"Of course I should n't, Mama," said Mildred, indignantly.

"Then why are you so ready to believe what she said of Leslie, and charge your little friend with being deceitful?"

"But it is very different," began Mildred, eagerly, "because—because—"

Then, as she faltered and stopped, her mother said, "It is not so different, sweetheart, but that it will show you how easy it is to speak ill of others and how hard it is to keep only fair and gentle feelings in our hearts."

Mildred made no answer to this. She let her head sink down once more upon her mother's shoulder, while her mother, with her cheek pressed against Mildred's curly hair, and her arms folded close about her, gazed silently at the fire. For a long time neither of them moved, until finally Mrs. Fairleigh, arousing herself, found that Mildred had fallen asleep.



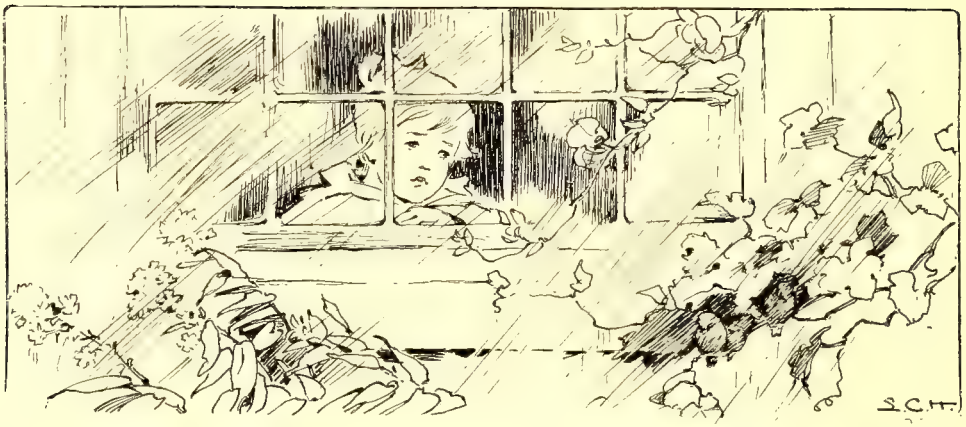
"'MR. HARPER' CAME IN DRIPPING WITH RAIN."

(To be continued.)

A RAINY DAY.

By E. L. Sylvester.

"Rain, rain, go away;
Come again another day."



Rain, rain, go away;
Phœbe 's in despair.
Come again another day
When the trees are bare;
When the skies are gloomy,
When the birds have flown,
When there 's not a blossom
The bee can call his own;

When the leaves are flying
All about the lawn,
When the wind is sighing
For the summer gone,—
That 's the time for raining,
No matter how it pours.
And Phœbe then is quite content
To play all day indoors.



THE FIRST AMERICAN TRAVELER.

By Charles F. Lummis.

The achievements of the explorer are among the most important, as they are among the most fascinating, of human heroisms. The qualities of mind and body necessary to his task are rare and admirable. He should have many sides and be strong in each — the rounded man that nature meant man to be. His body need not be as strong as Samson's, nor his mind Napoleon's, nor his heart the most fully developed heart on earth; but mind, heart, and body he needs, and each in the measure of a strong man. There is hardly another calling in which every muscle, so to speak, of his threefold nature will be more constantly or more evenly called into play.

It is a curious fact that some of the very greatest of human achievements have been by chance. Many among the most important discoveries in the history of mankind have been made by men who were not seeking the great truth they found. Science is the result not only of study, but of precious accidents; and this is as true of history. It is an interesting study in itself,—the influence which happy blunders and unintended happenings have had upon civilization.

In exploration, as in invention, accident has played its important part. Some of the most valuable explorations have been made by men who had no more idea of being explorers than they had of inventing a railroad to the moon; and it is a striking fact that the first inland exploration of America, and the two most wonderful journeys in it, were not only accidents, but the crowning misfortunes and disappointments of the men who had hoped for very different things.

Exploration, intended or involuntary, has achieved not only great results to civilization, but in the doing has scored some of the highest feats of human heroism. America in particular, perhaps, has been the field of great and remarkable journeys; but the two men who made the most astounding journeys in America — and probably in all history — are still almost unheard of among us. They are heroes whose names are as Greek to the vast majority of Americans, albeit they are men in whom Americans particularly should take deep and admiring interest. They were Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, the first American traveler; and Andrés Docampo, the man who walked farther than any one.

In a world so big and old and full of great deeds as this, it is extremely difficult to say of any one man, "He was the greatest" this or that; and even in the matter of journeys there have been bewilderingly many great ones — of the most wonderful of which we hear least. As explorers we cannot give Vaca and Docampo great rank; though the latter's explorations were not contemptible, and Vaca's were of great importance. But as physical achievements the journeys of these neglected heroes can safely be said to be without parallel. They were the most wonderful walks ever made by man. Both men made their records in America, and each made most of his journey in what is now the United States.

Cabeza de Vaca was the first European really to penetrate the then "Dark Continent" of North America; by centuries the first to *cross* the continent. His nine years of wandering on foot, unarmed, naked, starving, among wild beasts and wilder men, with no more company than three as ill-fated comrades, gave the world its first glimpse of the United States inland, and led to some of the most stirring and important achievements connected with its early history. Nearly a century before the Pilgrim Fathers planted their noble commonwealth on the edge of Massachusetts; seventy-five years before the first English settlement was made in the New World; and more than a generation before there

was a single Caucasian settler of *any* blood within our area, Vaca and his gaunt followers had trudged across this unknown land.

It is a long way back to those days. Henry VIII. was then king of England, and sixteen rulers have since occupied that throne. Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, was not born when Vaca started on his appalling journey, and did not begin to reign until twenty years after he had ended it. It was fifty years before the birth of Captain John Smith, the founder of Virginia; a generation before the birth of Shakspere, and two and a half generations before Milton. Henry Hudson, the famous explorer for whom one of our chief rivers is named, was not yet born. Columbus himself had been dead less than twenty-five years; and the conqueror of Mexico had seventeen yet to live. It was sixty years before the world had ever heard of such a thing as a newspaper; and the best geographers still thought it possible to sail through America to Asia. There was not a white man in North America above the middle of Mexico; nor had one ever gone two hundred miles inland in this continental wilderness, of which the world knew almost less than we know now of the moon.

The name of Cabeza de Vaca may seem to us a curious one. It means "Head of a Cow." But this quaint family name was an honorable one in Spain, and had a brave winning; it was earned at the battle of Naves de Tolosa in the thirteenth century, one of the decisive engagements of all those centuries of war with the Moors. Alvar's grandfather was also a man of some note, and conqueror of the Canary Islands.

Alvar was born in Xeres de la Frontera, Spain, toward the last of the fifteenth century. Of his early life we know little, except that he had already won some consideration when, in 1527, a mature man, he came to the New World. In that year we find him sailing from Spain as treasurer and sheriff of the expedition of six hundred men with which Pamfilo de Narvaez intended to conquer and colonize the Flowery Land, discovered a decade before by Ponce de Leon.

They reached Santo Domingo, and thence sailed to Cuba. On Good Friday, 1528, ten months after leaving Spain, they reached Florida, and landed at what is now named Tampa Bay. Taking formal possession of the country for Spain, they set out to explore and conquer the unguessed wilderness. At Santo Domingo, shipwreck and desertion had already cost them heavily, and of the original six hundred men there were but three hundred and forty-five left. No sooner had they reached Florida than the most fearful misfortunes began, and with every day grew worse. Food there was almost none; hostile Indians beset them on every hand; and the countless rivers, lakes, and swamps made progress difficult and dangerous. The little army was fast thinning out under war and starvation, and plots were rife among the survivors. They were so enfeebled that they could not even get back to their vessels. Struggling through at last to the nearest point on the coast, far west of Tampa Bay, they decided that their only hope was to build boats and try to coast to the Spanish settlements in Mexico. Five rude boats were made with great toil; and the poor wretches turned westward along the coast of the Gulf. Storms scattered the boats and wrecked one after the other. Scores of the haggard adventurers were drowned, Narvaez among them; and scores, dashed upon an inhospitable shore, perished by exposure and starvation. Of the five boats, three had gone down with all on board; of the eighty men who escaped the wreck but fifteen were still alive. All their arms and clothing were at the bottom of the Gulf.

The survivors were now on *Mal Hado*, "the Isle of Misfortune." We know no more of its location than that it was west of the mouth of the Mississippi. Their boats had crossed that mighty current where it plunges out into the Gulf; and theirs were the first European eyes to see even this much of the Father of Waters. The Indians of the island, who had no better larder than roots, berries, and fish, treated their unfortunate guests as generously as was in their power; and Vaca has written gratefully of them.

In the spring, his thirteen surviving companions determined to escape. Vaca was too sick to walk, and they abandoned him to his fate. Two other sick men, Oviedo and Alaniz, were also left behind; and the latter soon perished. It was a pitiable plight in which Vaca

now found himself. A naked skeleton, scarce able to move, deserted by his friends and at the mercy of savages, it is small wonder that, as he tells us, his heart sank within him. But he was one of the men who never "let go." A constant soul held up the poor, worn body; and as the weather grew less rigorous, Vaca slowly recovered from his sickness.

For six years, about, he lived an incomparably lonely life, bandied about from tribe to tribe of Indians, sometimes as a slave, and sometimes only a despised outcast. Oviedo fled from some danger, and he was never heard of afterward; Vaca faced it and lived. That his sufferings were almost beyond endurance cannot be doubted. Even when he was not the victim of brutal treatment, he was the worthless incumbrance, the useless interloper, among poor savages who lived the most miserable and precarious lives. That they did not kill him speaks well for their humane kindness.

The deserters had fared even worse. They had fallen into cruel hands, and all had been slain except three who were reserved for the harder fate of slaves. These three were Andrés Dorantes, a native of Bejar; Alonzo del Castillo Maldonado, a native of Salamanca; and the negro, Estévanico, who was born in Azamor, Africa. These three and Vaca were all that were left of the gallant four hundred and fifty men (among whom we do not count the deserters at Santo Domingo) who had sailed with such high hopes from Spain, in 1527, to conquer a corner of the New World — four naked, tortured, shivering shadows; and even they were separated, though they occasionally heard vaguely of one another, and made vain attempts to come together. It was not until September, 1534,—nearly seven years later,—that Dorantes, Castillo, Estévanico, and Vaca were reunited; and the spot where they found this happiness was somewhere in Texas, west of the Sabine River.

But Vaca's six years of loneliness and suffering unspeakable had not been in vain. For he had acquired, unknowingly, the key to safety; and amid all those horrors, and without dreaming of its significance, he had stumbled upon the very strange and interesting clue which was to save them all. Without it, all four would have perished in the wilderness, and the world would never have known their end.



THE SPANIARDS NEARING THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

While they were still on the Isle of Misfortune, a proposition had been made which seemed the height of the ridiculous. "In that isle," says Vaca, "they wished to make us doctors, without examining us or asking our titles; for they themselves cure sickness by blowing upon the sick one. With that blowing, and with their hands, they remove from him the disease; and they bade us do the same, so as to be of some use to them. We laughed at this, saying that they were making fun, and that we knew not how to heal; and for that they took away our food till we should do that which they said. And seeing our stubbornness, an Indian said to me that I did not understand, for that it did no good for one to know how, because the very stones and other things of the field have power to heal, ... and that we, who were men, must certainly have greater power."

This was a characteristic thing which the old

Indian said, and a key to the remarkable superstitions of his race. But the Spaniards, of course, could not yet understand.

Presently the savages removed to the mainland. They were always in abject poverty, and many of them perished from starvation and from the exposures of their wretched existence. For three months in the year they had "nothing but shell-fish and very bad water"; and at other times only poor berries and the like; and their year was a series of wanderings hither and yon in quest of these scant and unsatisfactory foods.

It was an important fact that Vaca was utterly useless to the Indians. He could not serve them as a warrior; for in his wasted condition the bow was more than he could master. As a hunter he was equally unavailable; for, as he himself says, "it was impossible for him to trail animals." Assistance in carrying water or fuel or anything of the sort was impossible, for he was a man, and his Indian neighbors could not let a man do woman's work. So, among these starveling nomads, this man who could not help but must be fed was a real burden; and the only wonder is that they did not kill him.

Under these circumstances, Vaca began to wander about. His indifferent captors paid little attention, and by degrees he got to making long trips north, and up and down the coast. In time he began to see a chance for trading, in which the Indians encouraged him, glad to find their "white elephant" of some use at last. From the northern tribes he brought down skins and *almagre* (the red clay so indispensable to the savages for face-paint), flakes of flint to make arrow-heads, hard reeds for the shafts, and tassels of deer-hair dyed red. These things he readily exchanged among the coast tribes for shells and shell-beads, and the like — which, in turn, were in demand among his northern customers.

On account of their constant wars, the Indians could not venture outside their own range; so this safe go-between trader was a convenience which they encouraged. So far as he was concerned, though the life was still one of great suffering, he was constantly gaining knowledge which would be useful to him in his never-forgotten plan of getting back to the world. These lonely trading expeditions of his covered thousands of miles on foot through the trackless wildernesses; and through them his aggregate wanderings were much greater than those of either of the others.

It was during these long and awful tramps that Cabeza de Vaca had one particularly interesting experience. He was the first European who saw the great American bison, the buffalo,— which has become practically extinct in the last decade, but once roamed the plains in vast hordes,— and first by many years. He saw them and ate their meat in the Red River country of Texas, and has left us a description of the "hunchback cows." None of his companions ever saw one, for in their subsequent journey together the four Spaniards passed south of the buffalo-country.

Meanwhile, as I have noted, the forlorn and naked trader had had the duties of a doctor forced upon him. He did not understand what this involuntary profession might do for him — he was simply pushed into it at first, and followed it not from choice, but to keep from having trouble. He was "good for nothing but to be a medicine-man." He had learned the peculiar treatment of the aboriginal wizards, though not their fundamental ideas. The Indians still look upon sickness as a "being possessed"; and their idea of doctoring is not so much to cure as to exorcise the bad spirits which cause it.

This is done by a sleight-of-hand rigmarole, even to this day. The medicine-man would suck the sore spot, and pretend thus to extract a stone or thorn which was supposed to have been the cause of trouble; and the patient was "cured." Cabeza de Vaca began to "practise medicine" after the Indian fashion. He says himself, "I have tried these things, and they were very successful."

When the four wanderers at last came together after their long separation,—in which all had suffered untold horrors,— Vaca had then, though still unguessed, the key of hope. Their first plan was to escape from their present captors. It took ten months to effect it, and meantime their distress was great — as it had been constantly for so many years. At times they lived on a daily ration of two handfuls of wild

peas and a little water. Vaca relates what a godsend it seemed when he was allowed to scrape hides for the Indians; he carefully saved the scrapings, which served him as food for days. They had no clothing, and there was no shelter; and constant exposure to heat and cold and the myriad thorns of that country caused them to "shed their skin like snakes."

At last, in August, 1535, the four sufferers escaped to a tribe called the Avavares. But now a new career began to open to them. That his companions might not be as useless as he had been, Cabeza de Vaca had instructed them in the "arts" of Indian medicine-men; and all four began to put their new and strange profession into practice. To the ordinary Indian charms and incantations these humble Christians added fervent prayers to the true God. It was a sort of sixteenth century "faith-cure"; and naturally enough, among such superstitious patients, was very effective. Their multitudinous cures the amateur, but sincere, doctors, with touching humility, attributed entirely to God; but what great results these might have upon their own fortunes now began to dawn upon them. From wandering, naked, starving, despised beggars, and slaves to brutal savages, they suddenly became personages of note — still paupers and sufferers, as were all their patients, but paupers of mighty power. There is no fairy tale more romantic than the career thenceforth of these poor, brave men walking painfully across a continent as masters and benefactors of all that host of wild peoples.

Trudging on from tribe to tribe, painfully and slowly, the white medicine-men crossed Texas and came close to our present New Mexico. It has long been reiterated by the closet historians that they entered New Mexico and got even as far north as where Santa Fé now is. But modern scientific research has absolutely proved that they went on from Texas through Chihuahua and Sonora and never saw an inch of New Mexico.

With each new tribe the Spaniards paused awhile to heal the sick. Everywhere they were treated with the greatest kindness their poor hosts could give, and with religious awe. Their progress is a very valuable object-lesson, showing just how some Indian myths are formed — first, the successful medicine-man, who at his death or departure is remembered as hero, then as demigod, then as divinity.

In the Mexican States they found agricultural Indians who dwelt in houses of sod and boughs, and had beans and pumpkins. These were the Jovas, a branch of the Pimas. Of the scores of tribes they had passed through in our present Southern States not one has been fully identified. They were poor, wandering creatures, and long ago disappeared from the earth. But in the Sierra Madre of Mexico they found superior Indians, whom we can recognize still. Here they found the men unclad, but the women "very honest in their dress" — with cotton tunics of their own weaving, with half-sleeves, and a skirt to the knee; and over it a skirt of dressed deerskin reaching to the ground and fastened in front with straps. They washed their clothing with a soapy root — the *amole*, now similarly used by Indians and Mexicans throughout the Southwest. These people gave Cabeza de Vaca some turquoises, and five arrowheads each chipped from a single emerald.

In this village in southwestern Sonora the Spaniards stayed three days, living on split deer-hearts — whence they named it the "Town of Hearts."

A day's march beyond they met an Indian wearing upon his necklace the buckle of a sword-belt and a horseshoe nail; and their hearts beat high at this first sign, in all their eight years' wandering, of the nearness of Europeans. The Indian told them that men with beards like their own had come from the sky and made war upon his people.

The Spaniards were now entering Sinaloa, and found themselves in a fertile land of flowing streams. The Indians were in mortal fear, for two brutes of a class who were very rare among the Spanish conquerors (they were, I am glad to say, punished for their violation of the strict laws of Spain) were then trying to catch slaves. The soldiers had just left; but Cabeza de Vaca and Estévanico, with eleven Indians, hurried forward on their trail, and next day overtook four Spaniards, who led them to their rascally captain, Diego de Alcaráz. It was long before that officer could believe the wondrous story told by the naked, torn, shaggy,

wild man; but at last his coldness was thawed, and he gave a certificate of the date, and of the condition in which Vaca had come to him, and then sent back for Dorantes and Castillo. Five days later these arrived, accompanied by several hundred Indians.

Alcaráz and his partner in crime, Cebreros, wished to enslave these aborigines; but Cabeza de Vaca, regardless of his own danger in taking such a stand, indignantly opposed the infamous plan, and finally forced the villains to abandon it. The Indians were saved; and in all their joy at getting back to the world the Spanish wanderers parted with sincere regret from these simple-hearted friends. After a few days' hard travel they reached the post of Culiacan about the first of May, 1536, where they were warmly welcomed by the ill-fated hero Melchior Diaz. He led one of the earliest expeditions (in 1539) to the unknown north; and in 1540, on a second expedition across part of Arizona and into California, was accidentally killed.

After a short rest the wanderers left for Compostela, then the chief town of the province of New Galicia — itself a small journey of three hundred miles through a land swarming with hostile savages. At last, they reached the city of Mexico in safety, and were received with great honor. But they found that it was long before they could accustom themselves to eating the food and wearing the clothing of civilized people.

The negro remained in Mexico. On the 10th of April, 1537, Cabeza de Vaca, Castillo, and Dorantes sailed for Spain, arriving in August. The chief hero never came back to North America, but we hear of Dorantes as being there in the following year. Their report of what they saw, and of the stranger countries to the north of which they had heard, had already set on foot the remarkable expeditions which resulted in the discovery of Arizona, New Mexico, our Indian Territory, Kansas, and Colorado, and brought about the building of the first European towns in the area of the United States. Estévanico was engaged with Fray Marcos in the discovery of New Mexico, and was slain by the Indians.



CABEZA DE VACA ON THE MARCH.

Cabeza de Vaca, as a reward for his then unparalleled walk of much more than ten thousand miles in the unknown land, was made Governor of Paraguay in 1540. He was not qualified for the place, however, and returned in disgrace. That circumstances were rather to blame than he, however, is indicated by the fact that he was restored to favor and received a pension of two thousand ducats. He died in Seville at a good old age.

TOM PAULDING.

(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

By Brander Matthews.

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Chapter XIV.

THE BATTLE OF THE CURLS.



R. RAPALLO and Tom were so interested in the fire that they were very late in getting to bed. For the first time in his life Tom "heard the chimes at midnight," or at least he heard the bell in the tower of a church near by strike twelve. It was a clear winter night; there was not a cloud in the heavens, but there was no moon, and the sky was dark as if the freezing wind had blown out the stars, which twinkled, chill and remote. In this murk midnight, black and cold, the mighty bonfire by the water's edge blazed away, rolling dense masses of smoke up the river and affording a delightful spectacle to those who were unthinking enough to forget its cost.

It was after one o'clock when Uncle Dick and Tom returned home. Everybody had gone to bed hours before; but Mrs. Paulding's quick ear recognized her boy's footstep on the stairs as he went up to his room.

Five minutes after he entered the house he was in bed and asleep. Indeed, it seemed as if he was in his first nap when there came a rap on the door, and Katie's voice was heard.

"Get up out o' that bed, Master Tom. Sure it 's gettin' cold the breakfast is, an' it 's the buckwheat cakes ye like that ye 're missin'. Mr. Richard has been 'atin' away this last half hour."

Thus aroused and besought, Tom got out of bed and dressed sleepily. Even when he took his seat at the breakfast-table he was not yet wide awake.

To his great surprise Uncle Dick looked as fresh as if he had had ten hours' rest.

"Oh, Tom," cried Polly, "you are very late!"

"Better late than never," Tom replied cheerfully but drowsily, as he helped himself to the buckwheat cakes.

"You 've got sleep in your eyes still," said Uncle Dick.

"I shall be all right in a minute," Tom declared. "I suppose it is the light that makes my eyes blink."

"I don't know how you would manage if you were on a long march," Uncle Dick went on, "when you had to walk twenty hours out of twenty-four for three or four days together."

"I could n't manage it at all," Tom confessed; "that is, not without training for it. I suppose that one can train for anything, even for going without sleep."

Mr. Rapallo laughed. "I should n't like to make trial of that. I think the result would be not unlike the experience of the man who believed that eating was all a matter of habit, and that a horse could be gradually accustomed to live on nothing. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, just when he was getting the horse trained down—it died."

"Oh," said Polly, "I don't see how people can ever be so cruel to horses or dogs or cats. It 's hateful."

"Experiments are rarely pleasant for those on whom they are tried," Uncle Dick returned. "They are like practical jokes, in that respect."

When Tom had finished his breakfast, his mother left the dining-room for a conference with the Brilliant Conversationalist. Her son stood for a moment before the fireplace.

"I think that you had better go up-stairs again and take another nap," suggested his

uncle, noticing how the boy's eyes were closing involuntarily.

"I 'm not very sleepy," Tom asserted, rousing himself with an effort. "Besides, I could n't go to sleep if I wanted to. Cissy Smith and a lot more boys are going coasting this morning. Cissy is coming for me."

There was a lounge on one side of the dining-room. Tom walked over to it with affected unconcern.

"I 've nothing to do to-day," he exclaimed, "and I think I 'll just lie down here and shut my eyes till the boys come."

Pauline slipped off her uncle's knees and drew a shawl over Tom as he lay on the lounge.

"Marmee says," she remarked sagely, as she did this, "that you must never go to sleep without something over you."

"But I 'm not going to sleep," Tom declared.

The little girl pulled the shawl up to his shoulders and tucked it in. Then she stood for a moment at the head of the lounge, smoothing her brother's hair.

"I wish I had curls like yours, Tom," she said; "they would be so becoming on a girl, and they are just wasted on you."

"Pauline," her uncle called to her gently, "better leave your brother alone and let him have his nap."

"I don't want a nap," asserted Tom, as he turned over; and in less than sixty seconds the regularity of his breathing was very like a snore.

Uncle Dick laughed gently. "The boy was up late last night. No wonder he can't keep awake."

He parted with Polly at the door.

"Good-by, Polly," he said, "I 'm going down-town — to work."

"Have n't you any Christmas holidays?" she asked sympathetically.

"No," her uncle answered. "The Christmas vacation is intended only for boys and girls, because they have had to work hard over their lessons all the fall. Of course grown-up men don't work so hard, and therefore they don't need it."

"Then I 'm glad I 'm not going to be a grown-up man," returned Pauline.

After her uncle had gone she patted Tom's curls, trying to smooth them and then disarranging them completely — without in any way disturbing his sound slumber.

"How they do curl!" she thought. "I wonder if I could make them curl the other way."

So she got half a dozen little pieces of paper and began to twist her brother's locks up in them. He still slept on. She was careful not to pull the distorted curls. In a few minutes Tom's head was covered with half a dozen little twists of paper.

"I do wonder, really," she said to herself, "whether that will take any of his curls out of curl, or whether it will make them curl the other way. It will be most curious to see."

She moved across the room to judge of the possible effect; and then her mother called to her and she flitted lightly up-stairs, leaving her brother fast asleep, all unconscious of the adornment of his head with little twisted bits of paper.

Tom lay there for nearly an hour, and then he was awakened by the signal of the Black Band outside the window.

It was not until Cissy Smith had whistled twice that Tom was aroused sufficiently to understand that his friend had come for him.

He sprang from the lounge and rushed into the hall. He put on his cap and, while he was getting his overcoat buttoned, he opened the door and returned the signal.

"Is that your new sled?" he cried, as he came out and found Cissy Smith waiting for him. "It 's a beauty!"

"It 's my best Christmas present," Cissy declared. "Father had it made for me at the same place one was made for him when he was a boy. You can't buy them anywhere; you have to order them a year ahead."

The sled was worthy of praise. It was a shapely and a seemly piece of work. It stood high from the ground on two firm but delicate runners, shod and braced with steel. Its slender length was not disfigured by paint, but the tough wood showed clear-grained through the white varnish.

After the sled had been duly admired, Tom and Cissy set out for the hillside where they were to coast.

At the first corner, they met Lott and Harry Zachary; and other boys joined them as they went on.

Lott asked Cissy, "How is little Jimmy Wigger this morning?" and he twisted himself into an interrogation-mark in his anxiety to get all the details of the sad story.

Cissy reported that the little boy was not improving.

"If his back is hurt," suggested Harry Zachary, gently, "I reckon the doctors will have to cut out his backbone, maybe, or amputate both his legs."

"Pop says that little Jimmy is going to have a close call," Cissy Smith declared, conscious of the advantage he had in being the doctor's son.

"A call, eh?" Harry Zachary returned. "Well, I reckon he 's right. We ought to go over and see how he is this morning."

"Pop says he is n't any better," Cissy Smith asserted.

"We 're not calling to find out how he is, but just out of manners," explained Harry.

"Then come along," replied Cissy, lurching ahead in his usual rolling gait.

"And when they tell him we 've been there," Tom interjected, "perhaps it will make him feel better."

"Do you suppose that they will really cut off his legs?" asked Lott.

"Corkscrew would n't like to have his legs cut off," Tom remarked, at large, "because he 'keeps his brains in his boots.'"

The boys greeted with a hearty laugh this allusion to a recent remark of one of the school-teachers about Lott — a remark which was nearer the truth than the teacher suspected.

Lott's insatiate curiosity did not extend to his lessons at school. In these he took no interest whatever. He rarely studied. In his recitations he relied on the help of the boys who might be next to him and on even less lawful aids. He had picked up a key to the arithmetic used in the school; and this illegal assistant to recitation he used to take into class with him every day; at least, he took with him the one or two pages containing the answers needed in the lesson of the day. These loose leaves he concealed in a secret place feasible only to himself,—for no one else wore such tall boots. The tops of these boots projected above his knees when he sat down; and behind the shields thus erected Corkscrew placed the needed pages of the key. The room in which arithmetic was taught was overcrowded; and Corkscrew's recent sudden growth, and his strange habit of twisting about, and his enormous boots, all made him conspicuous. It was as if he was taking up more than his share of the room. The teacher especially disliked the boots, and various remarks were directed against them. The last of these remarks was to the effect that "there is no use saying anything more about Lott's boots; he will not part with them; I believe he keeps his brains in those boots."

When Tom Paulding recalled this remark of the teacher's, Lott did not like it. But he could think of no other retort than to say, "You are ever so smart, you are!"

As Tom failed to reply to this taunt, it seemed less effective than Corkscrew could have desired.

The boys had now come to the brow of the hill down which they were to coast.

In default of any more cutting response to the remark about the boots, Lott seized Tom's cap and threw it as far as he could down the hillside.

If Tom Paulding had not made Corkscrew angry by an unprovoked allusion, he would not have exposed himself to this sudden exhibition of his own head with its adornment of little twists of paper—all unknown to Tom himself.

"Who curled your hair?" asked Cissy, when the cap was plucked from Tom's head.

"What do you mean?" cried Tom, partly to Lott and partly to Cissy.

By this time Lott, who had been watching the cap as it circled through the air and then slid along the glassy surface of the slide, had caught sight of the half-dozen bits of paper which bedecked Tom's head.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, "I told you Tom put his hair up in paper!"

"I don't," said Tom.

"Don't you?" shouted Lott forcibly. "You tell that to a blind man. We can see for ourselves."

"I never curled my hair in my life!" Tom declared.

"Then who put it up in paper for you this

morning, Tom?" was Corkscrew's triumphant question.

Involuntarily Tom raised his hand to his head, and he felt the little twists of paper. The boys laughed,—even Cissy Smith, Tom's best friend, and not an admirer of Lott's, joined in the merriment. Tom felt his face burning red as he pulled out the papers.

Then he turned to Lott.

after it ends in an appeal to arms—and fists. The battle between Tom Paulding and Corkscrew Lott began promptly, and, for a while, its issue was in doubt. Lott was older than Tom, and taller and heavier; but, of late, he had been growing beyond his strength.

In the end, Tom had the best of it. But Corkscrew did not go after Tom's cap. This gage of battle had been brought back by one of



"INVOLUNTARILY TOM RAISED HIS HAND TO HIS HEAD, AND HE FELT THE LITTLE TWISTS OF PAPER."

"Go get my cap," he said angrily.

"I won't," answered Lott. "If you had n't said anything about my boots, I should n't have touched your cap. And I 'm glad I did now, for I 've shown everybody how you get your pretty curls."

"Will you get that cap?" repeated Tom.

"No, I won't," Lott replied.

"Then I 'll make you," said Tom.

"I 'd like to see you do it," was Lott's retort —although this was exactly what he would not like to see.

There is no need to describe a boys' quarrel

the smaller boys during a pause in the fight. So it happened that Tom's was but a barren victory—like nearly all those a boy gains except when he conquers himself.

Lott and several friends of his went away to coast down another hill. Tom, when he had recovered his wind and stanched his wounds, joined in the sport with Cissy and Harry Zachary.

But when he left the slide and went home to his dinner, he bore with him the scars of war in the shape of a swollen face and an unmistakable black eye.

Chapter XV.

A new-year's-day departure.



TOM did not quite know what to do about his black eye. He knew that his mother would see it, and then she would be sure to ask him about it, and he would have to tell her the whole story. That she would not approve of the fight Tom felt sure; and he was a little in doubt whether he himself quite approved of it. He had often thought that sooner or later he and Corkscrew would have to "have it out"; and if the combat had been really inevitable, he was glad that it was over and that he had not come out of it second-best. But even in the glow of victory, he did not feel altogether satisfied with the way in which war had been declared nor with his own conduct in the beginning. His reference to Lott's keeping his brains in his boots was altogether uncalled for. It is true that Corkscrew's throwing of the cap downhill had slight justification. But, all the same, Tom had an uneasy consciousness that the real cause of the anger that had burned so fiercely in his breast was in great measure the keen mortification arising from the disclosure of his hair curled up in paper. And Tom knew that it was Polly who had bedecked his head with twists of paper, and not Corkscrew. Still they would never have been seen had it not been for Corkscrew. And so, after all—

Tom had gone thus far in the examination of his conscience when he reached home.

As the Careful Katie opened the door, she caught sight of the black eye.

"Oh, Master Tom!" she cried, "is it in a fight ye 've been?"

"Yes," Tom answered. "I 've been in a fight."

"Come into the kitchen, then," she went on heartily, "and I 'll give ye a bit of beefsteak to put on yer eye. An' ye can tell me all about the fight the while. Sure, beefsteak is the wan thing for a black eye. It 's many a time me brothers would have liked a bit, a-comin' back from a fair in Killaloe, or a wake, or any other merrymakin'."

Tom was following the Brilliant Conversationalist into the kitchen, when Pauline came dancing out into the hall.

"Oh, Tom," she cried, "what do you think? We 've three new kittens, one black, and one white with a black eye, and one all gray — ever so pretty. And marmee says I may keep the gray one, and I 'm going to. The one that 's white with the black eye is smaller and cunninger, but I don't like a white kitten with a black eye, do you? It looks just as if it had been fighting, and of course it has n't yet, for it 's only two hours old."

Tom smiled grimly. "I 'd keep the one with the black eye," he said, as he followed Katie into the kitchen, "and you might call it after me." And with that he turned his head so that she could see his face.

"Oh, Tom!" Polly exclaimed. "You look worse than the kitten — ever so much worse!"

"Perhaps," said Tom, dolefully, "when the kitten gets a little older, you will put its tail up in curl-papers; and then it will go out, and come back again with a black eye bigger than mine."

"It would be cruel to twist up a cat's tail!" she declared.

"Was n't it cruel to let me go out with my hair in curl-papers?" he rejoined.

"Did you?" she cried penitently. "Oh, Tom, I 'm so sorry! I did n't mean to. I never thought. I 'll never do it again; I 'll be so good next time. I don't see how I ever came to do it. Won't you forgive me this time?"

Tom made haste to forgive her when he saw how sorrowful she looked.

Then the Brilliant Conversationalist came with a bit of raw beef and placed this to the injured eye and tied it tight with Tom's handkerchief bound about his head.

"There," she said, "that 'll draw out the poison for you. Now tell us about the fight. Did ye bate the head off the villain?"

Then Tom, half pleased and half ashamed, told his sister and Katie all about the combat with Corkscrew Lott.

"Oh, Tom!" Pauline cried suddenly, "what will marmee say?"

"I don't know," replied Tom, doubtfully. "She won't like it."

"Shall I go and break the news to her gently, as they do in the story-books?" suggested his sister.

"No," Tom answered; "I 'd better tell her myself."

"I 'll go with you," Pauline persisted; "and I 'll tell her it was all my fault."

"No," Tom replied again, "I 'd better go alone."

So he took heart of grace, and went up to his mother's room and placed before her the whole story; not trying to shield himself, but as well as he could telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Mrs. Paulding was a wise mother. She saw that her son had been punished; she did not reproach him, but she spoke to him gently, and when she had ceased speaking Tom had made up his mind never to get into another fight. Then she kissed him, and they went down together to their early dinner.

That evening, when Uncle Dick returned, the whole story had to be gone over once more. It is to be recorded with regret that Mr. Rapallo laughed heartily when he heard about the curls which Polly put up in paper and which Corkscrew revealed accidentally.

"Best keep out of a fight if you can," he said when he had heard the full details; "but if you must fight, go in to win."

"I don't think I shall go in again," Tom declared, looking up at his mother with an affectionate glance, which would have been more effective if the black eye had not been still covered by the bit of beefsteak and the handkerchief.

"Sure if he goes to a wake, any dacent boy may have to swing his shillalah about a bit," the Careful Katie remarked, as she left the room for the preserves.

"The Brilliant Conversationalist is in favor of a free fight," Uncle Dick declared. "But I 'll give you a Spanish proverb better than her Hibernian advice — and there is no more honorable race than the Spanish, and no one is more punctilious than a Spaniard. Yet they have a saying, 'It is the man who returns the first blow who begins the quarrel.'"

After supper, Mrs. Paulding and Pauline went up-stairs, leaving Mr. Rapallo and Tom alone together.

"I 've been looking up the ownership of that property where you think your guineas are," said Uncle Dick.

"Did you find out?" Tom asked eagerly.

"I found that the land is in dispute," his uncle replied. "The title to it is doubtful, and there has been a lawsuit about it in the courts now for nearly ten years."

"But it must belong to some one," Tom insisted.

"It 's likely to belong to the lawyers, if this litigation does n't stop soon," Uncle Dick answered. Then he explained how it was:

"The case seems to be complicated; there was an assignment of some sort made by the original owner fifty years ago; and now there are two mortgages and two wills, and half a dozen codicils. And all the parties are angry, and there is 'blood on the moon.' So I 'm afraid that when we get ready to dig for that buried treasure, we shall have to do it without asking anybody's permission. In the first place, we don't know whom to ask; and in the second place, whoever we ask would surely suspect us of coming from one of the other parties, and would not only refuse but perhaps set a guard on the property or have detectives watch us."

"Oh!" said Tom, and he was conscious of a certain swelling pride at the possibility that there might be a detective "on his track," as he phrased it.

"Of course," Mr. Rapallo continued, "as long as the frost 's in the ground there is no use in our trying to do anything. In the mean while, you will say nothing."

"Not even to Cissy Smith?" Tom urged, aware of the delight that he would have in imparting this real mystery to his friend.

"Not even to anybody," Uncle Dick answered. "If Cissy were to tell some one, you could n't blame him for not keeping the secret you could n't keep yourself."

Tom felt the force of this reasoning, but he regretted that his uncle thought it best not to tell Cissy. Tom felt sure of Cissy's discretion, and he longed to have some one with whom to talk over the buried treasure. Thus early in

life Tom was made to see the wisdom in the saying of the philosopher, that a secret is a most undesirable property, for "if you tell it, you have n't got it; and if you don't tell it, you lose the interest on the investment."

The next afternoon, as Tom was coming back from asking how little Jimmy Wigger was getting on, he saw Mr. Rapallo standing on the stoop of Mr. Joshua Hoffmann's house talking to the old gentleman he had before seen leaning over the wall. Tom supposed that the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall, as he called him in his own mind, was probably Mr. Hoffmann himself, but he was not quite sure of it.

Once again before New Year's Day, Tom saw his uncle in conference with the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall. Tom noticed that about this time Mr. Rapallo was a little more restless than usual; and then again that he would sink into frequent fits of thoughtful silence.

On New Year's morning, Mr. Rapallo caught Tom's eye, after Tom had spoken twice without bringing him out of his silent abstraction.

"I beg your pardon, Tom," he said; "I was thinking. The fact is, I 've got the idea of a little invention buzzing in my head, and I keep turning it over and over, and looking at it on all sides, even when I ought to be doing something else — eating my breakfast, for example."

They were then at their morning meal; and just at that moment the shrill whistle of the postman was heard.

"There does be only one letter-man this mornin', I 'm thinkin'," said the Brilliant Conversationalist, as she went out to see what the postman had for them.

"There may be a letter for me," Uncle Dick remarked, "that will take me away to-night."

"You are not going to leave us?" cried Polly.

"I may have to go," her uncle answered.

"Where?" she asked.

"On a journey — to lots of places," he replied.

"How long will you be gone?" she went on.

"I don't know. Two or three months, perhaps," he answered. Then, catching Tom's inquiring glance, he added, "I shall be back by the time the frost is out of the ground. I 'm like a bad penny, I 'm sure to turn up again."

"You are not a bad penny at all," said Polly, with emphasis. "You are as good as gold, and a penny is only copper. And if you have to go, we shall all miss you very, very much!" Then she got up and walked around the table and kissed her uncle on the cheek.

Katie returned and gave Uncle Dick the only letter she had in her hand.

"The letter-man says he does n't be comin' here again to-day, mum, but ye can give him his New Year's in the mornin'," she reported.

"Must you go?" asked Mrs. Paulding, who had watched her brother's face as he read the note.

"Yes. I must start this afternoon at the latest," he answered. "It is to see a man about this little invention of mine. If he likes it, we shall work it out together. Then, when I come back in the spring, Mary, I hope to bring you that Christmas present I owe you."

When Mr. Rapallo left the house, about twelve o'clock, Tom went with him to the nearest elevated-railroad station. Uncle Dick did not walk this time, as he had a heavy bag to carry.

After Mr. Rapallo and Tom had stepped down upon the sidewalk, from the flight of wooden steps leading from the street up to the rocky crest on which the house was perched, they saw Cissy Smith. He was coming eagerly toward them.

"Have you heard the news about little Jimmy?" asked Cissy.

"No," Tom replied. "What is it?"

"He died this morning early," Cissy continued. "Father was there. Little Jimmy did not suffer any. And he could n't ever have been strong again."

"Poor little chap!" said Tom, thinking of the eagerness of the little fellow as he had followed Tom about ready to do his bidding, whatever it might be.

"The years bring joy to some and sorrow to others," Mr. Rapallo remarked gently; "but it is a sad house to which Death pays a New Year's call."

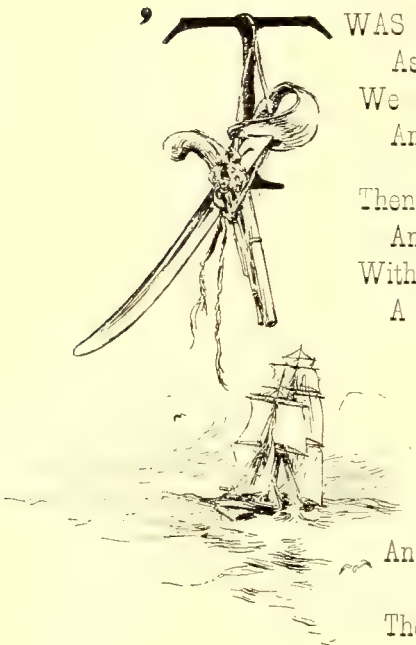
(To be continued.)

A TALE OF PIRACY



By Malcolm Douglas

[*The old skipper fairly "thrills" little Ben:*]



'WAS in '65, my little cove,
As I recollects, the day
We ships our cargo, with nary embargo,
An' sails from Ja-ma-ki-a.

Then it 's yo, heave ho! an' it 's heave agin!
An' the wind a-blowin' free!
With plenty o' 'baccy to last, by crackey,
A sailor's life for me!

Sorghum 'lasses our cargo was;
Our ship the "Sassy Jane";
No rakisher sailin', an' she a-hailin'
From Kennebunk, down in Maine.

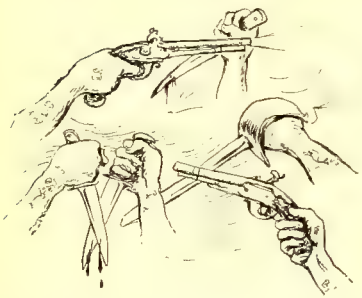
An' we have n't been more than two days out,
When the duff don't seem to please;
There ain't the richness of raisins an' sichness,
So we ups an' we mutinies.

The cap'n, the fust, an' secun' mate,
The grizzled old bos'n, too
(Fur One-eye Clover, the cook, come over),
An' agin 'em the hull ship's crew!

An' a terrible, bloodthirsty, willainous crew,
As could n't be possible wuss:
Which the same wore ear-rings to help their hearings,
An' was tattooed promiscuous!

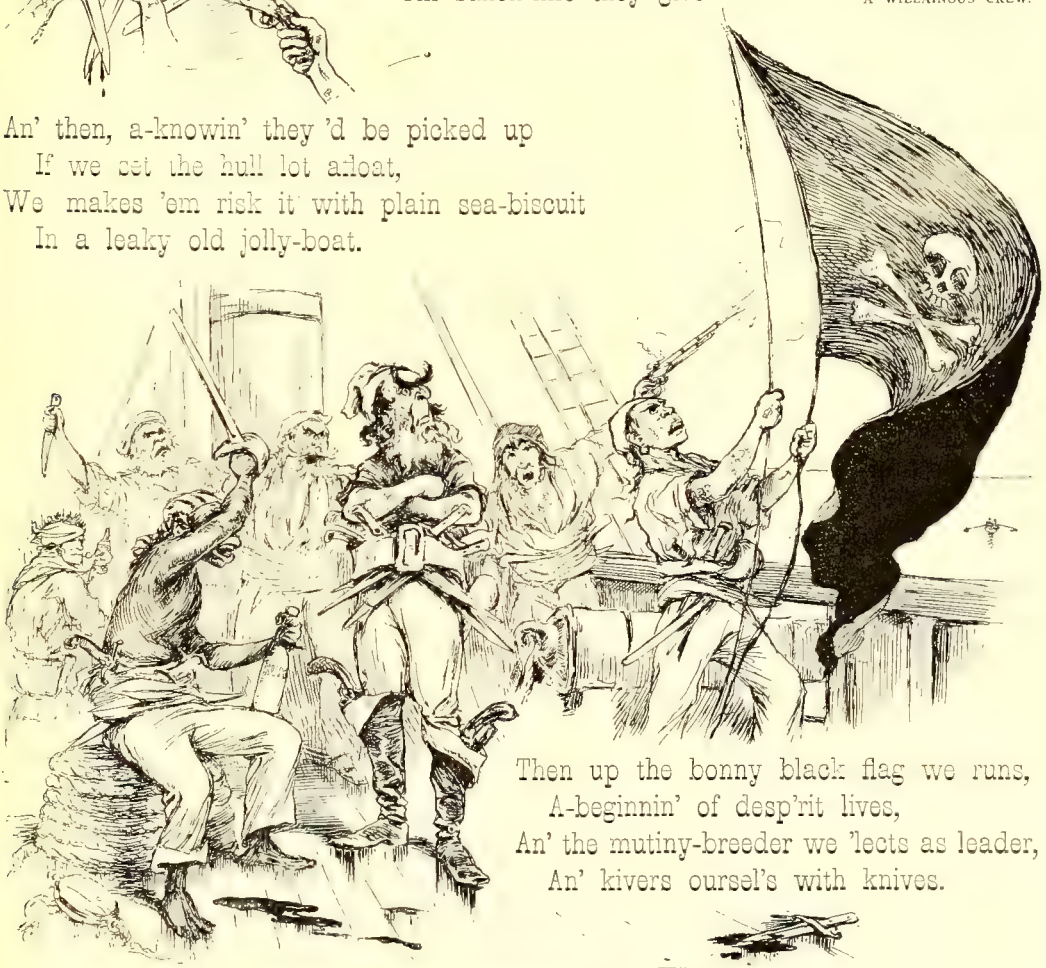


"A WILLAINOUS CREW."



Then it 's pippety-pop, an' bang away,
An' it 's cut an' it 's come agin,
With balls a-shriekin', an' knives a-reekin',
Till sullen-like they gives in!

An' then, a-knowin' they 'd be picked up
If we set the hull lot afloat,
We makes 'em risk it with plain sea-biscuit
In a leaky old jolly-boat.



Then up the bonny black flag we runs,
A-beginnin' of desp'rit lives,
An' the mutiny-breeder we 'lects as leader,
An' kivers oursel's with knives.

"THEN UP THE BONNY BLACK FLAG WE RUNS."



"AN' WE HAS WHAT YOU CALLS REMORSE."

Full many a gallant merchantm'n,
A-loaded with shiny gold,
We fights a duel, an' takes most cruel,
An' lightens up of its hold.

But sometimes we gets a-thinkin', nights,
As we sails upon our course,
We ain't of recent been actin' decent,
An' we has what you calls remorse.

An' all of a sudden we quar'ly grows,
A-achin' each other to strike;
There was two begin it, then more comes in it,
An' soon it is gen'ral-like.



"AN' SOON IT IS GEN'RAL-LIKE."

A fight as lasted three days an' nights,
An' as bad as ever I see,
Not once a-stoppin', an' men a-droppin',
Till all that was left was me!



"ON IT I FLOATS A WEEK."

An', with all that valible treasure mine,
A tempest comes down at last,
An' I keeps on sailin', an' bailin' an' bailin',
But the wessel 's a-fillin' fast.

So with a hen-coop over I jumps,
An' on it I floats a week,
Till I makes an island, an' gets on dry land,
So hoarse I kin just but speak.



"I GETS ON DRY LAND."

An' there fur eight long years I stays,
A-drinkin' of misery's dregs,
With no one near me to try an' cheer me,
An' nourished on penguins' eggs.

Eight weary, dreary, teary years,
An' bilious-like an' pale;
Fur comp'ny sighin', an' rags a-flyin'
A-tryin' to catch a sail!

But, when I'm a-givin' up hope at last,
A wessel it heaves in sight,
An' I cooks up a story that 's noways gory,
Explainin' of my sad plight.



"I COOKS UP A STORY THAT 'S NOWAYS GORY."

Fur, with what I 've got, my little cove,
At the bottom of the sea,
Your millionaires, with their bonds an' shares,
Are n't a sarkumstance 'long o' me!



"NOURISHED ON PENGUINS' EGGS."

An' many 's an' many 's the time since then
I 've sat me down to weep,
To think of them millions—I may say billions—
A hundred o' fathoms deep!





RANGOON AS A NURSE.

By E. Vinton Blake.

I 'll own, boys, it 's funny to consider a horse in the light of a nurse; I never before heard of an equine nurse, but in this case I think "Rangoon" contributed largely to the recovery of a sick patient.

That patient was myself.

You see, I had been almost used up by the indiscriminate hugging of a too demonstrative bear. It was one of the few cases where the hunter turns out to be the hunted. If I had been on Rangoon's back, now, instead of lying in ambush among those rocks — but that is neither here nor there.

After the struggle was over, and my friend Will — who had come to the rescue — had revived me, and I had sat up and discovered that my hunting shirt and leggings were in strips and I was covered with scratches from head to foot, we held a short but serious council.

"This is a pretty go!" said he.

"Just so," said I.

"Whatever possessed you to tackle that monster alone, and you on foot," said he, "passes my understandin'. But howsomever, here you are, and Martin's ranch sixty miles to the east'ard."

"I was a bit careless, that 's true," said I. "Nevertheless, Martin's ranch it is. Bring the horses."

"Like 's not you won't live to get there," grumbled Will, who always made a point of speaking his mind.

"Yes, I shall, too, you old growler," said I.

I did. But when I was fairly got to bed by horrified Mr. and Mrs. Martin, and all the household were flying about with bandages, remedies, and what not, the strain of excitement and resolve that had upheld me in the long, painful journey suddenly gave way, and I went into a dead faint. I suppose I was a very sick man. Many a day passed thereafter, of which I took no note. The first things I remember, when the fever abated, and I began to realize the outer world again, were the golden curls and tender face of little Millie Martin, the sweet scent of flowers she brought for my table, the low songs she sang all by herself on the platform outside my window. Many a day I lay there, very weak, and watched the glint of sunlight through the dark chintz curtains, as I listened to the tuneful childish voice.

The Martins were Eastern people, who settled there when Millie was a mere baby; and she was now nearly eight. The house stood on stilts, as it were, on five-foot logs, and a rough platform ran around it; there were some outbuildings; and the whole was inclosed by a high adobe wall. There was also a corral for the horses, where they were kept except in severe weather.

My first thought, when I got my brains once more in thinking order, was — Rangoon. When I inquired for him, they sent Will Grant in to see me. That worthy entered gingerly, as one who treads on eggs, sat on the edge of a chair, pushed back his sombrero, and put his hands on his knees to contemplate me. A broad smile began to spread over his face.

"What the dickens are you laughing at?" inquired I. I was a little bit cross.

"When would ye like to hunt another bear?" said he.

"Will, you 're an old rascal," said I. "I 'll have vengeance on the whole race of bears by and by. What have you done with my horse?"

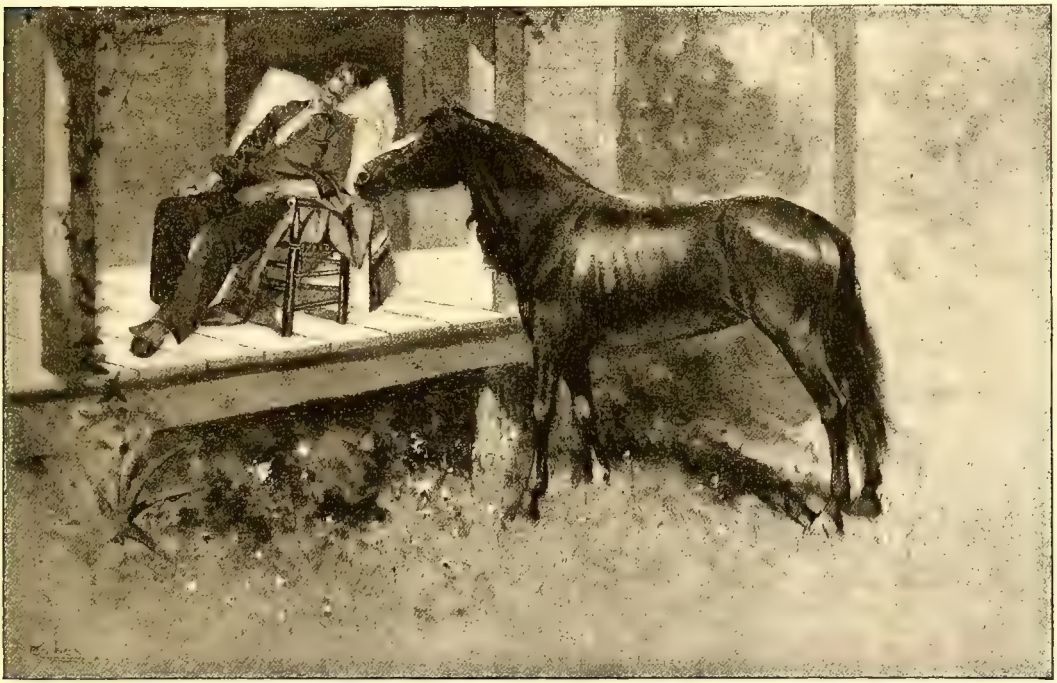
"Wal," said Will Grant, "there hain't nobody been able to do nothin' with him far as I know. He knows you 're in this house somewhere, and he hangs around, grazin' here and there on the perarie, and comin' to me for a feed of corn. He won't let nobody else come nigh him."

Will sat for a moment, and began to laugh.

"He 'n' I had a lively tussle the other day. I was bound I 'd ride him down to Navarosa — just a little jaunt for to exercise him, ye know. So I got him all saddled and bridled peaceable enough, and was sort o' smilin' to myself as to how well he was behavin', ye see; and I got on all right and said good-by to old Martin and Joe, and started. Wal, he kind o' hesitated, looked all about, and 'parently thought you were a-comin', somewhere. Then he went Joe laughin' and hollerin' fit to die. When he stopped again I was ready for him, and he did n't throw me; but I got off then of my own accord, and concluded he 'n' I would n't get to Navarosa together."

Weak as I was, I was shaking with laughter when Will made an end. "Never mind," said I; "I 'm going to get out on the platform in a few days, and I 'll be right glad to see him again."

Three days therefrom, I sat bolstered up on



"EVERY DAY HE WAITED FOR MY APPEARANCE, AND CAME TO BE PETTED." (SEE PAGE 607.)

about fifty yards, and seemed of a sudden to get it through him that he 'n' I were on a trip 'long of ourselves. Then he started, and I never was flown about quite so lively before, in my born days. He went like a mad streak for a ways, then brought up as short as a post. Well, sir, *I* went on, as fur as I could, and when I landed, it war n't in the best order. I picked myself up tearin' mad. I went back to him, and he was lookin' the innocentest, with his two ears pricked forward a-starin' at me, as if 't war n't his fault at all. He let me get on again, the sweetest-tempered you ever see, and then he bolted back again for the corral at the top of his bent, and in he went, with old Martin and the platform, enjoying the fresh morning, the sunny prairie that stretched beyond the wall to the belt of oaks by the Navarosa River, the blue beauty of the western mountains on the far horizon.

"Hain't seen Rangoon sence last night," said Will Grant. "He would n't be corraled, and kicked up his heels so like all possessed that I told him to clear out; and he cleared."

I drew from my pocket a small silver whistle that I used when my brave horse strayed to some distance and I wished to recall him. It shrilled sweet and clear on the breezy morning, and I waited. No Rangoon.

Three times I blew, and then began seriously

to question whether the patience of my four-footed friend had not given out during the long days of waiting, with never a word from the master he loved; and whether he had not forsaken — hark!

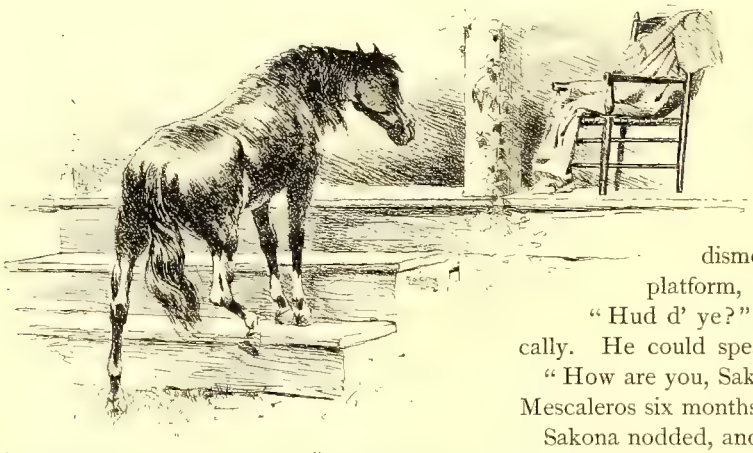
"Somethin' 's a-comin'," said Will, concisely, with his ear to the ground.

"There 's more than one," he added, a moment after, and came up the long, broad flight of wooden steps to the platform, whence he could see beyond the wall.

Straight down over the long swell between the ranch and the river, mane and tail afloat on the wind, came Rangoon in a wild, headlong gallop; and behind, urging their agile ponies to furious speed, lasso in hand ready for a throw, rode Sakona, a young Apache chief, and three of his braves. I knew Sakona by sight, and, it seems, he knew me even better.

Wild fellows are the Apaches; I believe they have a reservation now; but if they keep upon it they have changed greatly from what they were when I knew them.

"There 's some o' them plaguy redskins!" said Joe Martin. A general, rapid, quiet note of preparation ran through the large, busy household. One of the peons drove the milch-cows and the horses from the yard to the corral, and



"RANGOON SCRAMBLED UP THE STEPS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

fastened the heavy, solid gate. Every man looked to his arms, for no one knew how many Apaches might lurk in that belt of oaks by the river.

Will Grant bridled his roan in haste. He muttered angrily, "The Apache rascal knows that hoss. He knows better 'n that!" He flung himself on, bareback, and was off at a gallop through the gates toward the advancing Indians, shouting as he went a perfect torrent of threats and abuse in the Navajo tongue, which Sakona must have been deaf not to understand.

The lassos were poised,— the Indians hesitated. Rangoon still held his course at headlong speed for the gates. I blew my whistle again; I was excited just then. He saw me and neighed wildly. I sat down on the edge of the platform as he came near. He was crazy with delight, and thrust his head up to me to be caressed. He even reared, as if meditating a spring upon the platform. But I restrained him with a word. I was yet weak. Presently he detected the change, the weakness in me. He snuffed curiously at my hands, my arms, as I half reclined on the edge of the platform. He thrust his pink nose into my face with an anxious whinny, as if to say, "What ails you?"

"I think he 's sorry for you; don't you, Mr. Ransom?" said little Millie.

Sakona and his braves had stopped in a group on the prairie. Will Grant's gestures, as he talked to them, were extremely forcible; and it was plain that he was laying down the law in emphatic fashion, about running off another man's property.

"They 're all comin' here, anyway," observed Joe, after a pause. It was plain Sakona was going to brave it out. He rode into the yard, dismounted, came up on the platform, and nodded to me.

"Hud d' ye?" said the Apache, laconically. He could speak English very well.

"How are you, Sakona? I saw you at Fort Mescaleros six months ago."

Sakona nodded, and his quick eye ran over Rangoon, who stood with his head against my shoulder.

"White man been sick?"

"Pretty sick, Sakona. Too much bear." I drew my finger lightly over the scars on wrist and cheek. The Apache smiled grimly.

"He 'll get well soon," said Grant. "He has a good nurse," with a little gesture toward Rangoon.

"What you take for him?" said Sakona.

"Money can't buy that horse," I answered, a trifle shortly; "lassos can't catch him, and no man can ride him but myself."

Sakona grunted, but said nothing. Presently the Indians went away. We watched them out of sight behind the timber.

From that day Rangoon haunted the house. He grazed about the yard, or careered wildly in at one gate and out the other; he scrambled up the steps and promenaded with sounding hoofs on the platform. Every day he waited for my appearance, and came to be petted, and to rub his head on my shoulder; every night he submitted to be corraled by Will Grant.

Nevertheless, getting well was tedious business. My friend Will Grant was determined I should not forget that: scarce a day passed but I received sly thrusts concerning bears and ambushments; and he expressed great fear lest my city habits were creeping back upon me—"sich as goin' ter sleep, nights, with both eyes shut, which we don't do out here; and goin' bear-huntin' after grizzlies on yer own feet instead of yer horse's."

Presently I was able to dispense with pillows, and to walk down the steps by myself. And then one day Will was scandalized by finding Rangoon standing like a post close to the platform, while his master, sound asleep, rested his head and shoulders on Rangoon's back. He showed his teeth in a vicious snap as Will approached, but otherwise preserved immovable rigidity of body, lest he should upset me. Will had been down to Navarosa after the mail. His loud accents awoke me.

"Wal—say! Be ye ever goin' to open your eyes? I shall have to teach ye hunter's craft all over again if ye sleep this fashion. I call that imposin' on a cre'tur's good natur'!—ridin' him daytimes and likewise usin' him for a bed. Here 's some letters for ye!"

Then I aroused myself, and sat on the steps to read them. From Herries, Hexam, and my old friend the hunter, Simon Casey. The old hunter's handwriting was cramped and peculiar.

"Mr. Ransom,"—thus ran the hunter's letter,—"I here by Bill you are nerely well, and this is to informe you that Mr. Herries and Mr. Hexam and me will be at East Gorge the furst of Septembar, and exspect you and Bill will meet us. I hop to get thare by the third day at the latest onless we shood eny of us get clawd by a bare as Bill tells me you did.

Respecfuly

SIMON CASEY.

P. S. We can take that trip into new Mexsico now as well as not, and throo the lower mountens.

S. C."

My blood quickened as I read. I had been inactive so long; and the trip was one I had looked forward to as soon as Casey's leisure should permit. We should be all together again. Herries and Hexam, my two New York friends, who were out for the benefit of their health, had been overland to Los Angeles with Casey, while I had preferred to go hunting among the mountains with Will.

"Wal," said the latter, "ye look pleased. Goin' to get well straight away, are ye? What 's the old man write?"

I told him. "It is now the 10th of July. There's plenty of time for me to get in order. I 'll do it, Will, and I 'll ride Rangoon tomorrow!"

"I 've always heerd," remarked the guide, beginning to edge cautiously out of the way, "that people had better be slow and sure that go a-huntin' grizzlies afoot and take no common sense along with 'em—"

Here a vigorously flung shoe came within an inch of his head, and he dodged around the corner, putting his nose back to observe, "But then, as I told that Apache, you 've had a good nurse!"

I looked up at Rangoon. I remembered that he had scarcely been outside the wall since the day I was first brought out on the platform. He pricked up his ears at Will Grant. I put my arm over his neck.

"My brave old fellow," said I, "I 'll live on one meal a day before you and I shall part. If I had stuck to you, instead of leaving you away back in the bushes, the bear would never have got a claw on me, eh, Rangoon?"

He answered by a low whinny. Who will say he did not understand me?

THAT 'S THE WAY!

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Just a little every day,
That 's the way
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow.
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst.
Slowly — slowly — at the first.
That 's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That 's the way!
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit, and mite by mite.
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power.
Slowly — slowly — hour by hour.
That 's the way!
Just a little every day.

DICK'S DIVE.

By Howard Bunch.

"And mind what I told you about not going overboard!" said Captain Chandler, as the long whaleboat left the side of the whaling-schooner "Crocker," which was anchored under the lee of a little island in the Caribbean Sea.

"Yes, sir," meekly answered Dick Thorn, who, as youngest of the crew, generally pulled stroke-oar — that being the lightest and easiest to handle — in the captain's boat.

The entire ship's company were going ashore after fire-wood; but Dick, having a blistered hand, resulting from a twenty-mile pull on the previous day, had, to his secret joy, been left behind.

Like most of the smaller islands in the Caribbean Sea, the neighboring islet had no harborage. Vessels come to anchor under the lee of such places, and lie with mainsail up, ready to get under way at the first indication of a change of wind.

Dick sat contentedly watching the boats as they disappeared around the nearest point, where there was a sort of inlet or cove, in which wreck-stuff and driftwood were usually found in quantities.

"Oh, it seems so good to be alone just for a little while!" said Dick, half aloud, with a great sigh of relief.

He was utterly wearied of the constant rough companionship of the past three months; but for his surroundings he had only himself to blame.

His was the repetition of an old story. A good home and over-indulgent parents, indiscriminate, trashy reading, giving false views of life, — of sea life in particular, — a running away, a vain quest for work as a "cabin-boy," and, as a final result, shipping as a 'fore-mast hand in a Provincetown whaler.

All these scenes came to Dick's mind as he sat on the after-house, swinging his bare feet to and fro, and watching the setting sun.

"Oh, if I only live to get back to father and mother!" thought Dick to himself, as a great sob rose in his throat. He arose abruptly and walked to the vessel's side.

The gangway had been unshipped for the better reception of the driftwood when it should arrive, and Dick gazed abstractedly outboard.

The sea-breeze was dying away. Far and wide the surface of the Caribbean Sea lay re-

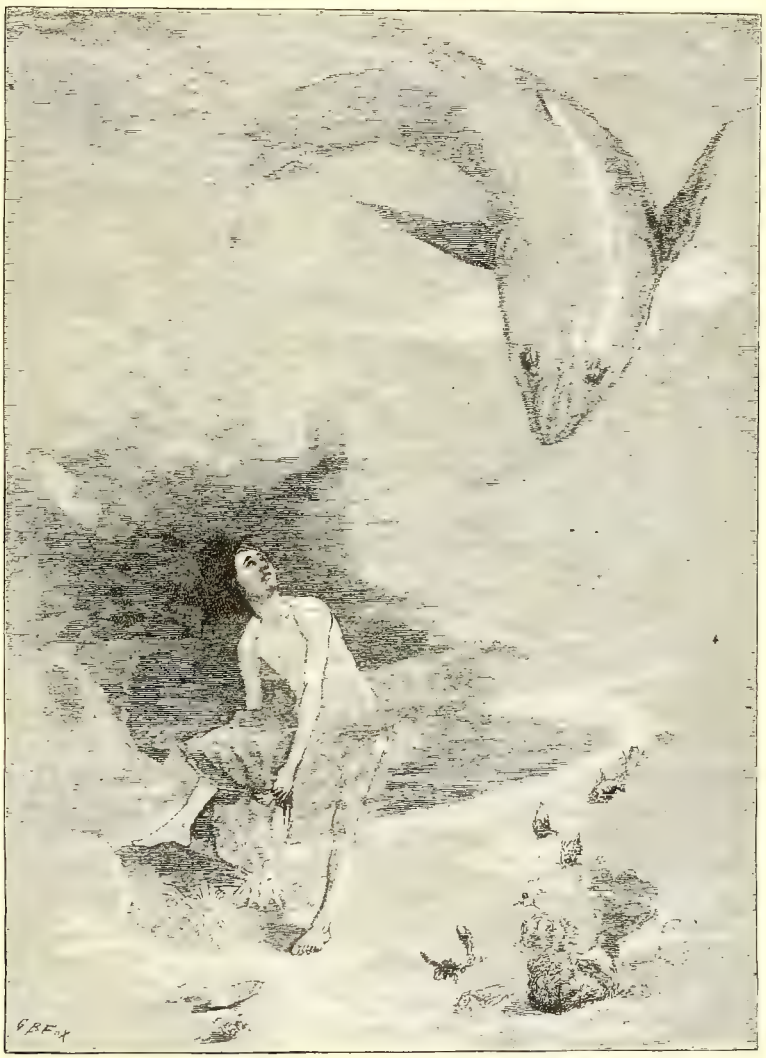
flecting the rays of the setting sun, with hardly a ripple on its dark, steely-blue surface.

The gnats and sand-flies were enjoying the heat, as they came in great swarms from the beach, a cable's-length distant, where there were tiny breakers which fell with a cooling sound. But the insects were enjoying life far better than Dick enjoyed *them*.

There were about three fathoms and a half of water under the Crocker's keel; and as Dick turned his gaze downward he saw the anchor a little way off, with one of its flukes partly embedded in the powdered coral, than which not even snow can be whiter.

This, together with the clearness and refracting power of the water, made the objects upon the bottom seem almost within reach. Beautifully colored fish swam to and fro among the strange forms of marine growth in this little garden-spot belonging by right to Father Neptune.

Scattered here and there were shells, with their living inmates making scrawly patterns in the powdered coral as they slowly moved from place to place.



"SUDDENLY DICK WAS CONSCIOUS OF A DARK SHADOW OVERHEAD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

There were tritons, and "spine-cups," pink-lipped conch, and many tinted ray-shells, mermaid's-combs, and sea-fans without number, to say nothing of others, of whose names Dick had no idea. But what took his attention most was a huge sponge, attached to the bottom.

Only the day before, Dick had heard Captain Chandler wishing that he could run across a good big sponge, growing within reach of the boat-hook. And though the captain was sometimes really harsh with him,— especially when Dick, with his heart in his mouth, was pulling the best "stroke" he knew how, while the light boat was topping the long seas in eager pursuit of a "fifty-barrel humpback" whale,— he was kind to the boy as a rule, and Dick tried to please him.

"I don't believe he 'd mind my going overboard if I could bring up that sponge," said

Dick, looking longingly into the cool depths. For Dick was like a young water-spaniel, and could swim or dive better than any boy in his native seaboard town.

But since the Crocker had been in this particular locality Captain Chandler had forbidden the men to go in bathing, except when they could go in from shore; for in the deeper water about the reefs, the great gray-and-white man-eating sharks were plentiful.

This was a severe deprivation to Dick, who would not have hesitated to go overboard in mid-ocean. Indeed, he had done so more than once when the schooner was becalmed; and he inwardly rebelled against the Captain's decree.

"If there *were* sharks around, I could see a back-fin any distance, in this calm," he thought, as he looked out over the glassy surface of the sea.

And without stopping to argue with himself, off went hat, blue drilling shirt, and overalls, and in less than ten seconds Dick stood in the gangway ready for the dive.

Drawing one long breath, Dick took a splendid header, and clove the water like a pointed stone. Down, down, toward the object of his quest he rapidly swam, but the great transparency of the water had misled him as to its depth, and when he touched the sponge's slimy surface, he was well-nigh spent of breath.

Despite the pressure on his chest and strange singing in his ears, he seized the sponge at the base, and, bracing his feet firmly on the bottom, gave a mighty tug which partially uprooted it.

But even in the act, suddenly he was conscious of a dark shadow directly overhead. "The boat," was his first thought; "a cloud," the second. Then he glanced upward, and between himself and the waning daylight was that most dreaded of sights — a huge gray shark, at least seventeen feet long, curving with gently moving fins directly above him, and about two feet beneath the water's surface.

Small chance is there to think clearly and quickly when the heart is already beginning to beat spasmodically, and one is internally gasping for air in eighteen feet of water. But as Dick gave a final mechanical tug and uprooted the sponge, the schooner swung slowly over him, and the shark as slowly moved aside.

Shoving with his feet against the bottom, Dick arose like a flash to the surface on the side of the vessel's keel opposite to that on which the shark lay; and, grasping the main channels with a convulsive clutch, he managed somehow to drag himself up, still retaining his hold on the sponge. But he was not a second too soon; the great monster had followed him beneath the keel with a swiftness peculiar to the species when in pursuit of prey; and the vicious snap of its jaws was plainly heard by Dick, as he scrambled over the schooner's edge, and dropped in a half-fainting condition upon the deck.

Half an hour later the boats pulled alongside, and Dick humbly laid his trophy at his captain's feet, telling him at the same time of his narrow escape.

Did Captain Chandler thank him with a kindly smile, or gravely reprove him for foolhardy disobedience?

He did neither. He looked over the quarter where the shark's back-fin was circling about the stern, and measured him with his eye. Then he looked at the sponge, from which the water had been pressed, as it lay in a deck-tub to undergo a certain process of curing. And at length, addressing himself to Dick, he said curtly:

"If I hear of your going overboard again on this cruise, young man, I 'll trice you up by the two thumbs in the main rigging and give you a sound rope's-ending!"

But, nevertheless, when the Crocker returned to Provincetown, after an eleven-months' cruise from which no one but the owners profited, and every man of the crew, being as a matter of course brought in debt to the vessel, was left penniless in that not over-hospitable town, Captain Chandler paid out of his own pocket Dick Thorn's fare to his home in Maine.

"Don't you ever let me see you aboard a Provincetown whaler again," he said roughly.

And, thanking him kindly, Dick said that the captain need n't be alarmed — he never would. And he never did.

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

By Laura E. Richards.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter VII.

OUR MOTHER, MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Our mother's story should be sung, rather than said, so much has music to do with it. My earliest recollection of my mother is of her standing by the piano in the great dining-room, dressed in black velvet, with her beautiful neck and arms bare, and singing to us. Her voice was a very rare and perfect one, we have since learned; we knew then only that we did not care to hear any one else sing when we might hear her. The time for singing was at twilight, when the dancing was over, and we gathered breathless and exhausted about the piano for the last and greatest treat. Then the beautiful voice would break out, and flood the room with melody, and fill our childish hearts with almost painful rapture. Our mother knew all the songs in the world; that was our firm belief. Certainly we never found an end to her repertory.

There were German student songs, which she had learned from her brother when he came back from Heidelberg: merry, jovial ditties, with choruses of "Juvevallera!" and "Za hi! Za he! Za ho-o-o-o-o-oh!" in which we joined with boundless enthusiasm. There were gay little French songs, all ripple and sparkle and trill, and soft, melting Italian serenades and barcaroles, which we thought must be like the notes of the nightingale. And when we called to have our favorites repeated again and again, she would sing them over and over with never-failing patience: and not one of us ever guessed, as we listened with all our souls, that the cunning mother was giving us a French lesson, or a German or Italian lesson, as the case might be, and that what was learned in that way would never be forgotten all our lives long.

Besides the foreign songs, there were many songs of our mother's own making, which we were never weary of hearing. Sometimes she composed a melody for some old ballad, but more often words and music both were hers. Where were such nonsense-songs as hers?

> Little old dog sits under the chair,
> Twenty-five grasshoppers snarled in his hair.
> Little old dog 's beginning to snore,
> Mother forbids him to do so no more.

Or again:

> Hush, my darling, don't you cry!
> Your sweetheart will come by and by.
> When he comes, he 'll come in green,—
> That 's a sign that you 're his queen.
>
> Hush, my darling, don't you cry!
> Your sweetheart will come by and by.
> When he comes, he 'll come in blue,—
> That 's a sign that he 'll be true.

And so on through all the colors of the rainbow, till finally expectation was wrought up to the highest pitch by the concluding lines,

> When he comes, he 'll come in gray,—
> That 's a sign he 'll come to-day!

Then it was a pleasant thing that each child could have his or her own particular song merely for the asking. Laura well remembers her good-night song, which was sung to the very prettiest tune in the world.

> Sleep, my little child,
> So gentle, sweet, and mild!
> The little lamb is gone to rest,
> The little bird is in its nest,—

"Put in the donkey!" cried Laura, at this point of the first singing. "Please put in the donkey!" So the mother went on —

> The little donkey in the stable
> Sleeps as sound as he is able—
> All things now their rest pursue,
> You are sleepy too.

It was with this song sounding softly in her ears and with the beautiful hand, like soft warm ivory, stroking her hair, that Laura used to fall asleep. Do you not envy the child?

Maud's songs were perhaps the loveliest of all, though they could not be dearer than my donkey-song. Here is one of them:

Baby with the hat and plume,
And the scarlet cloak so fine,
Come where thou hast rest and room,
Little baby mine!

Whence those eyes so crystal clear?
Whence those curls so silky soft?
Thou art Mother's darling dear,
I have told thee oft.

I have told thee many times,
And repeat it yet again,
Wreathing thee about with rhymes,
Like a flowery chain:

Rhymes that sever and unite
As the blossom fetters do,
As the mother's weary night
Happy days renew.

But it was not all singing, of course. Our mother read to us a great deal, too, and told us stories, from the Trojan War down to "Puss in Boots." It was under her care, I think, that we used to look over the "Shakspere book." This was a huge folio, bound in rusty-brown leather, and containing the famous Boydell prints illustrating the plays of Shakspere. The frontispiece represented Shakspere nursed by Tragedy and Comedy — the prettiest, chubbiest of babies, seated on the ground with his little toes curled up under him, while a lovely laughing lady bent down to whisper in his ear, and another one, grave but no less beautiful, gazed earnestly upon him. Then came the "Tempest" — oh, most lovely! The first picture showed Ariel dancing along the "yellow sands," while Prospero waved him on with a commanding gesture; in the second, Miranda, all white and lovely, was coming out of the darksome cavern, and smiling with tender compassion on Ferdinand, who was trying to lift an impossible log. Then there was the delicious terror of the "Macbeth" pictures with the witches and Banquo's ghost. But soon our mother would turn the page and show us the exquisite figure of Puck, sitting on a toadstool, and make us shout with laughter over Nick Bottom and his rustic mates. From these magic pages we learned to hate Richard III. duly, and to love the little princes, whom Northcote's lovely picture showed in white satin doublet and hose, embracing each other, while the wicked uncle glowered at them from behind; and we wept over the second picture, where they lay asleep, unconscious of the fierce faces bending over them. Yes, we loved the Shakspere book very much.

Sometimes our mother would give us a party,—a delightful affair, with charades, or magic lantern, or something of the kind. Here is an account of one, written by our mother herself, in a letter to her sister:

"I have written a play for our doll theater, and performed it yesterday afternoon, with great success. It occupied nearly an hour. I had alternately to grunt and squeak the parts, while Chev played the puppets." ("Chev" was the name by which she always called our father; it was an abbreviation of "Chevalier," for he was always to her the "knight without reproach or fear.") "The effect was really extremely good. The spectators were in a dark room, and the little theater, lighted by a lamp from the top, looked very pretty."

This may have been the play of "Beauty and the Beast," of which the manuscript is unhappily lost. I can recall but one passage:

But he thought on "Beauty's" flower,
And he popped into a bower,
And he plucked the fairest rose
That grew beneath his nose.

I remember the theater well, and the puppets. They were quite unearthly in their beauty, all except the "Beast," a strange fur-covered monstrosity. The "Prince" was gilded in a most enchanting manner, and his mustache curled with an expression of royal pride. I have seen no other prince like him.

All this was at Green Peace; but many as are the associations with her beloved presence there, it is at the Valley that I most constantly picture our mother. She loved the Valley more than any other place on earth, I think, so it is always pleasant to fancy her there. Study formed always an important part of her life. It was her delight and recreation, when wearied with household cares, to plunge into German metaphysics, or into the works of the Latin poets, whom she greatly loved.

Our mother's books! — alas, that we should

have been so familiar with the outside of them, and have known so little of the inside! There was Tacitus, who was high-shouldered, and pleasant to handle, being bound in smooth brown calf. There was Kant, who could not spell his own name (we thought it ought to begin with a C!). There was Spinoza, whom we fancied a hunchback with a long, thin, vibrating nose.

Very, very much our mother loved her books. Yet how quickly were they laid aside when any head was bumped, any knee scratched, any finger cut. When we tumbled down and hurt ourselves, our father always cried, "Jump up and take another!" and that was very good for us, but our mother's kiss made it easier to jump up.

The Latin books could be brought out under the apple-trees: even Kant and Spinoza sometimes came there, though I doubt whether they enjoyed the fresh air; but our mother had other work besides study, and many of her most precious hours were spent each day at the little black table in her own room, where papers lay heaped like snowdrifts. Here she wrote the beautiful poems, the brilliant essays, the earnest and thoughtful addresses, which have given pleasure and help and comfort to so many people throughout the length and breadth of the land. Many of her words have become household sayings which we could not spare; but there is one poem which every child knows, at whose opening line every heart, from youth to age, must thrill — "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Thirty years have passed since this noble poem was written. It came in that first year of the war, like the sound of a silver trumpet, like the flash of a lifted sword; and all men felt that this was the word for which they had been waiting. You shall hear, in our mother's own words, how it came to be written.

"In the late autumn of the year 1861 I visited the national capital in company with my husband, Dr. Howe, and a party of friends, among whom were Governor and Mrs. Andrew, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Whipple, and my dear pastor, Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

"The journey was one of vivid, even romantic interest. We were about to see the grim Demon of War face to face; and long before we reached the city his presence made itself felt in the blaze of fires along the road where sat or stood our pickets, guarding the road on which we traveled.

"One day we drove out to attend a review of troops, appointed to take place some distance from the city. In the carriage with me were James Freeman Clarke and Mr. and Mrs. Whip-



JULIA WARD HOWE.

ple. The day was fine, and everything promised well, but a sudden surprise on the part of the enemy interrupted the proceedings before they were well begun. A small body of our men had been surrounded and cut off from their companions; reinforcements were sent to their assistance, and the expected pageant was necessarily given up. The troops who were to have taken part in it were ordered back to their quarters, and we also turned our horses' heads homeward.

"For a long distance the foot-soldiers nearly filled the road. They were before and behind, and we were obliged to drive very slowly. We presently began to sing some of the well-known songs of the war, and among them,

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.

This seemed to please the soldiers, who cried, 'Good for you!' and themselves took up the strain. Mr. Clarke said to me, 'You ought to write some new words to that tune.' I replied that I had often wished to do so.

"In spite of the excitement of the day, I went to bed and slept as usual; but awoke next morning in the gray of the early dawn, and to my astonishment found that the wished-for lines were arranging themselves in my brain. I lay quite still until the last verse had completed itself in my thoughts, then hastily rose, saying to myself, 'I shall lose this if I don't write it down immediately.' I searched for a sheet of paper and an old stump of a pen which I had had the night before, and began to scrawl the lines almost without looking, as I had learned to do by often scratching down verses in the darkened room where my little children were sleeping. Having completed this, I lay down again and fell asleep, but not without feeling that something of importance had happened to me.

"The poem was published soon after this time in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It first came prominently into notice when Chaplain McCabe, newly released from Libby Prison, gave a lecture in Washington, and in the course of it told how he and his fellow-prisoners, having somehow become possessed of a copy of the 'Battle Hymn,' sang it with a will in their prison, on receiving surreptitious tidings of a Union victory."

Our mother's genius might soar as high as heaven on the wings of such a song as this; but we always considered that she was tied to our little string, and we never doubted (alas!) our perfect right to pull her down to earth whenever a matter of importance, such as a doll's funeral or a sick kitten, was at hand.

To her our confidences were made, for she had a rare understanding of the child-mind. We were always sure that mama knew "just how it was."

To her did Julia, at the age of five, or it may have been six, impart the first utterances of her infant Muse. "Mama," said the child, trembling with delight and awe, "I have made a poem, and set it to music!" Of course our mother was deeply interested, and begged to hear the composition; whereupon, encouraged by her voice and smile, Julia sang as follows:

"I had a little boy, he died when he was young,
As soon as he was dead, he walked upon his tongue."

Our mother's ear for music was exquisitely fine: so fine, that when she was in her own room, and a child, practising below-stairs, played a false note, she would open her door and cry, "B *flat*, dear! not B natural!" This being so, it was grievous to her when one day, during her precious study hour, Harry came and chanted outside her door:

"Hong-kong! hong-kong! hong-kong!"

"Harry!" she cried, "do stop that dreadful noise!" But when the little lad showed a piteous face, and said reproachfully, "Why, Mama, I was singing to you!" who so ready as our mother to listen to the funny song and thank the child for it?

When ten-year-old Laura wrote, in a certain precious little volume bound in Scotch plaid, "Whence these longings after the infinite?" (I cannot remember any more!) be sure that if any eyes were suffered to rest upon the sacred lines, they were those kind, clear, understanding gray eyes of our mother.

Through all, and round all, like a laughing river, flowed the current of her wit and fun. No child could be sad in her company. If we were cold, there was a merry bout of "fisticuffs" to warm us; if we were too warm, there was a song or story while we sat still and "cooled off." We all had nicknames, our own names being often too sober to suit her laughing mood. We were "Petotty," "Jehu," "Wolly," and "Bunks of Bunktown."

On one occasion our mother's presence of mind saved the life of the child Laura, then a baby of two years old. We were all staying at the Institution for some reason, and the nursery was in the fourth story of the lofty building. One day our mother came into the room, and to her horror saw little Laura rolling about on the broad window-sill, the window being wide open; only a few inches space between her and the edge, and then — the street, fifty feet below! The nurse was — I know not where; anywhere save

where she ought to have been. Our mother stepped quickly and quietly back out of sight, and called gently, "Laura, come here, dear! Come to me! I have something to show you." A moment's agonized pause — and then she heard the little feet patter on the floor, and in another instant held the child clasped in her arms. If she had screamed, or rushed forward, the child would have started, and probably would have fallen and been dashed to pieces.

It was very strange to us to find other children holding their revels without their father and mother. "Papa and Mamma" were always the life and soul of ours.

Our mother's letters to her sister are delightful, and abound in allusion to the children. In one of them she playfully upbraids her sister for want of attention to the needs of the baby of the day, in what she calls "Family Trochaics":

Send along that other pink shoe
You have been so long in knitting!
Are you not ashamed to think that
Wool was paid for at Miss Carman's
With explicit understanding
You should knit it for my baby,
And that baby 's now a-barefoot,
While your own, no doubt, has choice of
Pink, blue, yellow — every color,
For its little drawn-up toe-toes,
For its toe-toes, small as green peas,
Counted daily by the mother,
To be sure that none is missing?

Our mother could find amusement in almost anything. Even a winter day of pouring rain, which made other housewives groan and shake their heads at thought of the washing, could draw from her the following lines:

THE RAINY DAY.

(*After Longfellow.*)

The morn was dark, the weather low,
The household fed by gaslight show,
When from the street a shriek arose:
The milkman, bellowing through his nose,
Expluvior!

The butcher came, a walking flood,
Drenching the kitchen where he stood,
"Deucalion is your name, I pray?"
"Moses!" he choked and slid away.
Expluvior!

The neighbor had a coach and pair,
To struggle out and take the air,
Slip-slop, the loose galoshes went,
I watched his paddling with content.
Expluvior!

A wretch came floundering up the ice
(The rain had washed it smooth and nice),
Two ribs stove in above his head,
As, turning inside out, he said,
Expluvior!

No doubt, alas! we often imposed upon the tenderness of this dear mother. She was always absent-minded, and of this quality advantage was sometimes taken. One day, when guests were dining with her, Harry came and asked if he might do something that happened to be against the rules. "No, dear!" said our mother, and went on with the conversation. In a few moments Harry was at her elbow again with the same question, and received the same answer. This was repeated an indefinite number of times; at length our mother awoke suddenly to the absurdity of it, and, turning to the child, said, "Harry, what do you mean by asking me this question over and over again, when I have said 'no,' each time?" "Because," was the reply, "Flossy said that if I asked often enough, you would say yes!"

I am glad to say that our mother did *not* "say yes" on this occasion.

It was worth while to have measles and things of that sort: not because one had stewed prunes and cream-toast — oh, no! but because our mother sat by us, and sang "Lord Thomas and Fair Elinor," or some mystic ballad.

The walks with her are never to be forgotten. Twilight walks round the hill behind the house, with the wonderful sunset deepening over the bay, turning all the world to gold and jewels; or through the Valley itself, the lovely wild glen, with its waterfall and its murmuring stream, and the solemn Norway firs, with their warning fingers. The stream was clear as crystal, its rocky banks fringed with jewel-weed and rushes; the level sward was smooth and green as emerald. By the waterfall stood an old mill, whose black walls looked down on a deep brown pool, into which the foaming cascade fell with a musical, rushing sound. I have described the Valley very fully elsewhere, * but cannot resist dwelling on its beauty again, in connection with our mother, who loved so to

* In the book "Queen Hildegarde."

wander through it, or to sit with her work under the huge ash-tree in the middle, where our father had placed seats and a rustic table. Here, and in the lovely, lonely fields, as we walked, our mother talked with us, and we might share the rich treasures of her thought.

> And oh! the words that fell from her mouth
> Were words of wonder and words of truth.

One such word, dropped in the course of conversation, as the maiden in the fairy-story dropped diamonds and pearls, comes now to my mind, and I shall write it here, because it is good to think of and to say over to one's self.

> I gave my son a palace
> And a kingdom to control:
> The palace of his body,
> The kingdom of his soul.

In the Valley, too, many famous parties and picnics were given. The latter are to be remembered with especial delight. A picnic with our mother, and one without her, are two very different things. I never knew that a picnic could be dull, till I grew up and went to one where that brilliant, gracious presence was lacking. The games we played! the songs we sang! the garlands of oak and maple-leaves that we wove, listening to the gay talk if we were little, joining in it when we were older. The simple feast, and then the improvised charades or tableaux, always merry, often graceful and lovely! Ah! these are things to remember!

Our mother's hospitality was boundless. She loved to fill the little house to overflowing in summer days, when every one was glad to get out into the fresh green country. Often the beds were all filled, and we children had to take to sofas and cots; once, I remember, Harry slept on a mattress laid on top of the piano, there being no other vacant spot.

Sometimes strangers as well as friends shared this kindly hospitality. I well remember one wild stormy night, when two men knocked at the door and begged for a night's lodging. They were walking to the town, they said, five miles distant, but had been overtaken by the storm. The people at the farm-house near by had refused to take them in; there was no other shelter near. Our mother hesitated a moment. Our father was away; the old coachman slept in the barn, at some distance from the house. She was alone with the children and the two maids, and Julia was ill with a fever. These men might be vagabonds, or worse. Should she let them in? Then, perhaps, she may have heard, amid the howling of the storm, a voice which she has followed all her life, saying, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in!" She bade the men enter, in God's name, and gave them food, and then led them to an upper bedroom, cautioning them to tread softly as they passed the door of the sick child's room.

Well, that is all. Nothing happened. The men proved to be quiet, respectable persons, who departed, thankful, the next morning.

The music of our mother's life is still sounding on, noble, helpful, and beautiful. Many people may still look into her serene face, and hear her silver voice; and no one will look or hear without being the better for it. I cannot close this chapter better than with some of her own words: a poem which I wish every child—and every grown person, too—who reads this might learn by heart.

A PARABLE.

> "I sent a child of mine to-day;
> I hope you used him well."
> "Now, Lord, no visitor of yours
> Has waited at my bell.
>
> "The children of the millionaire
> Run up and down our street;
> I glory in their well-combed hair,
> Their dress and trim complete.
>
> "But yours would in a chariot come
> With thoroughbreds so gay,
> And little merry maids and men
> To cheer him on his way."
>
> "Stood, then, no child before your door?"
> The Lord, persistent, said.
> "Only a ragged beggar-boy,
> With rough and frowzy head.
>
> "The dirt was crusted on his skin,
> His muddy feet were bare;
> The cook gave victuals from within.
> I cursed his coming there."
>
> What sorrow, silvered with a smile,
> Glides o'er the face divine?
> What tenderest whisper thrills rebuke?
> "The beggar-boy was mine!"

(To be continued.)

Kenniboy's Problems

By John Kendrick Bangs

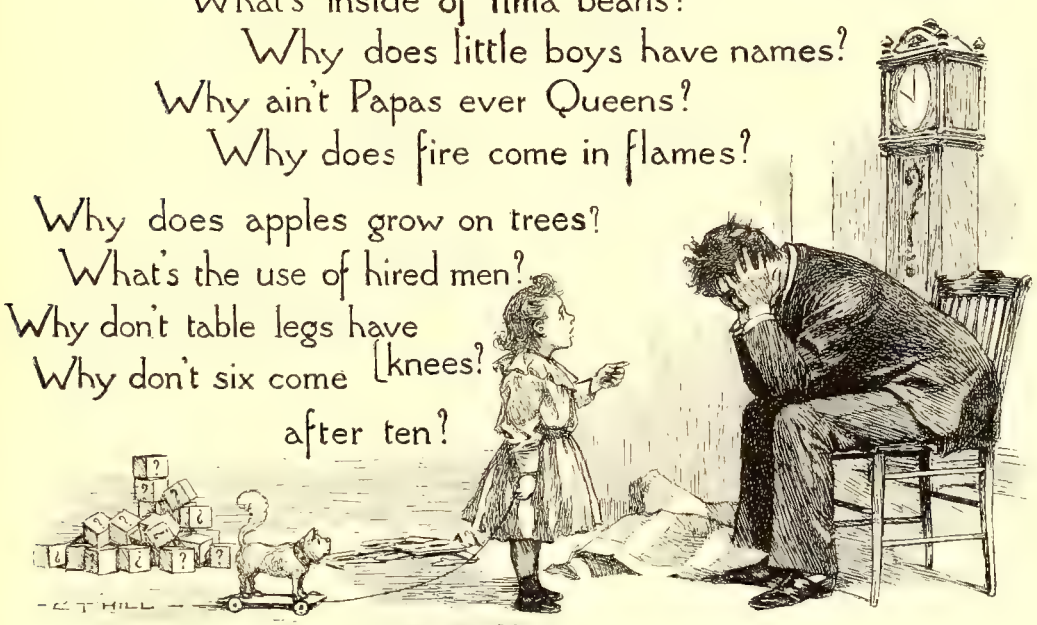
Questions asked at Breakfast time



Why does milk and water spill?
Why does knives cut chickens up?
Why does good things make me ill?
Why does cracks come in my cup?

What's inside of lima beans?
Why does little boys have names?
Why ain't Papas ever Queens?
Why does fire come in flames?

Why does apples grow on trees?
What's the use of hired men?
Why don't table legs have knees?
Why don't six come after ten?



THE VIREO'S NEST.

By Ernest Ingersoll.



MOLLY was sitting snugly between the roots of a big sycamore that grew on the edge of the river — a small, deep, quiet river that ran through the forest with many a delightful curve, closely shaded by overhanging trees. It was mid-afternoon, and warm out in the sunshine, though June had just come in, and the air was alive with the winging and singing of countless insects and birds — all so active that Molly's idleness seemed almost a reproach to her.

Not that she was altogether idle. She had her sewing, though the stitches were few, if not far between; and she had been watching attentively the curious behavior of some large black ants that had their home in a hollow of the old tree. Just now, however, these were forgotten, and the girl was doing a little thinking.

Suddenly this was interrupted by the rhythmic rattle of oar-locks, and she glanced up to see Jack Deane come swinging round the bend below, with strong strokes. Already he was almost within hailing distance. The lad was a great chum of hers, and the girl's reverie vanished like a broken bubble.

"Oh, Jack!" she called out, "where are you going?"

The rower lifted his blades and turned his head at the cheery summons.

"Hallo, Molly! I 'm only taking a little spin up the creek to see how my birds are getting on. Want to come along?"

"Of course I do. Just let me run up the garden and tell mama"; and, darting away, she was back again almost as soon as Jack could get the boat ready for his passenger at the foot of the tree.

"Jack," Molly declared impressively, as she settled herself in the stern-sheets and gathered up the tiller-ropes — "Jack, I 'm in deep, deep trouble."

"Dreadful!" and as the lad leaned forward for a new stroke he glanced at her inquiringly from under the brim of his straw hat. "How deep? Profound as that hole over there by the white-thorn where the big bass lies?"

"Ah, — is n't he a sly old fish? But I 'll catch him yet! Yes, my troubles are deeper than that; so there 's no use trying to drown them in *that* hole."

"No? What 's the nature of your complaint?"

"I 'm dying for a pair of slippers."

"Bless me! Why, I 've an old pair I 'll gladly give you to save your life. Jolly girls are too scarce to let one go without an effort."

"Quit teasing, and let me tell you. You know Nettie Gray is going to give a party next week — a very fine party, indeed, for that friend of hers from Chicago; and I 'm invited. Are you listening?"

"With all my ears. Go ahead!"

"Well, I 've got a pretty dress and other fixings that will do, except nice shoes. I can't wear these, you know, at an evening party"; and she pointed with hopeless dismay to a pair of boots which, however serviceable and shapely, were never designed, certainly, for party wear. "And it happens to be my birthday, too, and Nettie said she chose that day on purpose, and so I really *ought* to go, and yet how can I?"

Deane knew better than to propose buying a new pair. He understood well enough that Molly's widowed mother could n't afford this bit of finery, — that, at any rate, Molly thought she could n't and would n't ask her, — or nothing would have been said about it. So he had nothing to reply, except that it was an

awful shame, or something equally wise and comforting, and steadily forced the boat along the winding lane of water, which was flecked with dancing patches of the spring sunshine that came down between the leaves, as if to show them how, a few months later, they themselves would be bobbing and whirling down the current.

"I wish," sighed Molly, after a bit of silence, "that we girls had some way of earning a dollar, now and then, for such odds and ends of uses." And then, as if well aware that the lad had no method of money-making to propose, she dismissed the subject, and went to talking about the ants she had been watching on the sycamore.



"JACK STEADILY FORCED THE BOAT ALONG THE WINDING LANE OF WATER."

"They were as busy as they could be — dozens of 'em — in carrying out little white bundles, cocoons, I suppose, twice as big as themselves, and throwing them down to other ants at the foot of the tree."

"Probably they were the cocoons of some intruder, like a carpenter-bee, which they were turning out of doors," said Jack.

"So I thought; but they were cute about it, for though once in a while they would bring out a small cocoon and simply throw it on the ground and leave it, they never failed to carry all of the big kind to the edge of the water and toss them into it, sometimes having to go down a second time and shove them off when they fell a little short. Was n't that sharp? Now, those ants must have known that it was necessary to drown those big nuisances, but that they need n't take the trouble with the little ones. Oh, stop a minute! What sort of nest is that?"

The oarsman checked his headway, and gazed where the girl pointed to a lovely basket of thin bark and spider's web suspended underneath a fork in the limb of a hazel-bush that stretched over the water, where a rivulet struggled out through a tangle of lily-pads.

"That 's a vireo's nest," he answered, as he caught sight of it. "A redeye's, I guess — yes, there 's the owner"; and he pointed to a small, sleek, greenish bird, which Molly recognized as one she had often seen in the garden; as for the red eyes, she took those for granted, knowing that Jack was a trained ornithologist.

"Are there other kinds of vireos?" Molly asked as they glided on, waving her hand at the same moment to a couple of young friends who were lazily fishing from the bank.

"Oh, yes, a good many, and one I am especially on the lookout for just now. Professor Frankenstein wants its nest and eggs for the National Museum."

"Is it rare?"

"The birds are not so very uncommon; but most of them go on to Hudson's Bay or some other place away north to pass the summer, and consequently their nests and eggs are almost unobtainable. That 's the way with lots of birds that pass through here in large numbers on their migrations in spring and fall. But sometimes two or three are wounded, or hurt so that they can't travel well, or stay behind their fellows for some other reason, and so, once in a while, they pair and build a home down here where we can get a look at it.

"In fact, the only nest of this bird that is known is said to have been taken on this very river, and we have been looking for another straggler ever since. So you see it 's rare enough to make Frankenstein quite willing to give a big exchange or a good price in cash; and the finding of it would be a feather in my cap besides."

By this time the boat had come to a place, about a mile above the starting-point, where

another stream came in, and the banks were low, swampy, and covered with a jungle of trees and tangled brush.

"There are some painted-cups," cried Molly. "See how they flame in the shadows, like candles set out among the weeds! Let 's get some of them and then go back."

"All right," said Jack, as he turned the boat



THE VIREO.

shoreward; "only give me a minute or two to look round in the swamp a bit."

Stepping out where a piece of dry land was raised around the roots of a great beech, he held the prow firm until Molly had leaped from the gunwale to the bank.

Securing the boat, Jack jumped from root to tussock and from tussock to root, peering about among the foliage, and exploring the shadowy swamp for nests. But none met his eye, except a robin's that had been abandoned, and presently he returned, with his hands full of the painted-cups and some lovely pink orchids to add to the few the girl had been able to reach without wetting her feet.

Jack was loosening the chain, and Molly was just stepping into the boat again, when she happened to glance up, and by one of those curious "accidents" which often come to good observers and rarely to careless eyes, she caught sight of another bird-home, high up on the pliant tip of a branch which reached out over the river.

"There 's another redeye's nest," she announced, and Jack snapped shut again the lock of the chain and looked upward.

"I guess not," he replied, after studying it a minute.

"It 's some kind of vireo's, anyhow," the girl persisted, a trifle piqued by her mistake.

"Oh, of course — wait, there 's the bird."

Drawing from his pocket the opera-glass which he always carried, the young naturalist scanned intently the restless little creature flitting about the nest, now and then alighting upon its rim as if uncertain whether it dare enter in the presence of these spectators.

"Great Jupiter!" he exclaimed, when at last he got a good look at it. "I believe it *is* — I 'm sure of it! Ginger! Yes, there 's the pale sulphur and white underneath, and the white line over the eye, and the size is all right. It 's *it*, sure!"

"What do you mean by '*it*'?" Molly demanded with some indignation.

To see this excited young man, with an opera-glass glued to his eyes, dancing up and down and uttering riddles was exasperating.

"It? Why, the golden-vested vireo, of course."

"Indeed! What of that?"

This patronizing young enthusiast was becoming insufferable.

"Why, Molly, that 's the rarity Professor Frankenstein wants!"

Now it was the girl's turn to give a little scream and seize the glass, which showed her that both the bird and the nest, while in general resembling the redeye and its home, were in many particulars very distinct.



"'THERE 'S ANOTHER REDEYE'S NEST,' MOLLY ANNOUNCED."

"And will he give you five dollars for that nest?"

"If there are eggs in it; — maybe more."

"Let 's get it right away?"

"Bright girl! Go and bring it down. I only wish *I* could."

The nest was far out, rocking gently at the extremity of a limb which would scarcely bear the weight of a kitten, and to climb there was out of the question; nor was any other limb near enough to furnish a stronger means of approach.

"We don't even know whether it contains any eggs," said Molly.

"No; but I reckon I can settle that point."

Throwing off his coat, he put his opera-glass in his vest pocket, and began to climb the tree. Molly forgot her flowers and watched him eagerly, as he scrambled like a sailor up to a crotch some distance above the nest-limb, where a large branch bent outward from the trunk. Making his way cautiously out upon this, he tried here and there to look down through the leaves and get a glimpse of the interior of the cradle, but found it very difficult.

"That 's a keen bird," he called down. "She not only goes out to the tip of a limb so thin that no coon or other egg-stealer would dare trust his weight to it, but she chooses a place under leaves so thick that any prowling crow would pass by it nine times out of ten."

"It 's plain enough from here," said Molly.

"No doubt; but tree-building birds have n't much to fear from enemies on the ground, and don't seem to care whether the bottom of the nest can be seen or not."

At last Jack shouted that he had found a chink, and could count four eggs; but that he could not see any way to get within reach of them. Then he came down, and the two sat on the edge of the boat and beat their brains for some plan by which to obtain the prize.

"Could n't you saw off the limb?" Mollie asked.

"No — not in that place. The eggs would surely be smashed."

Silence again.

"I 've an idea," said the girl, suddenly.

"Hang on to it, tight!" her companion exhorted her.

"How near can you get to the nest by creeping out on that big limb above it?"

"Oh, to within a dozen feet or so, maybe."

"As near as that? Then go and cut a straight, light, and pretty stiff pole."

"What 's that for?"

"Never you mind, Jack Deane. Just run and do as I tell you."

"Here you are," he reported, a few minutes later. "What next?"

Putting her hand up to her head, the girl drew out a long hair-pin, and began to pull its points apart until she held a nearly straight piece of wire.

Then, while her companion watched her curiously, she bent this around the butt of the pole until she had shaped it into a loop; and this done she called for cord.

"There 's a stout fish-line in the boat," Jack informed her. "Will a piece of that do?"

"The very thing. Get it for me, please, and then split the end of that pole just a little bit."

When this had been done, she put the ends of the wire into the crevice, and, while Jack held the pole firm, bound the wire tightly in place.

The boy had n't the slightest notion of what all this meant, and was still more mystified when Molly drew from her pocket a handkerchief — "Fortunately it 's an old one, about used up," she explained, with a laugh — and began to bind it on to the wire loop, so that it formed a small bag.



"JACK POKED THE POLE DOWN THROUGH A SPACE IN THE TWIGS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Now," the girl exclaimed, her eyes sparkling, "here 's a nice little scoop. If you can reach down from that upper limb and roll the eggs into it, one by one, you can dip them all out and hand them down to me. Then you can come back to-morrow, saw off the limb, and save the nest. Is n't that a good plan?"

"It 's worth trying, anyhow," Jack agreed, and started up the tree again. Molly handed him the scoop when he paused on the lowest limbs, and watched him make his way as far as he dared out over the nest, where the poor bird, whose treasures were to be sacrificed, as such treasures must be now and then, to human science, was flying about in great excitement.

Twisting his legs firmly around the yielding branch, Jack poked the pole down through a space in the twigs, and satisfied himself, to Molly's delight, that it was long enough. Then, with the extremest steadiness and gentleness of hand, he insinuated the small scoop into the nest, and little by little moved the instrument until at last he saw one of the delicate, pink-dotted eggs roll into the folds of the soft handkerchief.



"'LOOK AT MY NEW SHOES,' MOLLY SAID SOFTLY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Carefully withdrawing the scoop, he made his way slowly down the trunk, until he could hand the pearly freight to his companion, who had made a safe receptacle for it in a small box which she found in the boat.

It took a long time, and all of that patience and delicate touch which a student of nature must cultivate, to secure, one by one, the precious eggs; but at last all four were safe in the box, and the two friends were spinning homeward in gay mood.

"Molly," said Jack abruptly, stopping his oars as the old sycamore came into sight again. "I 'm going to give you your half now. You know I don't need it for anything at present."

"My half of what, pray tell?"

"Of the five dollars this nest and eggs will bring."

"Why, that 's all yours!"

"No, not all. Did n't you see the nest first? Besides, I never could have got it if it had n't been for your ingenuity. I think really you are entitled to the whole figure; but I 'm going to give you half, anyway. I 'll get paid in a day or two."

Molly stoutly declined, but Jack insisted, and when he tossed two dollars and a half into her lap she kept it, because she saw he really wished her to.

When the right evening came, a few days afterward, Jack presented himself, a little late, at Nettie Gray's party. He had shaken hands with his hostess, and chatted a moment with the young lady from Chicago, and was elbowing his way through the crowded hall, when he felt a hand on his coat-sleeve and bent over the

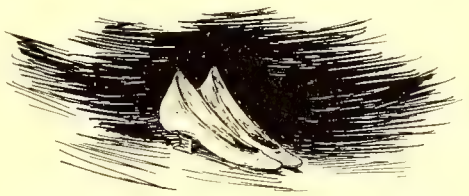
newel-post to find Molly sitting on the stairs and smiling up at him, her eyes brimful of mischief.

"Look at my new shoes," she said softly, exposing the dainty toes for his inspection.

"They are beautiful!" he declared ecstatically. "How do you feel?"

"I feel as if I were walking on eggs," she laughed back.

"And look at your new hair-pin, until your next birthday," he answered gaily, slipping a golden trifle into her braids to replace the one destroyed in emptying the vireo's nest.



COMPENSATION.

By Victor Mapes.

A poor old farmer's only son,
A little laddie, strong and plucky,
It happened, as the fates were spun,
Was born what people dub as "lucky."

That is to say, from morn till night
He plowed, or hoed, or did the churning;
And thumbed at eve, by candle-light,
Old books, to get a little learning.

And by his "luck" it came about
That to the town he thought he 'd hie him;
And some old merchant sought he out,
Who, as a kindness, said he 'd try him.

And there his "luck" stayed by him still —
He toiled, and toiled, and kept on thrifty,
And millions left he in his will
When sudden death said, "Come!" at fifty.

This wealthy townsman left one heir
He 'd brought up as became his station,
Free from struggle, toil, and care,
His only pest his education.

This easy-going, cultured youth,
Like other scions, now a many,
Got all the millions, though forsooth
The rascal never 'd earned a penny.

And when he learned how much he had,
This young man thought, and he reflected,
And pondered, till he grew most sad,
How piles of gold were best directed.

He did n't think to make it more,
Nor thought he how 't was best to lend it;
The problem he kept pondering o'er
Was — how, the happiest way, to spend it?

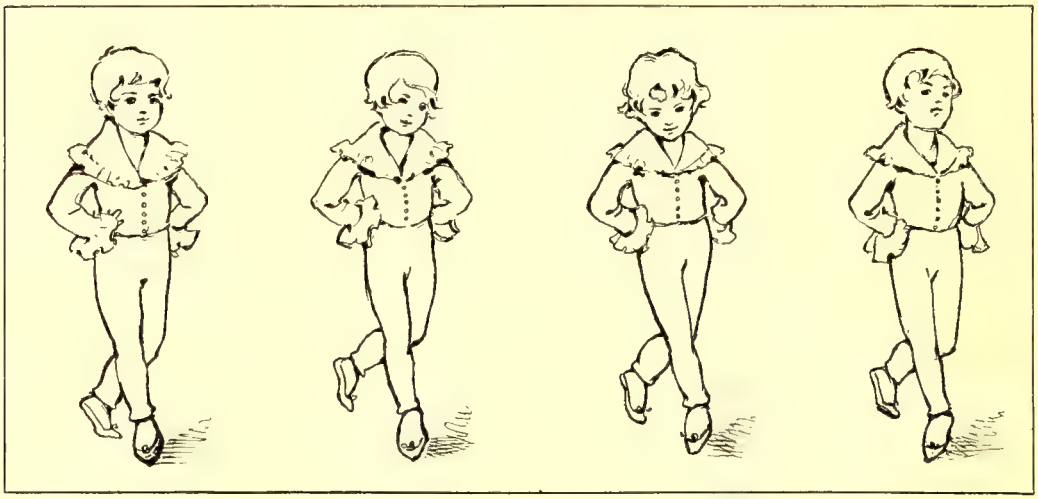
The rich youth's friends, "He 's daft," they said,
For, after pondering very slowly,
He left th' ambitious life he 'd led,
And lived and gave among the lowly.

And thus the cranky, rich man's son
Could do no better than keep giving;
And when his sands of life were run
He left naught but a moderate living.

Yet, when this spendthrift's summons came,
A glorious statue was erected; —
The thrifty, "lucky" father's name,
Who made the fortune, was neglected.

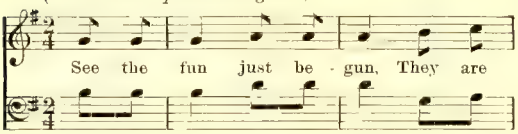
A LAWN DANCE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.
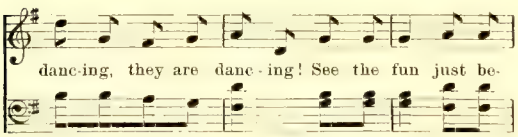
By L. A. Bradbury.
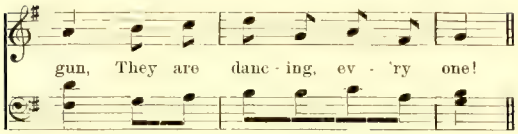


[Four boys dance in, one behind another, their hands on their hips, and go to places at one side, while a group of singers sing as follows:]

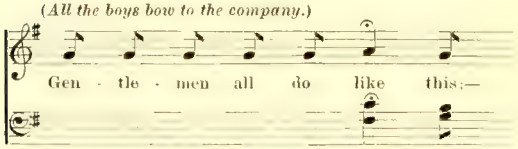
(Air: *Sur le pont d'Avignon.*)



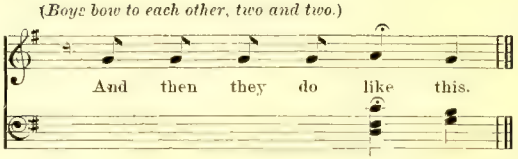




(*All the boys bow to the company.*)



(*Boys bow to each other, two and two.*)





A GROUP OF SINGERS.



[The boys balance, or mark time, in their places, while four girls dance in and take places opposite the boys, at some distance; the singers singing as follows, to the same music as was sung for the entrance of the boys:]

In the shade, in the sun,
They are dancing, they are dancing!
In the shade, in the sun,
They are dancing, every one!

All the ladies do like this,—

[The girls courtesy to the company, and the boys bow again.]

And then they do like this.

[Girls courtesy to each other, two and two; boys bow in the same way. During the singing of the next stanza, the boys take hands, the girls do the same, and the two lines dance toward each other, meeting in the middle, where they take partners and form a square (quadrille).]
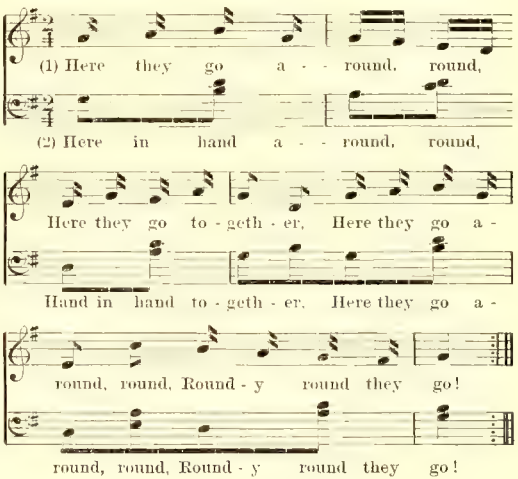
Oh, what joy! Oh, what fun!
They are dancing, they are dancing!
Oh, what joy! Oh, what fun!
They are dancing, every one!

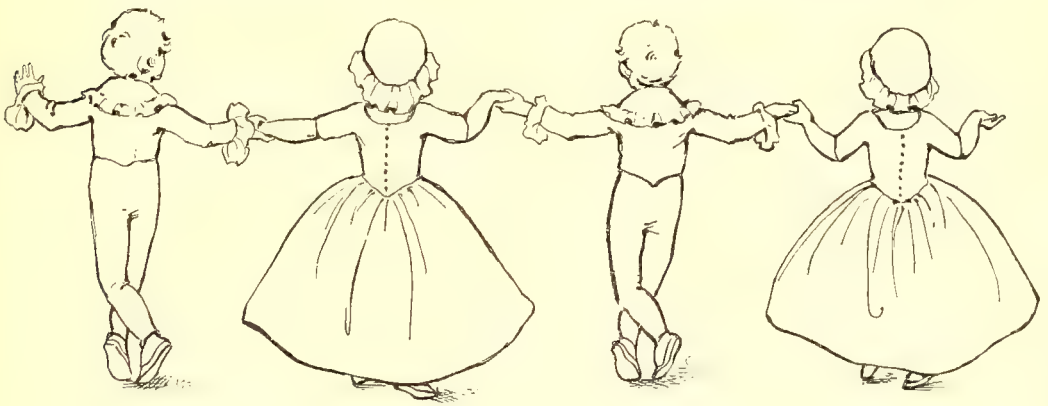
All the dancers do like this,—

[All bow and courtesy to partners.]

And then they do like this.

[All bow and courtesy to corners. The music then changes. During the singing of the next stanza all join hands and go round to the left.]
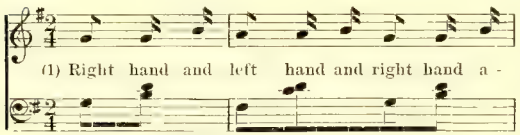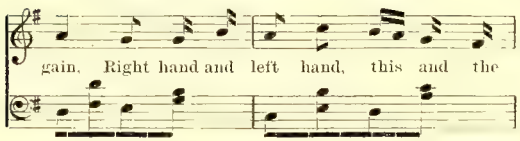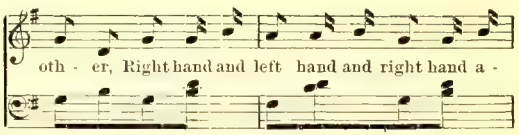








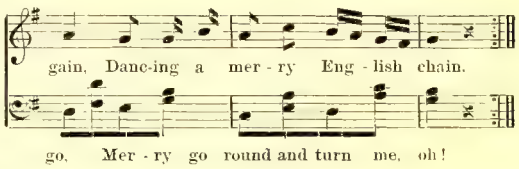
[On the repetition of the music (2), partners cross hands and promenade, going to the right.]

[All face partners, give right hand, and pass by, giving left hand to the next person, and so on round to places again (grand right and left), while the singers sing as follows:]

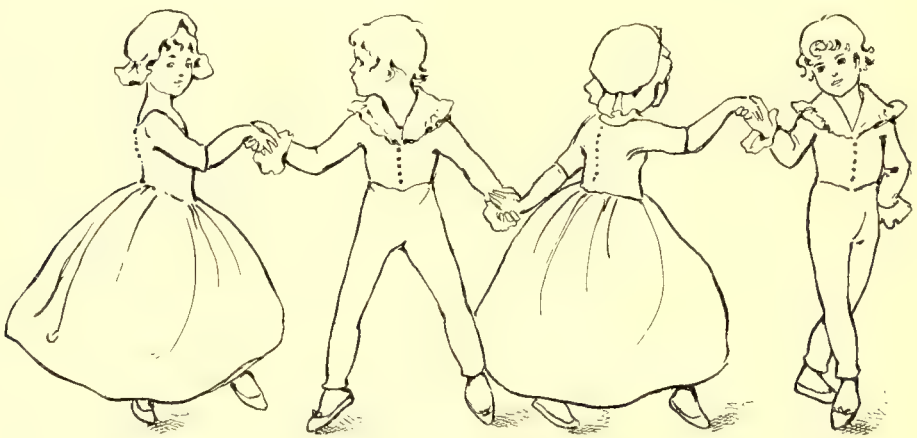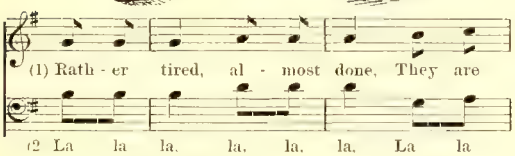








[On the repetition of the music (2), girls cross right hands in the middle, swing half round, give left hand to opposite boy, and turn; girls cross right hands again, swing half round, and turn partners.]
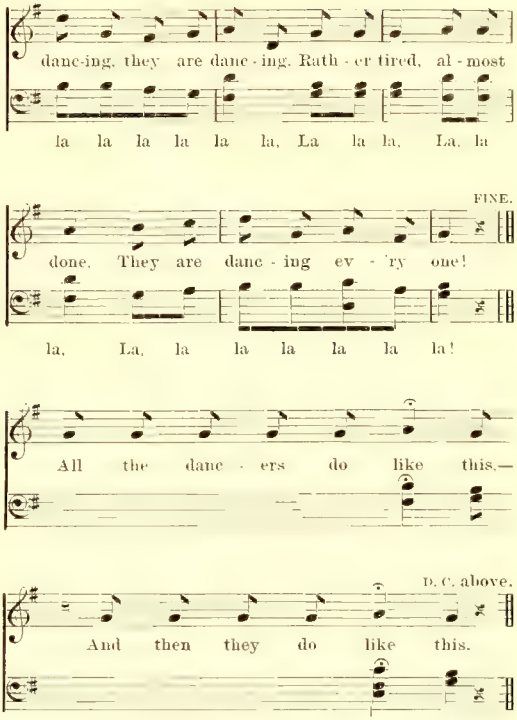




[Music as at first. During the singing of the first part of the music (1), all balance and turn partners, then form a line, facing the company.]





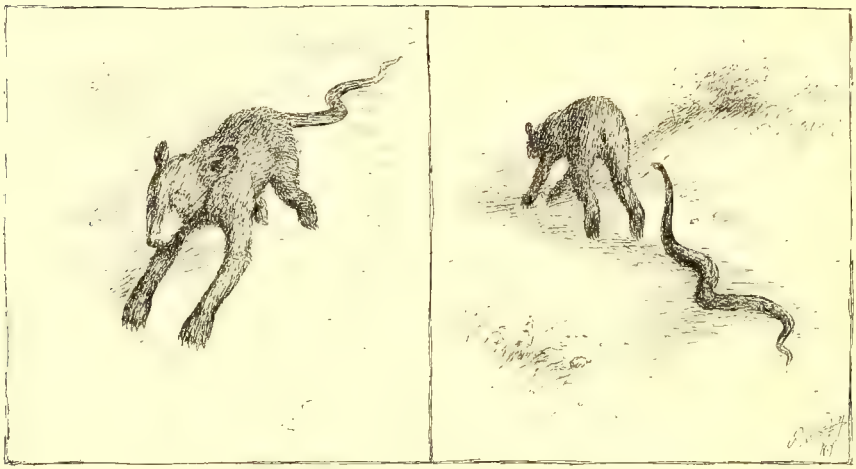


[All bow and courtesy to partners, and then to the company.]

[After making their bows and courtesies, the children dance off in single file, while the singers sing "La la la," etc., to the first part of the music.]

NOTE.—The costume for the children may be as elaborate as one pleases. A court dress of the last century—satin and velvet embroidered, brocades, silk stockings, white wigs and patches—would be quaint and handsome; dress of clown and columbine would be striking; but the simplest change from ordinary wear is here represented: broad neck-ruffs and sleeve-ruffles for the boys, mob-caps for the girls. The ruffs may be of mosquito-netting, and the mob-caps can be of a simple pattern.





CHASED BY A SNAKE—A STARTLING OPTICAL ILLUSION.

RED AND BLACK.

(A Story of the Hampton school.)

By Frances C. Sparhawk.

Ten little heads much closer together than the position of the ten chairs which held the owners of these same heads would warrant, showed that the discussion going on was most interesting and animated. And what black little heads! How came it that they all were of the same color? This is not usual when a group of little girls come together in the comradeship of work or of play, or even when they count themselves "Ten Times One."

One of the heads was lifted suddenly.

Ah! Here was one mystery explained. For this little face was not that of a white child, but of an Indian. But the others? One by one (not at all to display of what race they were, for they were not thinking of themselves), all the faces came into view. Yes, they were all Indian. Some were plain, some were fairly good-looking, some were pretty, just as white children happen to be when taken haphazard.

But although they might not be chosen for beauty, evidently, there was a plan in their meeting. Where were they?—out upon the reservation, in some tepee or some little log house there? What! With those pretty dresses, that nicely combed hair,—for it did not count that they had rumpled this somewhat in their close consultation,—hands so well kept, and faces shining with pleasure and cleanliness? Cannot children be happy out on the reservations? They are made to be happy anywhere, if they have ever so little chance. But on the reservation they could not have been happy in the way that they were at that moment. They all sat in a large room with pictures on the walls, books in a bookcase and on the table, and all about them evidences of taste and care. From the windows they could see a beautiful river which grew wider and wider as it went on, until in the distance lay the broad ocean. Between them and the water was the lawn where they liked so well to play croquet and other games. No, they were not upon the reservations; they were ten little Indian girls at the Hampton school.

What were they saying?

"Yes, we must do it," said Bessie. "But I don't see how," she added.

"Everybody likes something to eat," suggested Elva. "Anyway, Indians do. P'rhaps we can get it that way."

"P'rhaps the cooking-class will show us how to make chocolate-creams," cried Chu-chu.

Edna Tiaokasin's eyes sparkled. She seemed fond of chocolate-creams.

"But we ourselves must n't eat any; we must sell them all, or else we should n't belong to the Ten Times One," said Jeannette Huhana.

Edna's head drooped for an instant; but she said, "No," bravely, and she meant it, too.

"But we can't make a whole dollar's worth, can we?" asked Cassie.

"Well, we can make some other kinds of candy and then sell them at the 'Holly Tree'; p'rhaps some of the boys would like it," ventured Annie.

"I know," and Lora nodded her head with a world of meaning,—"I know one of the teachers will buy some if we tell her what it 's for."

At this there was a chorus of dissent. "We are not going to tell what the money is for—we all promised," said Bessie, the Secretary.

"No, we won't tell," said they all. "We 'll see if we can do it first."

"Well," said Lora, "I think she will buy some of it, anyway."

The children laughed. This experience of the teacher's interest in their affairs was not new to them.

"Who 'll make the creams?" asked Lora, in the tone of one asking, "Who 'll bell the cat?"

"I," answered Annie. "We 'll begin with these and see how they do; and Bessie will keep telling us how much money she has collected. Oh, dear! it will be so long before we get a whole dollar!"

"Ten cents apiece," replied Esther, the oldest of the ten, and herself only eleven.

Ten busier little maidens, red, white, or black, or brown, there could not have been anywhere than were these for the next two weeks. And there hung about their proceedings the delight of a mystery. But what was this mystery that was to be so carefully kept? These little Indian girls belonged to a "Ten Times One are Ten" club; they had a work to do by their combined efforts. For at Hampton all the pupils, Indian and colored alike, are taught that to do things for others is the very best of life. The little girls must earn the money to do what they wanted to do as their work that summer. They did not talk about it except among themselves, but they were so important, and so happy, and so confidential, that everybody watched them. And, then, they were the first among the smaller children who had made any such attempt.

What were they going to do?

Ah, but they had not earned the money yet.

The creams proved as popular as the children, and everybody praised them. At the end of a fortnight the funds were coming up well, but the dollar was not yet reached. "It seems as if everybody had an errand for us to do," said Cassie one day; "is n't it nice? I mended Miss M——'s gloves yesterday, and she said they looked so neat she 'd be glad to wear them." And a pretty glow came over the little dark face.

But all these things were done out of school and out of study hours, for the children's lessons were all the time going on.

In a cabin beyond the grounds of the great Hampton school sat a little girl crying. It was a beautiful morning early in April. The birds, the trees, were rejoicing in the sunshine—the flowers were as tempting as ever; but nothing could make Dessa forget that the new term of her school, the Whittier school, began that day, and that she could not go. She loved her teachers. She loved her lessons. But at that time the "Whittier" was a free school for only six months in the year; and in the spring, partly to give the parents a sense of independence and to teach them that knowledge was worth paying for, partly to lighten the expenses which the Hampton Institute assumed for those months, a small tuition was charged. And sometimes when the children were bright and anxious to learn, and had no money—what happened? There was Dessa crying in her grief. The reason her mother gave her for her staying at home—that she had no money to pay for her—she was too young to understand; all that it meant to her was that she

must stay at home and never learn anything more. Her hair, as she buried her face in her apron, showed itself as black as the other children's, but it was kinky; and, when she lifted her face, this was as black as it was possible for a face to be. Yet she was just a child like the rest, and was as full of grief as the little Indians had been of pleasure. Her mother was washing, and seemed to pay little attention to the child. Really, she was sorry for Dessa, but could do nothing to help her, and she did not like to see her grief. She had parted her lips for a sharp reproof that would stop the tears, when the gate of her small front yard opened and a procession so strange filed through it that the soap-suds dropped unheeded from her hands, and the water from the clothes left hanging over the edge of the tub dripped unnoticed upon the floor. Here was a lady, not a stranger to her nor to the inmates of the other humble cabins, and with her came ten Indian girls of about the age of Dessa. What did they want? Here they were coming straight into her cabin, and she had no chairs to give them!

Miss R—— greeted her, and stated that the little pupils had come upon an errand which they would explain for themselves.

Dessa had stopped crying, and now sat open-mouthed. There was a silence in the cabin. The visitors looked at one another with a shyness which perhaps is possible only to an Indian, and then into Miss R——'s face.

And Miss R——, with the gentlest of smiles, answered, "Oh, but you know you were to tell about this yourselves! You have done all the work, and it will spoil the pleasure if I tell for you. Come, Bessie, don't you remember that you promised to speak for your little club? You want to do it, when you promised,—don't you, Bessie?"

This question, put with an indescribable gentleness of accent, was one which the little girl found unanswerable, unless she were willing to lower her standard of truthfulness. She made a step forward, and, stationing herself before Dessa, said, "We belong to the 'Ten Times One.' We are 'King's Daughters'—that means we have to meet all together and choose something we will do, and then earn the money to do it. And we choose to send you to the Whittier school this summer, and we have got the money, and we will send you. Will you go?"

With a shout that took the Indians by surprise the little Dessa sprang up.

"Mammy, mammy!" she cried, "I 's a-goin' to school! Hooray! hooray!"

"Can't you 'member your manners ter thank the little ladies, yer good-fur-nothin' Dess?" cried the mother, with the happy tears streaming down her face.

The ten children stood in Indian silence, but feeling themselves somehow like fairy godmothers (though if those beings had been so much as named to them they would have found it impossible to tell what was meant).

It was when they were going home, and Miss R—— was a little in advance with Bessie, that the talking began.

"That was just right to do. Miss G—— told us so," said Lora.

"It 's real nice to see anybody so glad as Dessa was," announced Edna.

"Yes, and we must tell her to be a very good girl." And Chu-chu, who was the monitor of the club, put on her most serious air.

"She called us little ladies," said Annie, who seemed to have grown an inch taller since hearing this.

"Well, so we are," returned Esther. "I 've heard them talking about it, and the ladies who give money to send the children to school are called 'scholarship ladies'; that 's what we are — scholarship ladies."

As the other children demurred, afraid to claim so great an honor, Esther ran on:

"Miss R——," she asked, "are n't we scholarship ladies now?"

The fun in Miss R——'s face only deepened its sweet expression. She turned about to the eager group. "Why, yes," she said; "of course you are, now that you have given a scholarship to Dessa. Dear little Dessa, was n't she happy? Was n't it nice you could do it?"

"Yes 'm," they answered in a joyful chorus.

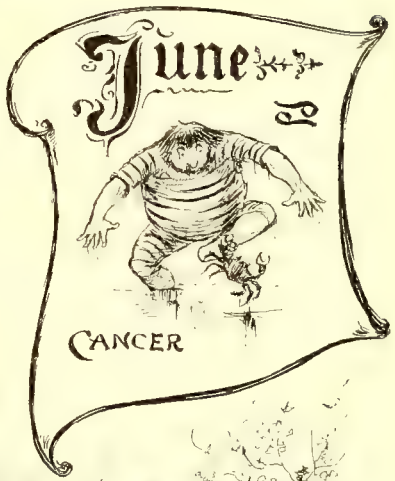
"What shall we do next time?" asked Elva.

"I shall not know until you 've decided, shall I?" said the teacher. "Don't you think that makes it better?"

"I s'pose it makes us more scholarship ladies," returned Bessie, meditatively.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



The air was warm and the clouds were few,
The birds were chirping and hopping;
And everything was pretty and new
When Dolly and I went shopping.
Our money-bank was yellow and sweet
With its dandelion dollars,
So we hurried away to Garden Street
To look for some cuffs and collars



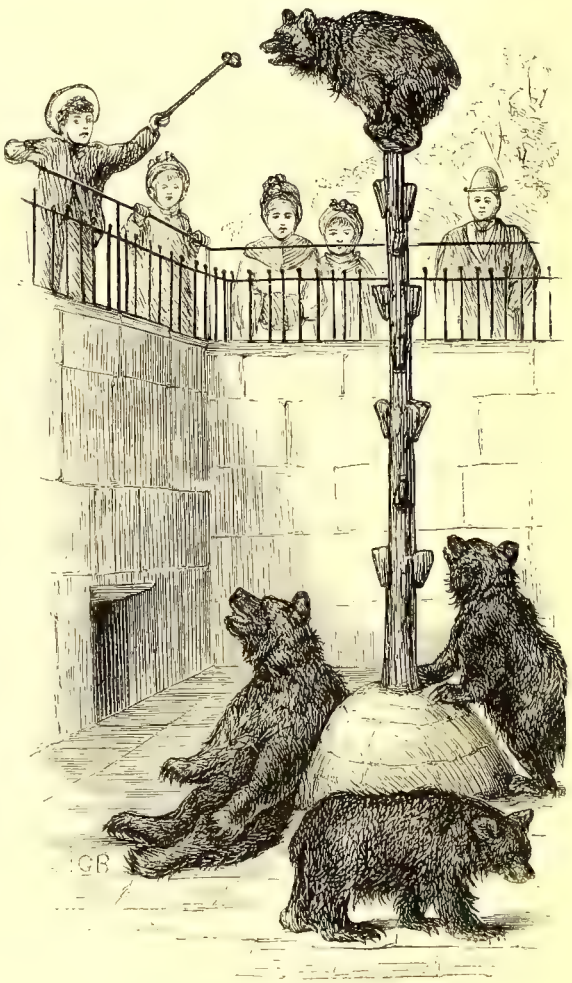
For a cap I bought her a great red rose,
I'm certain it gave her pleasure
And for lady-slippers to fit her toes
I was careful to leave her measure;
And I told the spiders to spin some lace
As strong as other folks make it,
And to sew the beads of dew in place,
And then we'd be glad to take it.

THE MEAN LITTLE BEAR.

In big cities there are parks where children go to get fresh air and to see green fields and trees. In some parks there are animals. The monkeys and birds and lions are in cages, but the bears are kept in pits built of stone.

In one such place lived four bears: two big ones and two little ones. In the middle of the pit was a pole with steps nailed to it. The bears would climb up to the top of the pole, and then boys and girls would take buns or bits of cake and hand them to the bears at the end of a stick or a cane.

One of the little bears was named "Martin," and he was a greedy little fellow. He always tried to keep near the pole, so that he could climb up before any of the others when there was cake to be had. But the boys and girls soon saw that he took more than his share, and so they would wait until he was tired of sitting on the pole and had to go down, and then they would give their cake to one of the other bears.



MARTIN ON TOP OF THE POLE.

One day a boy came to the side of the pit and leaned over to look at the bears. One of the big bears, named "Bruin," was near the pole, and tried to climb up. But Martin ran against him very rudely, and knocked Bruin over. Poor Bruin sat down for a moment to recover his breath, and, before he could get up again, Martin was at the top of the pole. The boy put the bun on the end of a stick, and

held it out to Martin. But just as Martin opened his mouth for it, a little girl, who was standing near by, said: "Harry, that little bear was mean. He pushed the big one over, and climbed up the pole in his place. I would give the bun to the other bear."

"Well, I will," said Harry; and he took the bun from the stick and threw it down to the big bear, who caught it in his mouth, just as a boy catches a ball, and swallowed it.

Martin growled a little crossly, but the boy and girls only laughed at him. So, after waiting until he was tired, he climbed down the pole, without having had anything to eat.

After a long while, Martin saw that the children would not give their cakes to him if he was mean, and so he learned to let the other bears go up the pole in their turn. At first he did this because he was lazy, and did not care to climb the pole for nothing; but, before long, Martin found that he was better liked by the other bears when he let them have a fair share, and that they took care to give him a fair share, too. And he also found that he was no longer called the "mean little bear," but was fed as often as Bruin or any of the others.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THE bloom of the summer to you, my merry friends, and all the sunshine you can stand! Now that flowering-time is come again, the world is out of doors; life is full of air, sweetness, and joy, and the sky seems bending to catch earth's softest whisper.

Now you shall have

SOME SIMPLE GARDEN QUESTIONS.

YOUR Jack asked his congregation these questions — not conundrums — many years ago. They are repeated now by special request:

1. What very common and well-known leaf bears the letter V plainly marked in lighter green on its surface?
2. What leaf bears a mark resembling a horseshoe?
3. What flower carries a well-formed lyre which can be discovered by gently pulling the flower apart?
4. What blue flower bears well-imitated bumblebees?
5. What double flower seems formed of tiny dove-like things with their bills meeting?
6. What graceful plant grows its seed on the under surface of its leaves?
7. Can any one find two blades of ribbon-grass exactly alike in size, markings, and colors?

A NATURAL PEA-SHOOTER.

JACK'S botanical friend, Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, sends him a bit of news about one of the Wistarias — those large-leaved, climbing shrubs that in June hang their purplish-blue blossoms in great clusters upon frames or over doorways, or high up on the front of houses and cottages. He says it is a natural pea-shooter. He found it out in this way: Wishing to keep some seeds of the Chinese wistaria, he picked a few of the pods that follow the fall of the flowers in autumn, and laid them upon a mantelpiece in his warm study. Midwinter came, and one day the gentleman was astonished to hear a sharp *crack*, like a tiny pistol-shot, and to see one of the seeds fly clear across the room, from its bursting pod on the mantel. It struck against the wall as if trying to pass through it. He laid the other pods away in paper, and a day or two later heard the sharp little reports made by their snapping open. This vine, then, is not content that its seeds shall simply fall to the ground at its root, and there spring up into growth, but the pods wait until they have become so tense, with drying and shrinking, that they can hold their edges together at the seam no longer. Then they fly apart with a spring that hurls the seeds many yards, so that new vines may spring up far from the old one. As this goes on year after year, you can easily see how rapidly these wistarias, if allowed to grow, would in time spread themselves over almost any extent of country.

By the way, even the old owl in my elm-tree hoots at the way some folk pronounce the name of this plant. They call it wisteria, when in fact its correct name is wistaria. The dear Little Schoolma'am says "wistaria," always. The plant, she tells me, was named in honor of Caspar Wistar, an eminent anatomist, who died over seventy years ago.

WHO is A. E. A.? I do not know. But a verse found upon my pulpit this morning makes me strongly suspect that either he is the man who did n't make "The Century Dictionary," or else he is the foreigner who said the English language struck him as being not always consistent in its spelling. Here is the verse. It is entitled

WHUY NOT?

THERE was a small urchin named Guy,
Who had eaten too much apple-puy.
He 'd groan and he 'd suy,
And out loud he would cruy,
"O goodness, I know I shall duy!"

A. E. A——.

MRS. ELIZABETH W. LATIMER sends you this pretty story in verse, my young friends, and hopes you may easily discover Bessy's enigma:

DEAR little Bessy wandered away,
And where do you think they spied her?
Down by the brook, all alone at play,
With four letter-blocks beside her.

With those four letters she spelled out me,
Though indeed I was all about her —
In insects and fishes, in bird and tree,
And within her as well as without her.

I came from God to that sweet little maid,
And oh, may the gift prove eternal!
Bessy picked off my first and last letters and said,
"Now I 've peeled the word down to its kernel!"

Still a word was left. On it Bessy's fate
May hinge for this world and another.
Just two little letters — their power is great;
Pray — pray for your darling, fond mother!

Then Bessy put back my last and my first,
But she laid aside my third,
And there stood of all children's sins the worst —
A hateful, horrible word.

A thing that when told breeds more of its race,
Though itself is the child of fear.
Bessy knocked off its head, and then put in its place
My third, which was lying near.

And then might be seen the mildest word
Could be uttered in shame and haste
By a mother who had from her children heard
What Bessy had just effaced.

She took two thirds of that word away,
Yet a little word stood there still —
A word that a baby will seldom say,
But grown folks too often will.

My third and my first she proceeded to set
Where my first and third should be,
And she saw what a captive would like to get
If he hoped to set himself free;

A word, too, a soldier hears at drill
In his sergeant's accents gruff,
And what Uncle Sam puts his papers on, till
One would think he had more than enough.

Here Bessy heard steps coming down the glade.
"Mama! O Mama!" she cried,
"I had only four letters,—six words I 've made,
And one has three meanings, beside!"

A LIVE HORSE FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

BOYS, I know where you can buy a good, sound, live horse for five dollars.

Where?

I 'll tell you next month.

A CAT WHO ATE EGGS.

FREMONT, NEB.

DEAR JACK: I used to work in a grocery-store on Saturdays. This store possessed a cat which had a strange way of getting a living. He had given up his lawful food,— rats and mice,— and had taken up the more easily obtained and perhaps more palatable diet of eggs. The eggs were kept in large baskets which were on the floor in an out-of-the-way place; and whenever the cat was hungry he would go and reach into a basket with his front feet, and roll an egg over the edge. In falling, the egg would of course break, and the cat would begin his meal, though quite often it took three eggs to satisfy him. I have seen him balance an egg on the side of a bushel basket and roll it over the edge when the basket was less than half full, but this was rather difficult for our plunderer, and he would often have to make many attempts before succeeding. I have heard of a pet crow indulging in a trick similar to this, but with a cat it seems something new. Is it not?

Your constant reader,

A CHANGE OF UNITED STATES PRESIDENTS.

VERY few Americans, as the Deacon lately remarked, are aware that during the past year the United States has had a change of Presidents — on its postal cards. The new cards, of both sizes, display the head of President Grant, while those formerly issued bear the head of Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States.

YOUR friend I. W. W. sends you this capital

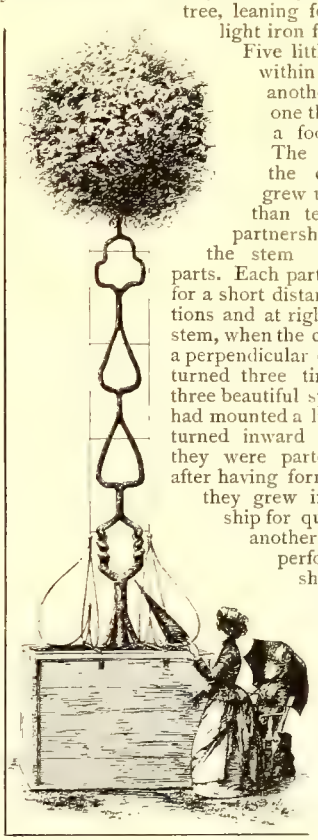
ALPHABET STORY.

A BIG Cat Drove Eight Fat Goslings Hurriedly Into Jane's Kitchen — Lame, Muddy, Not Over Pretty, Quacking Right Saucily, Their Ugly Voices Were Xylophonely Youthfully Zealous.

YOUR good friend, Mr. Meredith Nugent, has sent you a very strange picture of a tree, and a most interesting account of how it was made to grow so queerly. As a rule, I do not approve of twisting live things out of their natural shape; but for all that, we will now allow Mr. Nugent to tell

HOW FIVE LITTLE ASH-TREES WERE TURNED INTO ONE.

DEAR JACK: One of the greatest attractions in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in Paris, is a curiously shaped tree, leaning for support against a light iron framework.



A QUEER ASH-TREE.

Five little ash-trees growing within a few inches of one another were grafted into one thick stem when about a foot from the ground. The trees took kindly to the companionship, and grew up together for more than ten inches, when the partnership was dissolved, and the stem separated into two parts. Each part was forced to travel for a short distance in opposite directions and at right angles to the main stem, when the course was changed to a perpendicular one. Then each stem turned three times around, forming three beautiful spirals, and when both had mounted a little higher they were turned inward and united. Again they were parted, and again met, after having formed a triangle. Up they grew in close companionship for quite a distance, when another evolution had to be performed, this time in the shape of a graceful loop.

Meeting again, the trees took a longer journey together, but their trainer parted them once again. This time they were trained into a new shape, as you can see in the picture I send you, and the five little ash-trees were once more united. Then, as if in celebration of this last grand union, the trees threw out numerous leafy branches, surmounting the whole with a globe of beautiful green foliage. I rather suspect they had eventually to perform more contortions, for on visiting them one cold day, when the leaves were gone, I noticed that the upper branches were bent inward at the top as if some other change might yet be made.

IN MEMORY OF ROSWELL SMITH.

DIED APRIL 19, 1892.

MANY a boy and girl who has had "St. Nicholas" to read ever since he or she could read at all, hardly can imagine a time when there was no "St. Nicholas" to make its cheerful monthly visits. Yet the magazine is really only nineteen years old, and it never would have had an existence but for the faith, enterprise, and foresight of its founder, Mr. Roswell Smith, whose death at the age of sixty-three years we now sorrowfully record. After a long and trying illness, borne by him with the courage which characterized his whole life, he passed away on the 19th of April,—just as this June number of "St. Nicholas" was ready to be printed.

Roswell Smith was a New England boy, born in Lebanon, Connecticut, and lived, in his early youth, in the old Trumbull mansion. It was in this house that good Governor Jonathan Trumbull with his soldier sons planned aid and comfort to the Revolution, and there he entertained the great men of the day, among them George Washington, Henry Knox, Elbridge Gerry, and Samuel Adams. Perhaps it was living in this historic house, filled with illustrious memories, that gave the boy his deep interest in American history and American literature. Perhaps it was because in his uncle's home he heard a good deal about books—or it may have been because this same uncle, Roswell C. Smith, was a compiler of valuable school-books—that the boy found himself at fourteen in the employ of his uncle's publishers, gaining his first knowledge of the business. Later, he went through the English and scientific course at Brown University, and afterward entered upon the study of law.

In his twenty-fourth year he married Miss Annie Ellsworth—the young lady who is known to have sent over Professor Morse's trial line between Baltimore and Washington the famous first telegraphic message, "What hath God wrought."

The survivors of Mr. Roswell Smith's immediate family are his widow, and a daughter, the wife of George Inness, Jr., the well-known painter, with whose works many of our readers are familiar.

Forty years ago the West was much farther off than it is to-day; and when Roswell Smith, the young lawyer and business man, had left the quiet old Connecticut village, and settled in Lafayette, Indiana, to begin life for himself, it was felt that he had done a very bold and enterprising thing.

His success justified his course. Before he was forty he had acquired an independent fortune. But to him that was a good reason for undertaking new work. He could now carry out a cherished wish: First, he would become a publisher; he would help the world to good books—the best books of the best kind; and, secondly, he would make them pay.

In company with his friend Dr. J. G. Holland, and the firm of Charles Scribner & Co., he had already founded "Scribner's Monthly," now "The Century Magazine," when his desire to establish an ideal juvenile periodical resulted in their starting "St. Nicholas." From the issue of its first number, in 1873, until the time of his late illness, his zealous interest and liberal encouragement never flagged. The children, he insisted should have "the very best magazine that could be made."

But "The Century" and "St. Nicholas" did not exhaust his abounding energy. As President of The Century Company, he projected and carried through, besides other very important publications, the new "Century Dictionary." This dictionary he resolved should be more complete, more accurate,

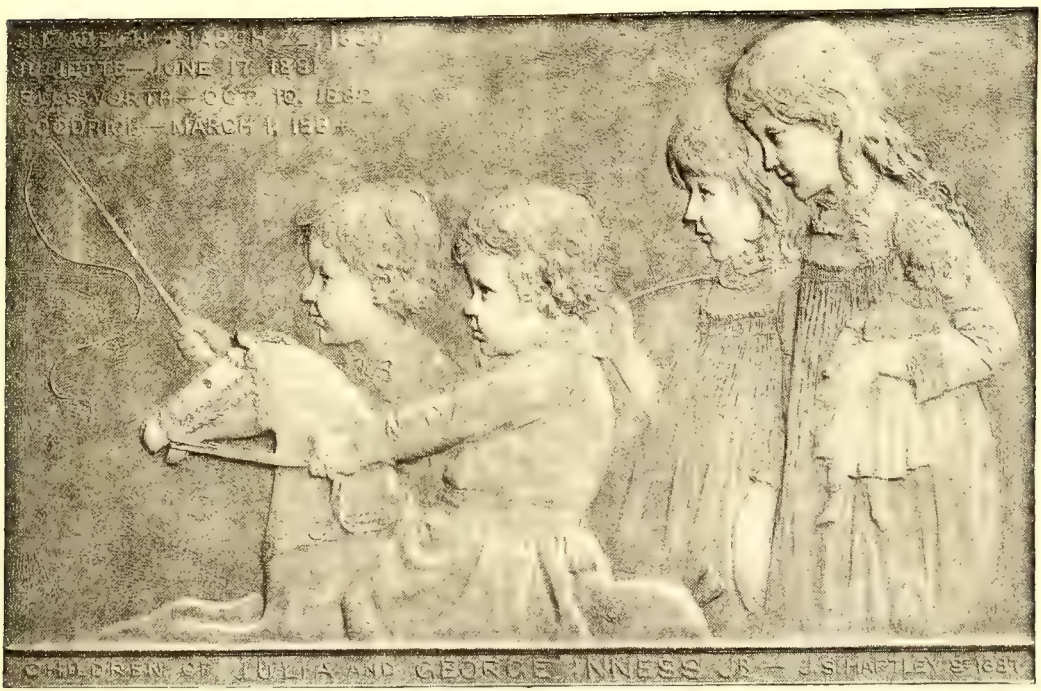
and more interesting than any dictionary ever compiled; and though the undertaking required far more time and very much more money than was at first thought possible, its liberal projector counted no cost too great for the carrying out of his plan. He lived to see the work successfully completed, and to know that already it was recognized by scholars as the standard general dictionary of the English language.

Throughout Mr. Smith's career, he was ambitious for the work in hand rather than for himself. His successes were those of a brave, able, honorable, and just-minded Christian, who did with his might whatever he found it right to do. The very titles of the two little stories that he wrote for "St. Nicholas" seem now to have a special significance: "The Boy who Worked," and "Little Holdfast."

In his business Mr. Roswell Smith manifested a love of equity and fair play, quick recognition of the rights of others, and a readiness to afford his co-workers opportunities of advancement. It has been well said that his best years were given to his work as business manager and president of The Century Company, and the history of its success is the story of his life.

Every lad who reads these lines may find encouragement in his example. This boy, in starting out in life, had no essential help from others. His far-seeing mind and willing hands enabled him to make his way to places of honor and usefulness; and, above all, the world is the better for his having lived in it. The "Century Magazine," "St. Nicholas," and the great "Century Dictionary" have brought pleasure and knowledge and beauty into a million homes. Through these their founder still abides:

Alike in life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.



THE GRANDCHILDREN OF ROSWELL SMITH.

THE LETTER-BOX.

I AM very glad to learn, through a little correspondent of ST. NICHOLAS, where the "Story of Red Cap," to which I alluded in the last chapter of "When I was Your Age," may be found. It is in "Malleville," one of the Franconia stories, by Jacob Abbott; and I advise all boys and girls to read it, as I mean to do. L. E. R.

"THE COLUMBIA" is a twelve-page, amateur magazine, edited and printed by Edward Stone, of Charlestown, New Hampshire, a boy nine years old. We have enjoyed reading the three copies sent us, and find the contents varied and interesting. Mr. Stone's use of capitals is particularly bold and original.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you almost as long as I remember, and we like you better every month.

I have two sisters and a brother. We used to have a beautiful St. Bernard dog; he would do nearly everything you told him; but we moved to Missouri and had to leave him behind.

Your devoted reader, EDWARD A. B——.

PIEDMONT, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, and have a rifle, thirty-two caliber, with which I go hunting nearly every Saturday.

I have been taking the ST. NICHOLAS ever since I was large enough to read, and before I was, my mother used to take me on her lap and read to me. I like to take it, and shall continue to do so as long as I can. I 'll close for this time.

Yours respectfully, C. R. Y——.

WEST BAY CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and have long wanted to write to you. I do not know how many letters I have commenced, but have never had the courage to send one. We live in the country; I have a sister fifteen years old who attends school in the city. She spends Saturday and Sunday at home. I was very lonely without her at first, but am getting used to having her away now. We have good times when she is home. Our school-house is just across the road from our house. I often wish it was farther away, so I could carry my dinner as the other children do; but mama says she is glad I do not have any farther to go when it storms, and I am glad of that too. The country is level here, so we cannot slide down-hill as papa and mama did when they were young. We draw each other on sleds instead.

We have taken you since my sister has been old enough to read, and are always glad when you come.

Your loving friend, FLORENCE D——.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I shall tell you about a sleigh-ride we had. It was a bright and windy morning that we started for Lexington. We were about twenty in all, and we went in a furniture pung which had some benches in it. It was very cold, but we were well wrapped up. Most of us, instead of sitting in the seats, climbed on the sides or ran beside it. Sometimes one would lose his hat or tumble off, so we frequently had to stop.

For refreshments we had doughnuts and oranges.

When we got to Lexington we stopped at every historical house. Every house that was standing during the revolution is marked, so we knew which they were. We also saw the battle-ground and the monument.

On our way home we went into a half-finished house. One of my friends went into the cellar and had very hard work to get out, for the snow was so deep his rubber boots came off and he ran in his stocking feet to the pung. He looked very funny.

Yours, RICHARD D——.

NANANGO, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We, Constance and Edythe S——, like your stories very much, especially "Crowded Out o' Crofield." We do not go to school, but we are taught at home by a governess. We get two volumes of ST. NICHOLAS every Christmas for a present from our uncle, who lives in Brisbane. We have never been to England yet, but we hope to go to Yorkshire some day, as I have an aunt who lives at Ripon. We have a horse named "Miss Lincoln." My brother Helby is very fond of riding; so are we. We also have two very nice dogs named "Jack" and "Girlie." Father has lots of horses. One is so tame it will eat bread out of our hands. We have two very pretty parrots called "Blue Mountaineers," and we had three green "leeks" (they are parrots), but my brother left the cage door open and they flew away.

We remain your great friends,

CONSTANCE AND EDYTHE S——.

FREIBURG, GERMANY.

DAER ST. NICHOLAS: My Uucle Ernest sent me your two volumes of 1891, and I like to read them very much, I am nine years old, and was born in New York. We are staying at Freiburg now, and like being here very much, One walk I particularly enjoyed, called the "Schauinsland," rather a high hill to climb. Other walks are called "Waldsea," "Schlossberg," "Rosskopf," and "St. Ottilien." We could not enjoy sleigh-driving much this year, for there was not enough of snow.

Your little reader, FREDDIE M. H——.

DEDHAM, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little English boy, and live in Dedham. I have a friend staying with me now.

The coasting has gone, but it was good when we had it. I have a little brother who is four years old, and his name is Howell. He is a nice little boy. One day he was out playing, and Jessie saw him looking up at the sky, and he said: "I think I hear a scare-crow!

H. M——, JR.

MANY young friends whose letters are not acknowledged this month will hear from us in the July number.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscript cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Quasi. 2. Urban 3. Abate. 4. Satyr. 5. Inert.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. Initials, Venus; finals, Earth. Cross-words: 1. Verse. 2. Extra. 3. Niter. 4. Upset. 5. South. II. Initials, Uranus; finals, Saturn. Cross-words: 1. Uranus. 2. Russia. 3. Ararat. 4. Nassau. 5. Usurer. 6. Severn.

BEHEADINGS. Moltke. 1. M-agnate. 2 O-void. 3. L-anguish. 4. T-erse. 5. K-etch. 6. E-quip.

DOUBLE SQUARES. I. 1. Papaw. 2. Aroma. 3. Power. 4. Amend. 5. Wards. II. 1. Occur. 2. Crane. 3. Calif. 4. Unite. 5. Refer.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "If thou wouldst profit by thy reading, read humbly, simply, honestly, and not desiring to win a character for learning."

PI.

One sunbeam shot across a cloudy day
Can brighten all the drear expanse of skies;
One loving smile can make a weary way
A path to paradise.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Amende. 2. Areola. 3. Assail. 4. Tetrad. 5. Deemed. 6. Drawee.

ANAGRAM. Rudyard Kipling.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Defeats. 2. Fiction. 3. Enchant. 4. Packing. 5. Conveys. 6. Cunning. 7. Engages.—— ENIGMA. Codicil. C, IO, CI, DL.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Central letters, Fidus Achates. Cross-words: 1. Lifts. 2. Brine. 3. Model. 4. Fluke. 5. Gusto. 6. Slake. 7. Vocal. 8. Sahib. 9. Crane. 10. Betel. 11. Cleft. 12. Caste.

WORD-BUILDING. A, an, nag, gain, grain, airing, raining, training, straining, restaining, restraining.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Second row of letters, squilgee. Cross-words: 1. Astern. 2. Equine. 3. Fugues. 4. Minton. 5. Alkali. 6. Ignore. 7. Fealty. 8. Hearth.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Flageolet. Cross-words: 1. Benefices. 2. Grilled. 3. Flame. 4. Ago. 5. E. 6. Con. 7. Bales. 8. Calends. 9. Constrain.

COTTAGE PUZZLE. From 3 to 6, trinomial; 7 to 8, endeavors; 10 to 11, tellurium; 11 to 12, manners; 3 to 7, tome; 7 to 10, elegant; 6 to 8, lass; 8 to 11, sophism; 6 to 9, lean; 9 to 12, noxious; 1 to 4, sin; 1 to 2, spy; 2 to 5, yam; 13 to 15, gnu; 13 to 14, guy; 14 to 16, yea; 15 to 16, Una; 17 to 19, violin; 17 to 18, vow; 18 to 20, warble.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Rosalie Bloomingdale—"The McG.'s"—Maude E. Palmer—Arthur Gride—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—L. O. E.—Ida Carleton Thallon—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—Paul Reese—Florence A. Cragg—C. M. D.—The Spencers—E. M. G.—Helen C. McCleary—No Name, Chicago—Josephine Sherwood—"Leather-stocking"—"Uncle Mung"—"The Wise Five"—"Suse"—Jo and I—Chester B. S.—No Name, Minneapolis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Edith A. G. Evans, 2—Lulu, 1—War and Ma, 1—H. C. Murray, 1—No Name, Orange, N. J., 2—M. M. Butler, 2—A. F. Race, 1—Susan Witmer F., 2—W. B. Hait, Jr., 1—E. R. Congdon, 1—H. and H. Stewart, 1—"Company Q," 1—Beatrice F. M., 1—F. M. Lazonby, 1—L. F. Estrada, 1—A. W. Tate, and her Mama, 3—W. Jordan, 1—J. D. P., 1—M. L. Youngs, 1—L. B. Youngs, 1—F. H. and E. Barrett, 1—Emilie O. M., 1—F. S. Noteman, 1—C. J. Ketchum, 2—J. Bush, 1—S. A. Gardner, 2—F. Snow, 1—M. Sprague, 2—E. La Rochelle, 3—C. Chester, 1—"The Twins," 1—Helen and Jimmie, 1—B. F. Baer, 1—A. L. Wall, 1—"Leaf," 2—"Two Huckleberries," 1—V. Talbott, 1—A. Reynolds, 2—F. Beecher, 2—W. T. B. and C. W. B., 2—L. Stedman, 2—A. J. Girault, 1—B. Grefe, 1—R. W. Grefe, 1—Lillian R., 2—A. O. Harris, 1—N. Harris, 1—O. Gale, 3—M. Lang, 1—C. H. Munch, 1—C. F. Hill, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 9—Tottie, 1—M. Stewart, 1—J. M. H., 2—G. B. B., 1—Ernest and Charley, 2—"Only I," 2—A. Cottrell, 1—C. Sidell P., 3—E. S. Schmitt, 1—J. B. French, 2—Jeannie F., 1—"Prince Phil," 1—L. Griffin, 1—C. E Bates, 2—G. Beecroft, 1—Marguerite, Annie, and Emily, 4—"Daisy Chain," 6—Marie B, 2—M. Hunter, 1—J. B. Woodhull, 1—Elaine S., 4—L. S. Hopper, 1—F. Wilcox, 1—H. Handy, 3—Willie S. B., 9—N. Hutton, 1—J. Childs, 3—Bill and Mary, 8—E. Goldsmith, 1—H. V. White, 1—A. B. Doughten, 1—R. Mitchell, 2—B. Hanigan, 1—Mama and Ella, 1—Grandma and Carrie, 2—Emilie B., 3—"Pansy and Violet," 3—W. S. Cochran, 1—R. D. C., 3—M. C. Griffin, 1—Helen and Marguerite, 3—G. Burnett, 2—M., 1—S. E. Steinmeyer, 1—"May and '79," 7—M. E. Evans, 1—M. S. B. and Co., 3—U. G. Beath, 2—H. C. Murray, 1—S. W. Kaufmann, 2—W. Roberts, 1—J. B. Brinsmaid, 2—M. Hamilton, 2—Bertha M. and Ella F., 1—S. Barber, 1—Ethel, 1—Gugga, 2—Harry and Mama, 6—E. and A. Sonntag, 2—D. Allen, 2—A. M. and A. J. Johnson, 3—D. E Armstrong, 3—No Name, Normal Park, 3—Amanda E. T., 9—"Lyndego," 3—Clara and Hollie A., 1—E. Stoiber, 1—W. H. Clarke, 3—L. E. Rosenberg, 1—Theo. Goetze, 3d, 2—"Star," 2—B. C. Torre, 3—W. P. Howe, 4—E. K., 4—D. F. Hereford and D. W. W. Wilson, 6—Pinkie, 1—Blanche and Fred, 10—J. P. Jones, 3—"Lady Jane," 1—"We Girls," 9—H. Mason, 2—J. Chapman, 10—Ed and Bradley, 9—Hubert L. Bingay, 9—Mama and Hattie, 2—G. Stang, 2—G. Peirce, 1—N. Archer, 3—"Jack Dandy," 10—E. C. Gardner, 2—Wm. Van and Parents, 3—H. D. Brigham, 10—A. C. Leaycraft, 2—N. L Howes, 10—Grace and Nan, 8—McA. Moore, 1—H. S. Coats, 1—"The Partners," 8—"3 Blind Mice," 2—N. K. Sheldon, 1—D. L. Newton, 2—G. W. Lyon, 1—L. Don, 2—Grace A. L., 1—Mathilde F. and Sue H., 1 J. Bennett, 1—E. A. Bell, 2.

A LETTER PUZZLE.

By starting at the right letter in one of the following words, and then taking every third letter, a couplet may be formed.

BANJO, INERT, O, SANDWICH, TEASE, TEAR, OF, ACTUAL, ILLUME, TWINE, FLAME, TUSH, STEM, ORE, DIME, NO, AJAX, UP, UNITE, ON, SWEET, ATOMS, OATH, SHINES, ACTIONS, RHINE, BISONS, UTE, QUEEN, OWE, UP.

O. B. G.

SYNCOPATIONS.

EXAMPLE. Syncopate to fasten, and leave part of the face. Answer, ch-a-in, chin.

1. Syncopate part of a house, and leave a strong current of air. 2. Syncopate to report, and leave a small species of herring. 3. Syncopate prongs, and leave fastenings. 4. Syncopate one who asks, and leave a tribe mentioned in the Bible. 5. Syncopate a vision, and leave a liquid measure. 6. Syncopate heals, and leave catchwords. 7. Syncopate a green fly, and leave the honey-bee. 8. Syncopate a river of France, and leave erudition. 9. Syncopate pertaining to the sun, and leave to ascend. 10. Syncopate sorrow, and leave an opening.

The ten syncopated letters will spell the name of a famous battle fought in June, many years ago.

F. S. F.

ANAGRAM.

A DISTINGUISHED man of letters:

A HIT! I CHARM ALL BY ODES.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Barrels or casks. 2. A cloth used for wiping. 3. The principal post of a staircase. 4. To revive. 5. A masculine name.

DOWNWARD: 1. In coward. 2. A preposition. 3. A Spanish title. 4. A pitcher. 5. A drain. 6. A kind of cotton fabric. 7. Part of a chair. 8. A pronoun. 9. In coward.

B.



A BIRD PUZZLE.

When the above birds have been rightly named, the initial letters will spell a well-loved season.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1 . . 11 . .
2 . 12 . .
. 3 . . . 13 .
. . 4 . . . 14
. . 5 . . . 15 .
6 . . 16 .
7 . 17 .
. 8 . . . 18
. . 9 . 19 .
. . 10 . . . 20

Cross-words: 1. Lees. 2. Half a tone. 3. Overcoming. 4. Contiguous. 5. Disqualified. 6. A box in a theater near the stage. 7. To reach beyond. 8. Having sharp points. 9. Nuptials. 10. A small dagger.

Zigzags, from 1 to 10, the name of a city in Russia which was bombarded on June 6, 1855; from 11 to 20, the name of a battle fought on June 9, 1800. F. S. F.

CHARADE.

My *first* each morning greets the ear
With sweetest music, rich and clear;
My *second* will the rider need
To urge along his lagging steed.
While 'mid old-fashioned flowers, maybe,
The petals of my whole you 'll see.

MILDRED MENDITH.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals, reading downward, spell the name of a Scotch naturalist who, in 1848, conducted an expedition sent to search for Sir John Franklin; my finals, reading upward, spell the name of a President of the United States.

Cross-words (of unequal length): 1. A Jew. 2. Incidental. 3. A Spanish title. 4. A drug which produces sleep. 5. Jet black. 6. A letter. 7. Incessant. 8. Courage. 9. An ancient two-handled vessel. 10. Disordered. 11. A goddess. 12. To hasten. 13. A ball. 14. A disease affecting a nerve. ETHEL SUTTON.

A DICKENS ACROSTIC.

When the following names have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, the initial letters will spell the name of a character called "Lignum Vitæ."

Cross-words: 1. The Christian name of a young man who was bound to be jolly under creditable circumstances. 2. The surname of a young lady who was an acquaintance of the Veneerings. 3. The surname of the young man who married "the dearest girl in the world." 4. The Christian name of an untidy nurse-maid. 5. The surname of a very "humble" young man. 6. The Christian name of Little Dorrit's brother. 7. The surname of a man who warned his son against widows. 8. The surname of a major who was "sly." 9. The Christian name of David Copperfield's second wife. 10. The surname of a professional nurse. 11. The name of Mrs. Jarley's little assistant. 12. The Christian name of a daughter of Wilkins Micawber. 13. The surname of a woman who kept a commercial boarding-house. C. McG.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

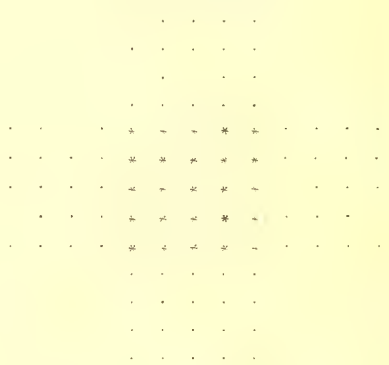
When the following words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell a licensed beggar.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. A kind of type. 2. The arch-fiend. 3. Fat. 4. The name of several evergreen trees. 5. Brittle. 6. To flicker. 7. Not luminous. 8. To invest. 9. Sky-blue. 10. A female relative. 11. Frozen. O. B. G.

DIAMOND.

1. In January. 2. To sip. 3. Possessing savor. 4. The father of gods and men. 5. Forceful. 6. An Algerian dignitary. 7. In January. A. P. C. A.

GREEK CROSS.



I. Upper Square: 1. Regularity. 2. A river of Europe. 3. A small sofa. 4. To decree. 5. Breaks.

II. Left-hand Square: 1. A flower. 2. To climb. 3. Seized. 4. To choose for office. 5. Fissures.

III. Central Square: 1. Fissures. 2. A masculine name. 3. The point opposite to the zenith. 4. Race. 5. To scatter.

IV. Right-hand Square: 1. To spread abroad. 2. To come in contact with. 3. A Russian coin. 4. Applause. 5. Stimulates.

V. Lower Square: 1. To disseminate. 2. A form of head-dress worn by the ancient Persians. 3. A sharp instrument. 4. To eat away. 5. Merchandise.

M. A. S.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



"FRANK DIPPED A SALUTE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC. PRESIDENT CARNOT BOWED LOW TO THE AMERICAN FLAG."

(SEE PAGE 646.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIX. JULY, 1892. NO. 9.

A STORY OF THE FLAG.

By Victor Mapes.

I don't know how you feel about an American flag, but it has often occurred to me that most of us, to tell the truth, have very little feeling about it. I don't mean by this that we are not patriotic—that we would n't march up to the cannon's mouth, if we were called upon to do so, as quickly as the Englishman, the German, or anybody else. But our country is so peaceful, and we see so many flags, nearly every day, drooping lazily from flagpoles on the tops of big buildings, or carried on picnic parades, or stuck in the collars of ice-cart horses or—where not? that we are very apt to pass by a flag without noticing it. If it does chance to engage our attention, we remark, perhaps, that it is faded or bright, large or small, of silk or of bunting, or something of the sort; and that is as much feeling as the sight of it ever inspires.

Of course, Americans who are old enough to keep memories of the war in their hearts are likely to feel a little differently about the matter. For them the flag may call up reminiscences of the old strong feeling. But for us who were squalling in those days, or not yet admitted to the light of day, the flag too often means only so much cloth made up of red, white, and blue patches.

At any rate, that is what a little boy I know thought about it when he started to go abroad with me last May—or, to be more accurate, would have thought, had an occasion ever come up to make him think about it at all.

But two little adventures this boy took part in, some time after he arrived on the other side of the ocean, have changed this feeling somewhat. He has been back in America a number of months now, but it was only yesterday that he said to me:

"Do you know, Uncle Jack, every time I see an American flag in the street, I can't help thinking that people who have never been abroad really don't know what our flag means."

And I am half inclined to think the little boy was right. For myself, at any rate, I must confess I was never conscious that I had the slightest bit of patriotism in me, or any attachment to the red, white, and blue flag, until I went to the great Alhambra theater in London and saw our flag brought upon the stage by a dancing-

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girl who entered to the tune of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Then I felt tears on my cheeks and knew I was an American.

A great many of our countrymen, I fancy, on going abroad, have experienced some such feeling. But the two adventures that Frank, the little boy I am talking of, had in Paris last summer, were curious enough perhaps to be worth while telling about.

When the Fourth of July came, we had been abroad nearly two months, and during that time I think we had not seen a single American flag. On the morning of the Fourth, however, we walked out on the Paris boulevards, and a number of flags were hanging out from the different American shops, which are quite frequent there. They looked strange to us; and the idea occurred to Frank, for the first time, that the United States was one of a great many nations living next to one another in this world — that it was his own nation, a kind of big family he belonged to. The Fourth of July was a sort of big, family birthday, and the flags were out so as to tell the Frenchmen and everybody else not to forget the fact.

A feeling of this nature came over Frank that morning, and he called out, "There 's another!" every time a new flag came in view. He stopped two or three times to count the number of them in sight, and showed in various ways that he, America, and the American flag had come to a new understanding with one another.

During the morning, Frank's cousin George, a boy two or three years older than Frank, who had been in Paris the preceding winter, came to our hotel; and, as I had some matters to attend to in the afternoon, they went off together to see sights and to have a good time.

When Frank returned about dinner-time, and came up to the room where I was writing letters, I noticed a small American-flag pin stuck in the lapel of his coat.

"George had two," he said in answer to my question; "and he gave me this one. He 's been in Paris a year now, and he says we ought to wear them or maybe people won't know we 're Americans. But say, Uncle Jack, where do you think I got that?" He opened a paper bundle he had under his arm and unrolled a weather-beaten American flag.

"Where?" asked I, naturally supposing it came from George's house.

"We took it off of Lafayette's tomb."

I opened my eyes in astonishment; while he went on:

"George says the American Consul, or the American Consul-General, or somebody, put it on the tomb last Fourth of July, for our government, because Lafayette, don't you know, helped us in the Revolution."

"They ought to put a new flag on every year, George says," explained Frank, seeing my amazement, "on Fourth of July morning. But the American Consul, or whoever he is that 's here now, is a new man, George thinks; anyhow, he forgot to do it. So we bought a new flag and we did it.

"There were a lot of people at the tomb when we went there, and we guessed they were all waiting to see the new flag put on. We waited, too, but no soldiers or anybody came; and after a while the people all went away. Then George said:

"'Somebody ought to put on a new flag — let 's do it!'

"We went to a store on the Boulevard, and for twenty francs bought a new flag just like this old one. George and I each paid half. There were two women and a little girl at the tomb when we got back, and we waited till they went away. Then we unrolled the new flag and took the old one off the tomb.

"We thought we ought to say something when we put the new flag on, but we did n't know what to say. George said they always made a regular speech thanking Lafayette for helping us in the Revolution, but we thought it did n't matter much. So we just took off our hats when we spread out the new flag on the grave, and then we rolled up the old flag and came away.

"We drew lots for it afterward, and I 'm going to take it back home with me.

"Somebody ought to have done it, and as we were both American boys, it was all right, was n't it?"

Right or wrong, the flag that travelers see on Lafayette's tomb this year, as a mark of the American nation's sentiment toward the great Frenchman, is the one put there by two

small, self-appointed representatives. And the flag put there the year before, with fitting ceremony by the authorized official, Frank preserves carefully hung up on the wall of his little room in America.

If this reaches the notice of the American Consul-General at Paris, or other official charged with such ceremonies, it is to be hoped he will take no offense. And perhaps he may be reminded that by next Fourth of July the flag now on duty will have become weather-beaten like its predecessor.

Ten days after this adventure came the fourteenth of July, the great "Quatorze Juillet," which, I believe, was the day on which the French people stormed the grim old Bastille and cried, "Down with the tyranny of kings!" With the French people it is much the same sort of a day as our Fourth of July is to us, only they display a great deal more enthusiasm. The little French boys don't shoot off fire-crackers all day in the streets, to frighten horses, scorch their fingers, and make mothers and people, generally, nervous. But there is a great military parade reviewed by the President, there are music-pavilions built up on corners and public places throughout Paris; and at night, while gorgeous fireworks are being set off, men, women, and children throng the streets and dance and sing till daylight is about ready to share the fun.

Well, the morning of that great day, George, as usual, came round to the hotel; and I asked the two boys if they would like to go after lunch to see the great military review at Longchamps, where President Carnot was going to have some thirty thousand French soldiers march past his stand and salute him.

But George thought it would be more fun to take a carriage and drive about Paris to see all the people celebrating. It would be hot and crowded at Longchamps, and we could n't hope to get a sight of President Carnot; so Frank and I agreed with George.

Before we started out, Frank suggested that we should get two big flags, of just the same size—one American red, white, and blue, and the other French red, white, and blue, and take them along in the carriage with us. "Don't you see," he explained, "we 'll carry the American flag, to show we 're Americans, and the French flag 'll be to show we 're glad they 're celebrating!"

So they brought the two flags,—fine large ones they were,—and Frank with the American flag got up alongside the coachman on the box, while George and I put the French flag between us, to drag out behind.

In this way we drove about through the crowded streets and saw the celebration. And several times when the crowds of French people around some music-stand saw us coming, they cheered our flags — a mark of attention that delighted Frank and George immensely.

After driving about from place to place in different sections of the great city, we found ourselves once more back on the boulevards, and we were soon crossing the Place de la Concorde, to enter the Champs Elysées, that beautiful green avenue leading straight up to the Arc de Triomphe, when suddenly Frank gave a shout from the box.

"Look!" he called out. "There come some soldiers!"

Crowds of people were standing along the walks on either side of the avenue, all gazing up toward the Arc de Triomphe. Yes; there were soldiers on horseback coming right down toward us. Then far-away shouts reached our ears from the crowds ahead, where the soldiers were. We could see the people waving hats and handkerchiefs.

"Look at the pistols," cried Frank from the box. "They 're holding them right up in the air. What 's that for?"

"They 're cuirassiers," George called back. "They 're a body-guard. It must be somebody —"

"*C'est le Président de la République!*" ejaculated the coachman, as the soldiers drew down upon us at a rapid pace.

We were within fifty yards of them now, and could see everything plainly. There, in front, were the two large cuirassiers, with shining breastplates and helmets, each with a cocked revolver held out in the air at arm's-length. Behind came the President's carriage drawn by four coal-black horses, with postilions in dazzling liveries, then two more cuirassiers with drawn pistols followed by a troop of cavalry.

On they came. Our coachman stopped his horses. The people were shouting and cheering on all sides — "*Le Président!*" "*Carnot!*"

He was almost abreast of us and close by, when suddenly I noticed that he was looking in our direction, and all eyes were turned toward our carriage.

It was the American flag!

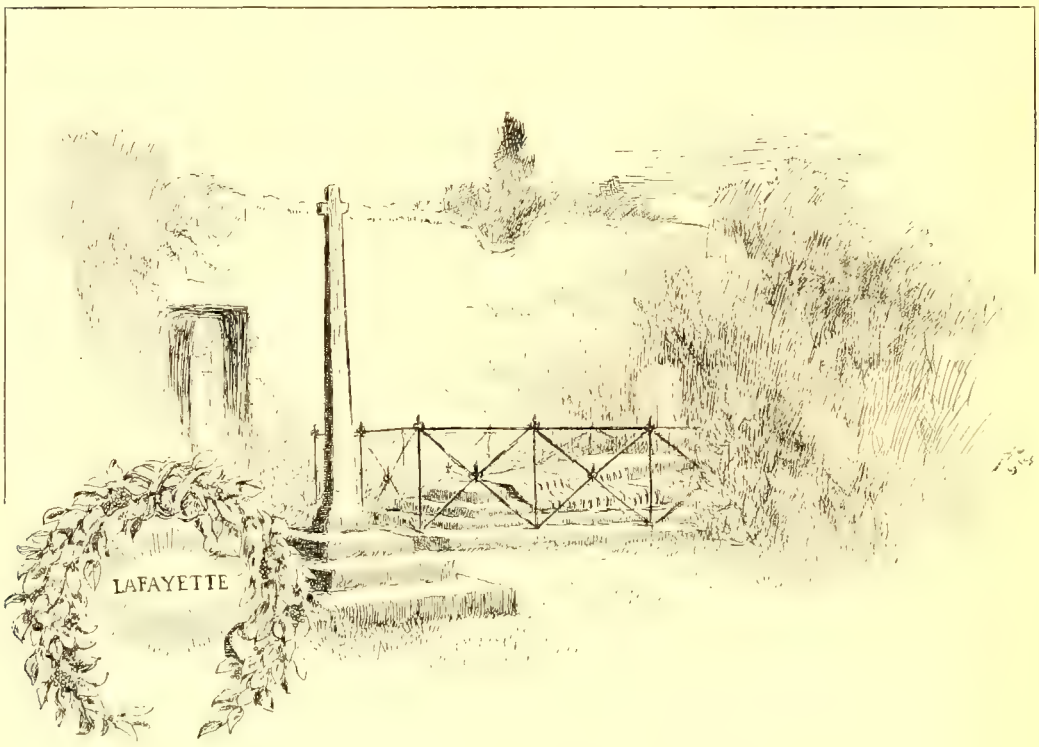
There it was, floating proudly aloft in the hands of our little boy on the front seat. And when Frank saw the President right abreast of him, and everybody looking at his flag, without a sign of hesitation he stood straight up, held the flag as high in the air as he could, and dipped a salute to the President of the French Republic! The crowd was cheering wildly. President Carnot moved forward a little in his seat, lifted his hat, and bowed low to Frank and the American flag.

And then in a second he had passed.

And this flag, I think, is prized by Frank even more than the other. At least, whenever he takes anybody up to his room, he always says first:

"This is the flag that was on Lafayette's tomb;" and then in a more impressive voice, "That 's the one President Carnot took off his hat to."

But those two flags are not the only ones that mean anything to him. Every flag he sees on the street, he realizes, might have been on Lafayette's tomb, or might have been bowed to by President Carnot.





THE STUDIO-BOY.

By M. O. Kobbé.

"Look well at me as I pass by;
My sister's studio-boy am I.
She trusts me with her pots and pans,
Her brushes and her varnish-cans.
She lets me stand her easel up,
And pour queer mixtures in a cup.
I am her model, too, you see;
I helped her draw this sketch of me.
Papa thinks it 's too thin and tall;
Mama says it 's too fat and small;
But we two artists both agree
It 's just as good as it can be.

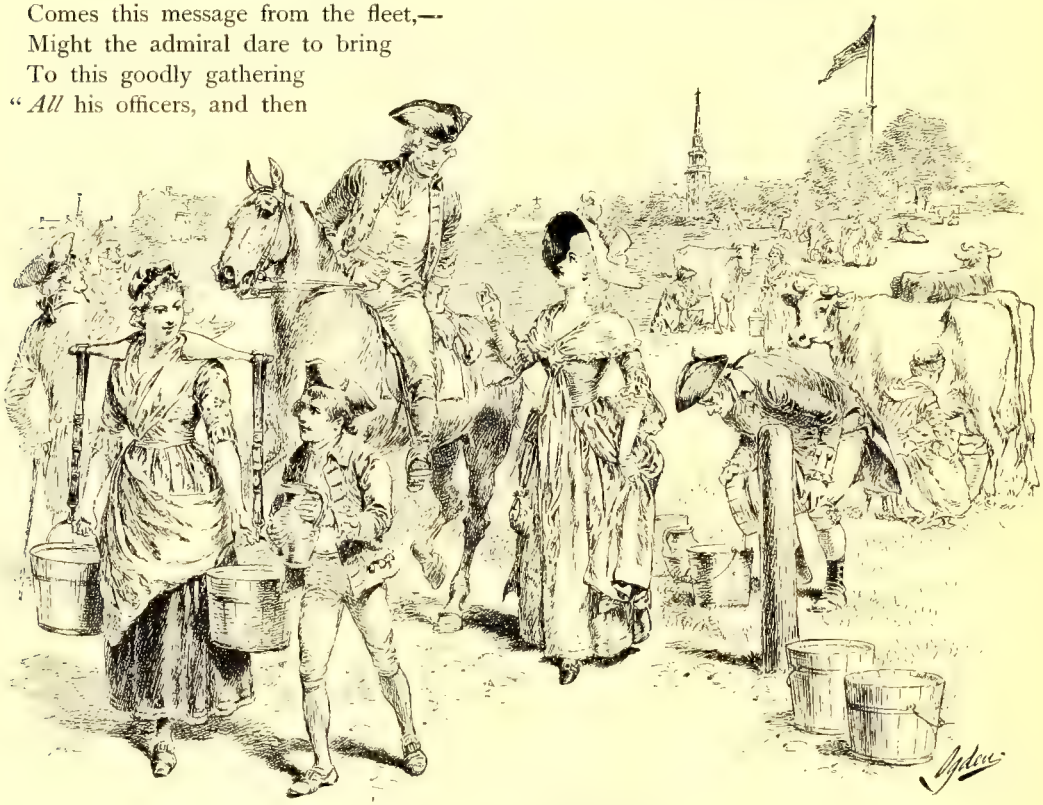


DOROTHY HANCOCK'S BREAKFAST-PARTY.

By Nora Perry.

Quoth the governor to his dame,
When the French fleet sailing came
Into Massachusetts bay,
"We must make a feast straightway,
Spread a board of bounteous cheer
For the gallant admiral here."
Nothing loath, the three-years bride,
Fair Dame Dorothy, complied,
And with fine housewifely zeal
Planned at once a bounteous meal
Fit to set before a king,
Or a kingly following.

But, alas! when all 's complete
Comes this message from the fleet,—
Might the admiral dare to bring
To this goodly gathering
"*All* his officers, and then



"THERE THEY MILKED THE GRAZING HERD
AT THE FAIR YOUNG MADAM'S WORD."

Certain of his midshipmen?"
Who can paint the dire dismay
Of Dame Dorothy that day?
Thirty guests she 'd bidden there;
Now so late as this prepare
For a hundred more, at least?

There they milked the grazing herd,
At the fair young madam's word,
While the townsfolk stood and stared,
Wondering how she ever dared
Take such liberties as these
Without even "If you please."

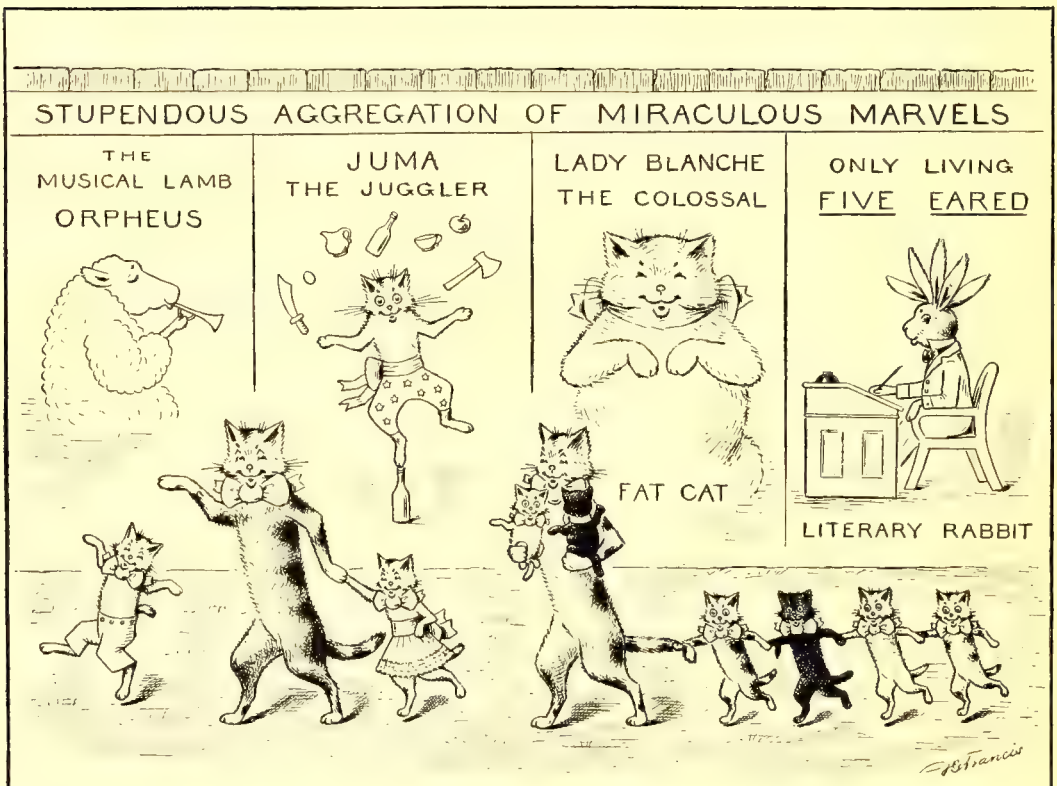


"HOW DAME HANCOCK SPREAD HER FEAST FOR 'A HUNDRED MORE AT LEAST.'"

Just a moment stood she there,
In irresolute despair,—
Just a breathless moment,—then,
She doth call her maids and men,
And herself doth lead them down
To the green mall of the town,
Where her neighbors' cattle graze
All along the grassy ways.

But straight on the milking went,
While the fair young housewife sent
Mounted messengers here and there,
Borrowing of her neighbors' fare.
Not a neighbor said her nay
On that memorable day.
Fruit, and sweets, and roasted game
From their larders freely came,—

Cakes and dainties of the best,
At Dame Dorothy's request.
Then triumphantly she flew,
Spread her tables all anew,
Whipt her foaming milk to cream,
While just down the harbor stream
She could see th' approaching guests,
With their starred and ribboned breasts.
Long before that day was done
All the townsfolk, every one,
Were they young or were they old,
Laughed applaudingly when told
How dame Hancock spread her feast
For "a hundred more at least."



A DUTIFUL PARENT.

Cried a cat to his wife, "See, my dear,
The superlative Circus is here!
With the children we'll go,—'tis our duty, you know,
Their young minds to enlighten and cheer."

HISTORIC DWARFS.

By Mary Shears Roberts.

II. RICHARD AND ANNE GIBSON.

Besides Jeffrey Hudson, the royal household of Charles I. boasted of two other Lilliputians in the persons of Richard Gibson and his wee wife, Anne.

This wedded pair of midgets were of precisely the same height, each measuring three feet two inches. Young Gibson was not quite so symmetrical as Jeffrey, and he was not so elegant in manner as the queen's favorite, but he had the intellect of a man, a most lovable disposition, and a talent for painting, which last gave him a fame quite apart from the distinction enjoyed by the dwarf Hudson, as a royal plaything.

Richard was more famed for his artistic ability than for his tiny stature. Jeffrey attached himself particularly to Henrietta, and looked with jealous eyes upon his more talented rival; but Gibson found great favor with the king, became his Majesty's portrait-painter, and was made Page of the Back Stairs.

His little wife was in the service of the queen, and was thoroughly disliked by Jeffrey, who wished to be first and favorite in everything; but Anne and Richard were friends from the first time they met in the Palace of St. James.

Gibson, commonly called the Dwarf Artist, was born in 1615 in the northwest corner of England, where the picturesque crags and peaks of Cumberland are mirrored in the beautiful lakes at their feet. His parents were in very humble circumstances, and his father tended sheep and tilled a little farm.

In those days dwarfs were in such demand among the nobility that poor people were inclined to regard the birth of one as a piece of good luck for the family; and when it became known that Dame Gibson's baby was a very small specimen of humanity, all the kind neighbors came in to congratulate and perhaps to envy her on account of what the future might have in store. "He 's a bonny wee bairn, indeed," exclaimed the mother, who was not altogether of this way of thinking. "Many a small babie has made a big man, and God grant he may reach the height of his father; but little or big, not a lord nor a lady in the land shall take him fra' me — no, not even the king hissel'"; and she clasped the infant tighter to her heart.

"We 'll see about that when the time comes; but little he is, and little he 'll be, and small danger that anybody 'll want the boy, much less his Majesty, God bless him!" replied an old beldam who was blessed with a larger family of grown-up children than she could well care for.

The woman's prophecy as to the infant's size proved quite true, for he was always "Little Gibson"; but she shot wide of the mark regarding the royal favor. The child's intellect developed much faster than did his body; he grew fond of outdoor sports, and archery and drawing became his favorite amusements. His bows and arrows were made of suitable size for him by his father, and his pencils and crayons were home-made.

In his own native Cumberland, close to his birthplace, was the famous Borrowdale mine of graphite or plumbago, which for many years supplied the world with its best pencils. Indeed, the first lead-pencils of which there is any record were made of the graphite of this mine, discovered some fifty years before our little artist was born.

When Richard was a tiny, toddling boy his hands and face were seldom free from the black marks of the lead that he always carried about with him. He used frequently to be found roughly sketching on some piece of board or plank any scene that pleased his fancy. Some-

times it would be a flock of sheep with their shepherd, or again the outline of the lofty mountain-peaks that surrounded his humble house. For archery his eye was as true as for sketching, and that is saying a good deal.

At an early age, however, against the entreaties of his fond mother, his father was persuaded



PORTRAITS OF RICHARD AND ANNE GIBSON.

to take the little fellow away from his outdoor sports and pastimes and to carry him up to London town. Here he was known for a time as the Cumberland pygmy, but he disliked being placed on exhibition and he missed the free air of his native hills. The roses were leaving his cheeks and he was beginning to droop, when fortunately he attracted the notice of a rich and noble lady, who lived at a place called Mortlake.

This kind dame took a great fancy to the little dwarf, and wanted him for a page. His father, by this time grown quite tired of London, readily consented to allow the child to enter her service. The old shepherd, who was out of place in a big city, parted with genuine sorrow from his son, and speedily returned to the sheepfold in the mountains, while Richard went with his mistress to her fine house at Mortlake. His duties were light, and his spirits revived in his new home, which was close to the famous Mortlake tapestry-works, at that time under the direct patronage of the king.

Of course, Gibson was subject to more or less teasing from the domestics. The servants of his patroness's household were inclined to ridicule his small size; but his chief tormentor was the lady's butler. He was a very tall man, and he used frequently to snatch up the dwarf, place him on a high shelf, and leave him there till some one chose to take him down again. The big man did this once too often; for one day Richard, becoming tired of sitting on this lofty perch, took a piece of graphite from his pocket and drew on the wall behind him a free and bold caricature of the butler. When the latter saw this he was both frightened and amazed. He cuffed the young artist as he set him on the floor, and attempted to erase the picture. My Lady, hearing unusually loud talk, came to see what was the matter, and was greatly astonished as well as amused at Gibson's work. To be sure, the beautiful wall was defaced, but she was an admirer and a patron of art, and saw at once that the artist of the caricature must possess no ordinary talent. Accordingly the butler was dismissed, Gibson was praised and encouraged, and De Cleyn, master of the tapestry-works, was invited to express an opinion on the work of the tiny draftsman.

De Cleyn, too, was amused and impressed both by the picture and the page, and, at the lady's solicitation, readily agreed to give the pygmy artist lessons in drawing. Gibson's joy was only exceeded by his industry and perseverance, and he made rapid progress in his art. About this time it happened that the king, while visiting the Mortlake works, came suddenly upon the quaint little figure of the dwarf sitting upon a

high stool before an easel busily engaged in copying a picture by Sir Peter Lely.

"What have we here?" exclaimed his Majesty, drawing nearer that he might examine the work of this curiously small artist. Great was the monarch's amazement when he saw how successfully the midget had imitated the famous work of the master, and greater yet was the young painter's astonishment to find himself praised and flattered by his august sovereign.

Henceforward Richard's success in life was assured. Of course the lady who had been so kind to him was compelled to part with her little favorite when the king intimated his wish to secure the young man for himself; and soon Gibson was established at court, where, although he was Page of the Back Stairs, he found plenty of time to pursue his artistic studies, which were now directed by no less a person than Sir Peter Lely himself.

While our tiny hero was living at Mortlake, little Anne Shepherd was acting as a sort of diminutive lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Richmond. Her Grace was very fond of the gentle Anne, but though kind, she was a very silly old woman who loved to make a great display of her wealth; and she was altogether so vain and ostentatious that people made as much fun of her as they dared to make of so exalted a personage.

Before Anne was out of her teens it came to pass that the baby prince, afterward King Charles II., was to be christened. His grandmother, Marie de Medicis, had consented to act as godmother, but only by proxy, as she could not leave France; so the Duchess of Richmond was chosen to take the place of the French queen as sponsor to his infant Royal Highness. The old dame was so elated at the honor conferred upon her that she fairly outdid herself in her efforts to shine as a great giver of gifts. First, she presented to the infant, who was the cause of so grand an occasion, a jewel worth some thirty-five thousand dollars; then she brought a nurse down from Wales in order to keep up the tradition that a Welsh word should be the first uttered by every Prince of Wales, and she made the honest woman happy



PORTRAIT OF RICHARD GIBSON. (FROM A DRAWING BY HIMSELF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

by giving her a chain worth a thousand dollars more. Indeed, I could not tell you all the silly things this silly old woman did. She even went so far as to make expensive presents to the "royal rockers" engaged to jog the cradle of the infant Charles, who, I suppose, behaved very much as other babies do, and in spite of all his splendor was very fat and very ugly.

Upon the eventful day the queen sent her own state carriage with ever so many lords and knights, to bring the bountiful old godmama to the christening. There were six footmen and six horses with plumes all over them; and the duchess was very proud of the equipage as she stepped into the carriage. Little Anne Shepherd, who had never seen so fine a sight in her life, was lifted up by one of the tall footmen and placed opposite to her mistress. There she sat, looking very small and demure, till the gilt coach reached the Palace of St. James.

At last, after fifty pounds each had been given the knights, and all the coachmen had received twenty pounds, and the footmen ten, the ceremony was allowed to proceed, and the royal baby was baptized. Then her Grace, in a final burst of magnificence, wound up the whole affair by presenting Anne to the queen; and Henrietta was delighted to have another dwarf in her retinue.

Little Gibson was at the christening, and saw the small Anne decked out in great splendor; and although he was still rather young to think of matrimony, he fell in love with her then and there. His affection was returned, and in due course the king and queen gave their consent to the marriage of the two dwarfs.

Great preparations were made for this wedding, which was celebrated in the chapel of the Palace of St. James; and everybody who was anybody at all was bidden to the ceremony. Henrietta Maria, who, in more senses than one, was the reigning beauty of the British court, took great interest in the festivities, and arrayed herself in all her splendor and loveliness to bestow her blessing on the little pair. She ordered Jeffrey Hudson to be best man, a task he was at first very unwilling to perform, for Jeffrey wished himself to be the bright particular star on all occasions, and he was very jealous of both Anne and Richard. The queen appeased his vanity by ordering for him a gorgeous new suit; the waistcoat was rose-colored satin all sparkling with gold lace, and his little breeches and stockings were of the same color.

Thus attired, he went through his part of the ceremony with an air of courtly grace.

The little bride looked charming in a white satin dress with a very long train, and the tiny groom wore a white satin waistcoat with trimmings of satin. His hose and breeches were of white silk, and diamond buckles sparkled in his tiny shoes. The dwarfs were a dainty pair, and created a sensation as they stood before the clergyman exchanging their vows. King Charles, very handsome, very graceful, and looking every inch a king, gave away the bride.

The court poet, Sir Edmund Waller, wrote about the wedding a poem called "The Marriage of the Dwarfs." Part of it is as follows:

> Design, or chance, make others wive,
> But Nature did this match contrive;
> Thrice happy is that humble pair,
> Beneath the level of all care!
> Over whose heads those arrows fly
> Of sad mistrust and jealousy;
> Secured in as high extreme,
> As if the world held none but them!

For a time all went well. The little couple dwelt together in harmony, and Richard went on with his painting as industriously as ever. He confined himself principally to portraits, but some of his landscapes and animal-pieces were much admired. One of them was the cause of a truly sorrowful event. The painting in question represented the parable of the "Lost Sheep," and was exceedingly well executed. Sheepfolds and shepherds were common on Gibson's native mountains, and it will be remembered that, when a child, some of his earliest efforts had been attempts to draw pictures of the pretty little lambs. It was executed with so much spirit that Charles was delighted with it, said it was a masterpiece, and prized it so highly that he gave it into the hands of Vandervort, the keeper of the royal pictures, with strict orders to take the greatest care of it.

It happened that Vandervort was an absent-minded man, but he was so anxious to please the king that he carried out his instructions to the letter. He placed the picture in a secure

place, but when, a short time afterward, the king asked for it, the poor man could not remember what he had done with it. Not daring to own this to his master, he worried about it for several days and in his perplexity did not know what to do. At last he gave up in despair, and rather than endure his Majesty's displeasure, and not daring to say he had mislaid it, he committed suicide. The death of the keeper caused great sorrow at court, and a few days after the unhappy event the picture was found exactly where he had placed it.

Gibson's talent as a limner was really extraordinary. His most admired portrait was one of Queen Henrietta, which was in the collection of James I., and is now at Hampton Court. The artist, although a dwarf, seems to have shown much more discretion than many people twice his size, for he never meddled with politics or state affairs. During all the troubles between Parliament and King he busied himself with his art trying to support his large family; and when the queen had fled to France and Charles was dead Richard found a much better staff in his pencil than his most unfortunate patron had found in his scepter.

At heart little Gibson was a Royalist, and he was greatly grieved when his kind benefactor died; but he kept his small tongue quiet, and was taken under the protection of the Earl of Pembroke, and afterward painted the picture of Oliver Cromwell more than once. In the mean time, Sir Peter Lely had painted two portraits of the dwarf Gibsons; one was ordered by my lord Pembroke, and the other by a nobleman of the opposite party; so it is very evident that the dwarf artist was favored both by the Royalists and the Roundheads.

By the time Charles II. was ready to ascend the throne, Richard Gibson was about fifty-five years old, and was the father of several children. The "Merry Monarch" considered himself a patron of art, and soon his father's portrait-painter was again established at court, and after a time was appointed drawing-master to the king's nieces, Princesses Mary and Anne, who each in turn became Queen of England. These two young ladies were not very proficient in most of their studies, but it is said they inherited from the house of Stuart a taste for the fine arts. Although they at first were inclined to ridicule the diminutive size of their drawing-master, they soon learned to respect him and his ability. Indeed, the Princess Mary became so much attached to the little pair that after she married William, Prince of Orange, Richard was sent over to Holland, that she might go on with her painting under his direction.

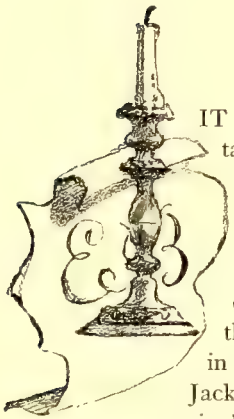
Calmly and peacefully the tiny couple pursued the even tenor of their way, the father making sufficient money to support his family, and the small wife being happy in attending to her domestic duties. They both lived to a good old age, and one writer in speaking of them says that nature recompensed them for shortness of stature by giving them length of years.

They had nine children, five of whom lived and attained the usual stature of mankind. Two of their children became portrait-painters, like their father, and one of the daughters, named Susan, became an artist of note. She painted chiefly in water-colors, and with great freedom. She afterward became the wife of a jeweler named Rose. Mr. Rose was very proud of being the possessor of a picture of the dwarf artist painted on the same canvas with his master, De Cleyn. Both were dressed in green habits as archers and held bows and arrows. Little Gibson's bow was carefully preserved and guarded by his daughter.

Both Richard and his wife were painted several times, by Vandyck, by Dobson, and by Lely. The dwarf artist was really a most superior man, and he lived through many vicissitudes. He was born during the reign of James I., saw the glories and troubles of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., and James II., withstood the horrors of the Great Plague and the terrors of the London Fire, and passed away early in the reign of William and Mary. He died July 23, 1690, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was buried at Covent Garden. His little widow survived him nearly twenty years. She died in 1709 in the ninetieth year of her age. The old chroniclers speak of the Gibsons with a respect which not all royal favorites have commanded.

THE SPARE BEDROOM AT GRANDFATHER'S.

By Mary Hallock Foote.



IT was the hour for fireside talks in the cañon: too early, as dusk falls on a short December day, for lamps to be lighted; too late to snatch a page or two more of the last magazine, by the low gleam that peered in the western windows.

Jack had done his part in the evening's wood-carrying, and now was enjoying the fruits of honest toil, watching the gay, red flames that becked and bowed up the lava-rock chimney. The low-ceiled room, with its rows of books, its guns and pipes, and idols in Zuñi pottery, darkled in corners and glowed in spots, and all the faces round the hearth were lit as by footlights, in various attitudes of thoughtfulness.

"Now, what is *that?*" cried Jack's mama, putting down the fan screen she held, and turning her head to listen.

It was only the wind booming over the housetop, but it had found a new plaything; it was strumming with a free hand and mighty on the long, taut wires that guyed the wash-shed stovepipe. The wash-shed was a post-cript in boards and shingles hastily added to the main dwelling after the latter's completion. It had no chimney, only four feet of pipe projecting from the roof; an item which would have added to the insurance, had there been any insurance. The risk of fire was taken along with the other risks; but the family was vigilant.

Mrs. Gilmour listened till she sighed again. The wind, she said, reminded her of a sound she had not thought of for years—the whirring of swallow's wings in the spare bedroom chimney at home.

"Swallows in the chimney?" cried Jack, suddenly attentive. "How could they build fires then, without roasting the birds?"

"The chimneys were three stories high, and the swallows built near the top, I suppose. They had the sky and the stars for a ceiling to their little dark bedrooms. In spring there was never more than a blaze of sticks on the hearth—not that unless we had visitors to stay. Sometimes a young swallow trying to fly fell out of the nest and fluttered across the hearth into the room. That was very exciting to us children. But at house-cleaning time a great bag of straw was stuffed up the chimney's throat to save the hearth from falling soot and dried mud, and the litter from the nests. It was a brick hearth painted red, and washed always with milk to make it shine. The andirons were such as you will see in the garret of any good old house in the East—fluted brass columns with brass cones on top.

"It was in summer, when the bird colony was liveliest, that we used to hear the beating of wings in the chimney—a smothered sound like the throbbing of a steamer's wheels far off in a fog, or behind a neck of land."

Jack asked more questions; the men seemed not inclined to talk; and the mother fell to remembering aloud, speaking sometimes to Jack, but often to the others. All the simple features of her old, Eastern home had gained a priceless value, as things of a past gone out of her life, which she had scarcely prized at the time. She was half jealous of her children's attachment to the West, and longed to make them know the place of the family's nativity through such pictures of it as her memory could supply.

But her words meant more to herself than to any that listened.

"Did we ever sleep in that bedroom with the chimney-swallows?" asked Jack. He was thinking: what a mistake to stop up the chimney and cut off communication with such jolly neighbors as the swallows!

Yes, his mother said; he had slept there, but before he could remember. It was the winter he was three years old, when his father was at Deadwood.

There used to be such beautiful ice-pictures on the eastern window-panes; and when the sun rose and the fire was lit and the pictures faded, a group of little bronze-black cedars appeared, half a mile away, topping the ridge by the river, and beyond them were the solemn blue hills. Those hills, and the cedars, were as much a part of a winter's sunrise on the Hudson as the sun himself.

Jack used to lie in bed and listen for the train, a signal his mother did not care to hear, for it meant she must get up and set a match to the fire, laid overnight in the big-bellied air-tight stove that panted and roared on its four



HOUSE-CLEANING AT GRANDMOTHER'S.

short legs, shuddering in a transport of sudden heat.

When the air of the room grew milder, Jack would hop out in his wrapper and slippers, and run to the north window to see what new shapes the fountain had taken in the night.

The jet of water did not freeze, but the spray of it froze and piled above the urn, changing as the wind veered, and as the sun wasted it. On some mornings it looked like a weeping white lady in a crystal veil; sometimes a Niobe group, children clinging to a white, sad mother who clasped them and bowed her head. When the sun peeped through the fir-trees, it touched the fountain statuary with sea-tints of emerald and pearl.

Had Jack been old enough to know the story of Undine, he might have fancied that he saw her on those winter mornings, and I am sure he would have wanted to fetch her in and warm her and dry her icy tears.

The spare-room mantelpiece was high; Jack could see only the tops of things upon it, even by walking far back into the room; but of a morning, mounted on the pillows of the great four-poster, he could explore the mantel's treasures, which never varied nor changed places. There was the whole length and pattern of the tall silver-plated candlesticks, and the snuffers in their tray; the Indian box of birch-bark overlaid with porcupine quills, which held concealed riches of shells and coral and dark sea-beans; there was the center vase of Derbyshire spar, two dolphins wreathing their tails to support a bacchante's bowl crowned with grape-leaves. In winter this vase held an arrangement of dried immortelles, yellow and pink and crimson, and some that verged upon magenta and should have been cast out as an offense to the whole; but grandmother had for flowers a charity which embraced every sin of color they were capable of. When her daughters grew up and put on airs of superior taste, they protested against these stiff mementos; but she was mildly inflexible; she continued to gather and to dry her "everlastings," with faithful recognition of their prickly virtues. She was not one to slight old friends for a trifling mistake in color, though Art should put forth her edict and call them naught.

In the northeast corner of the room stood a great invalid chair, dressed, like a woman, in white dimity that came down to the floor all round. The plump feather cushion had an apron, as little Jack called it, which fell in neat gathers in front. The high stuffed sides projected, forming comfortable corners where a languid head might rest.

Here the pale young mothers of the family "sat up" for the first time to have their hair done, or to receive the visits of friends; here, in last illnesses, a wan face, sinking back, showed the truth of the doctor's verdict.

White dimity, alternating with a dark-red reps in winter, covered the seats of the fiddle-backed mahogany chairs. White marseilles or dimity covers were on the wash-stand, and the tall bureau had a swinging glass that rocked back against the wall and showed little Jack himself walking into a picture of the back part of the room—a small chap in kilts, with a face somewhat out of drawing, and of a bluish color; the floor, too, had a queer slant like the deck of a rolling vessel. But with all its faults, this presentation of himself in the glass was an appearance much sought after by Jack, even to the climbing on chairs to attain it.

When grandmother came to her home as a bride, the four-poster was in its full panoply of high puffed feather-bed, valance and canopy and curtains of white dimity, "English" blankets, quilted silk comforter, and counterpane of heavy marseilles, in a bygone pattern. No pillow-shams were seen in the house; its fashions never changed. The best pillow-cases were plain linen, hemstitched,—smooth as satin with much use, as Jack's mother remembered them,—and the slender initials, in an old-fashioned hand, above the hem, had faded sympathetically to a pale yellow-brown.

Some of the house linen had come down from great-grandmother's trousseau, and it bore her maiden initials, E. B., in letters that were like the marking on old silver of that time. The gracious old Quaker names, sacred to the memory of gentle women and good housewives whose virtues would read like the last chapter of Proverbs, the words of King Lemuel, the prophecy which his mother taught him.

It was only after the daughters of the house

grew up and were married, and came home on visits with their children, that the spare bedroom fell into common use, and new fashions intruded as the old things wore out.

When Jack's mother was a child, it still kept its solemn and festal character of birth and marriage and death chamber; and in times less vital it was set apart for such guests as the family delighted to honor. Little girls were not allowed to stray in there by themselves; even when sent to the room on errands, they went and came with a certain awe of the empty room's cold dignity.

But at the semiannual house-cleaning, when every closet and bureau-drawer resigned itself to the season's intrusive spirit of research, the spare room's kindly mysteries were given to the light. The children could look on and touch and handle and ask questions; and thus began their acquaintance with such relics as had not been consigned to the darker oblivion of the garret, or suffered change through the family passion for "making over."

In the bottom drawer of the bureau was the "body" of grandmother's wedding-gown. The narrow skirt had served for something useful,—a cradle-quilt perhaps for one of the babies. Jack could have put the tiny dress-waist into one of his trousers' pockets, with less than their customary distention. It was a mere scrap of dove-colored silk, low neck, and laced in the back. Grandmother must have worn over her shoulders one of the embroidered India muslin capes that were turning yellow in that same drawer.

The dress-sleeves were "leg o' mutton"; but these, too, had been sacrificed in some impulse of mistaken economy.

There was the high shell comb, not carved, but a solid piece of shell which the children used to hold up to the light to see the colors glow like a church window. There were the little square-toed satin slippers, heelless, with flat laces that crossed over the instep; and there were the flesh-colored silk stockings and the white embroidered wedding-shawl.

Little grandmother must have been rather a "gay" Friend; she never wore the dress as did her mother, who put on the "plain distinguishing cap" before she was forty. She dressed as one of the "world's people," but always plainly, with a little distance between herself and the latest fashion. She had a conscientious scorn of poor materials. Ordinary self-respect would have prevented her wearing an edge of lace that was not "real," or a stuff that was not all wool, if wool it professed to be, or a print that would not "wash"; and her contempt for linen that was part cotton, for silk that was part linen, or velvet with a "cotton back," was of a piece with her truthfulness and horror of pretense.

Among the frivolities in the lower drawer was a very dainty little night-cap, embroidered mull or some such frailness; the children used to tie it on over their short hair, framing the round cheeks of ten and twelve year olds. It was the envelop for sundry odd pieces of lace, "old English thread," and yellow Valenciennes, ripped from the necks and sleeves of little frocks long outgrown.

The children learned these patterns by heart, also the scrolls and garlands on certain broad collars and cuffs of needlework, which always looked as if something might be made of them; but nothing was, although Jack's mama was conscious of a long felt want in doll's petticoats, which those collars would have filled to ecstasy.

In that lower drawer were a few things belonging to grandmother's mother, E. B., of gracious memory. There were her gauze neck-handkerchiefs, and her long-armed silk mitts, which reported her a "finer woman" than any of her descendants of the third generation; since not a girl of them all could show an arm that would fill out these cast coverings handsomely from wrist to biceps.

And there was a bundle of her silk house-shawls, done up in one of the E. B. towels: lovely in color and texture as the fair, full grandmotherly throat they once encircled. They were plain, self-fringed, of every shade of white that was not white.

There they lay and no one used them; and after a while it began to seem a pity to the little girls who had grown to be big girls; the lightest-minded of them began to covet those sober vanities for their own adornment. Mother's scruples were easily smiled away; so the old Quaker shawls came forth and took their part in the young life of the house—a gayer part, it

would be safe to say, than was ever theirs upon the blessed shoulders of E. B. One or two of them were made into plaited waists to be worn with skirts and belts of the world's fashion. And one soft cream-white shawl wrapped little Jack on his first journey in this world; and afterward on many journeys, much longer than that first one, "from the blue room to the brown."

No advertised perfumes were used in grandmother's house, yet the things in the drawers had a faint sweet breath of their own; especially it lingered about those belongings of her mother's time—the odor of seclusion, of bygone cleanliness and household purity.

The spare bedroom was at its gayest in summer-time, when, after the daughters of the house grew up, young company was expected. Swept and dusted and soberly expectant it waited, like a wise virgin, but with candles unlighted and shutters darkened. Its very colors were cool and decorous, white and green and dark mahogany polish, door-knobs and candlesticks gleaming, andirons reflected in the dull-red shine of the hearth.



After sundown, if friends were expected by the evening boat, the shutters were fastened back, and the green Venetian blinds raised, to admit the breeze and a view of the garden and the grass and the plashing fountain. Each girl hostess visited the room in turn on a last, characteristic errand: one with her hands full of roses, new blown that morning; another to remove the sacrificed leaves and broken stems the rose-gatherer had forgotten; and the mother last of all to look about her with modest pride, peopling the room with the friends of her own girlhood, to be welcomed there no more.

Then, when the wagon drove up, what a joyous racket in the hall; and what content for the future in the sound of heavy trunks carried upstairs!

If only one girl guest had come, she must have her particular friend of the house for a bedfellow; and what in all the world did they not talk of, lying awake half the summer night in pure extravagance of joy—while the fountain plashed and paused, and the soft wind stirred in the cherry-trees, and in the moonlit garden overblown roses dropped their petals on the wet box-borders.

Visitors from the city brought with them—besides new books and new songs and sumptuous confectionery, and the latest ideas in dress—an odor of the world, something complex and rich and strange as the life of the city itself. It spread its spell upon the cool, pure atmosphere of the Quaker home, and set the light hearts beating and the young heads dreaming.

In after years came the Far West, with its masculine incense of camps and tobacco and Indian leather and soft-coal smoke. It arrived, in company with several pieces of singularly dusty male baggage, but it had not come to stay.

For a few days of confusion and bustle it pervaded the house, and then departed on the "Long Trail," taking little Jack and his mother away. And in the chances and changes of the years that followed, they were never again to sleep in the spare bedroom at grandfather's.



IN NINETY-THREE.

By Kate Putnam Osgood.

This is my birthday—I 'm 'most a man;
Exactly eight.
I 'm growing up, says my Uncle Van,
At an awful rate.
But I can't know everything quite clear—
Not *quite*, says he—
Before my birthday comes round next year,
In Ninety-Three.

What makes the moon grow thin and long
Like a paper boat?
How did they get the canary's song
In his little throat?
Why has n't the butterfly something to do?
Or why has the bee?
What will become of Ninety-Two
In Ninety-Three?

I 'm always thinking and wondering
As hard as I can;
But there is n't much good in questioning
My Uncle Van.
For he only says, with a funny look,
I shall probably see—
If I keep on growing and mind my book—
In Ninety-Three.

It 's long ahead till a fellow 's nine,
When he 's only eight!
But the days keep passing, rain or shine,
And I can wait.
For all these puzzles, that seem so queer
Just now to me,
I 'll understand by another year,
In Ninety-Three.



TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

By Lieut. R. H. Fletcher.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter XV.

The next day Mildred felt tired and listless. After all the excitement of the preceding days she took pleasure in the simple, peaceful routine of home. She had a late breakfast, and then went up to the attic. Shutting the door, she felt a sweet satisfaction in being alone in her old playroom. She took out all of her dolls. These were her only true friends and companions, she told herself; they never misjudged her or said unpleasant things of her. She had never been so happy as when playing with them, and she ought never to have abandoned them; she did not care if she *was* twelve years old, she would always love them; and to prove it she decided to make them all new dresses for Christmas. With this purpose in view, Mildred opened the old cowhide trunk, and began to look over its contents for suitable scraps of silk. While she was thus engaged she heard a familiar footstep on the stairs. At the sound she frowned, and when there was a knock on the door and Leslie's voice called out, "Can I come in?" Mildred did not answer for a moment, being tempted to let Leslie think she was not there. Then changing her mind, she threw all the scraps back into the trunk, and, shutting it, said, "Yes, come in."

"Oh, Dreddy!" said Leslie, coming right up to Mildred and going straight at the subject that was on her mind, as was her way, "I hurried over, just as soon as I had my breakfast, to tell you that I 'm awfully sorry about what those girls said last night; and it was n't true at all. Everybody knows that you spoke my part just because I got to laughing and could n't say it; and they all thought it was just splendid of you to do it, and Carrie Wilkins had no business to say what she did, 'cause it was n't so! And you did n't believe it, did you?"

At that moment, as Leslie paused for breath and fixed her honest blue eyes anxiously on Mildred's, Mildred would have dearly liked to have been able to say, "No, I did n't believe it"; but, as it was, she made no answer and looked away.

"Oh, you did believe it, did n't you?" said Leslie, looking surprised and hurt. "Charlie said that you would, and I said that you would not. I would n't have believed it if she had said it of you. Is that what made you behave so funny last night, when you were going away?"

"Well," said Mildred, driven into defending herself, "you certainly acted as if you were offended with me. I wanted to tell you how it all happened, and you kept away from me all the evening so that I could n't. Don't you know that you did?"

"Well," admitted Leslie, "I was a little bit mad at first, but that was because Charlie was so cross with me. I forgot all about it afterward. And as for my saying that you spoke my part just to make people look at you, you know I never said that at all, and I never thought it, and Carrie Wilkins had no business to say so. She was just mad 'cause she was not asked to take part in the play. And I 'm going to tell her what I think of it, too, just as soon as ever I see her!"

"Oh, well," said Mildred, "as long as I know now that you did n't say it, it 's all right. It 's not worth making any more fuss about."

"I 'm going to tell her, just the same," said Leslie, decidedly. "I don't like any one to act like that. Charlie was awfully mad when he heard about it."

"How did he know?" said Mildred.

"Why," said Leslie, "he came up just as you were talking to the girls, and he said that you looked so queer, he knew something must have happened. So after supper he danced with Mabel, who was with them, though she did n't

say anything mean, and Charlie got her to tell him all about it. And then he told ma and me, and ma was awfully put out about it, and I said I would come right over and tell you the first thing in the morning. So it 's all right now, is n't it?"

"Yes," said Mildred, "it 's all right now."

"Did you have a good time?" said Leslie.

"Yes, indeed I did," replied Mildred; "it was a lovely party."

And then they began talking over all that had happened, with a great deal of interest. While they were in the middle of their conversation another step was heard on the stairs, and Leslie, stopping to listen, exclaimed, "Well, if there is n't Charlie coming up, too!" Sure enough, there was a rap on the door, and Master Charlie, putting his head in, said, "Anybody at home?" He, too, had come to explain and apologize for Miss Wilkins's remark, but, seeing that Mildred was already quite pacified, he soon dropped the subject and joined in the discussion of the play. Going over the triumphs and laughing at the blunders of the night before, the time passed quickly, and the luncheon hour had arrived before Leslie and Charlie took their departure; and so the dolls once more had to go without new dresses.

When Mildred accompanied her friends down to the front door all ill feeling had disappeared, and she was ready to agree with Charlie that the play had been a great success. Leslie allowed Charlie to go ahead of her as they started down the street, and then, turning back, she whispered to Mildred, "Do you remember that secret Charlie had about you, a long time ago?"

"Yes," said Mildred, with great interest.

"Well," said Leslie, "you will know what it is Christmas morning. 'S-sh!" she exclaimed, as Charlie called her; "don't tell him that I told you." And so, running off, she left Mildred meditating over what she had said.

"Undoubtedly," thought Mildred, "this must mean that Charlie is going to give me a Christmas present." The knowledge made her glad, and she wondered what it would be. And yet, at the same time, she remembered with sudden regret that she had not thought of giving either Charlie or Leslie a Christmas present. If they gave her something and she gave them nothing in return, that would be very awkward. And so she immediately went in search of her mother, whom she found in the kitchen helping Amanda make mince-meat and other Christmas dainties, and asked her advice on the subject.

"Don't you think, Mama," said Mildred, "that I ought to give them something?"

"Well, no," said her mother; "I do not. That is, I don't think you ought to make them a present just because they are going to give you one. That is not the sentiment of Christmas at all."

"If you had thought of it in time it would have been a pretty attention to have made Leslie something. But it is too late now."

"Could n't I buy her a present?" said Mildred.

"No," said her mother; "because that would not mean the same thing."

"But, Mama," protested Mildred, "I want to do something. Don't you think I have time to make just some little thing?"

"No, dear," said her mother; "I really do not. Christmas is the day after to-morrow. This afternoon we are going shopping, and to-morrow we are going to help get the Christmas dinner ready at the Orphans' Home. The best suggestion I can make is for you to buy two pretty Christmas cards, one for Charlie and one for Leslie, and send them Christmas morning. That, without making any pretensions to being a gift, will show that you did not forget them, which, after all, is what you want."

Mildred was not altogether contented with this decision, but, seeing no way to remedy it, she made the best of the matter. When she went with her mother that afternoon to buy Amanda's head-kerchief and Eliza's purse, she made a selection of two pretty Christmas cards, and when she found that they cost almost as much as she had expected to pay for a "regular present," she was much better satisfied; for which her mother good-naturedly laughed at her.

Chapter XVI.

Christmas morning dawned very gently and very slowly on Washington city, because it came in a snow-storm — a good old-fashioned snow-storm everybody said, as they looked out of

their windows and saw the ledges softly rounded up with two or three inches of snow, and the roofs of the houses and the streets all smoothly white. When Mildred looked out of her window, she danced up and down with delight; and indeed the snow did make a beautiful sight. There were the old familiar trees in the garden, looking quite strange, all covered with feathery white blossoms; and on the top of the brick wall was a long white bolster, and on each spike of the iron railings a little white hood, and over all the hush of the silently falling flakes.

But there were other things for Mildred to look at beside the snow, this Christmas morning. There was a stocking hanging from the mantel, all bulging out with knobs and sharp corners, and a chair by the side of her bed piled up with packages big and little. For it was in this fashion that Mildred received her home presents. They were brought into her room mysteriously in the night when she was asleep, and when she awoke in the morning there they were to greet her opening eyes. Of course, since she had grown to be twelve years old, Santa Claus had taken Mildred's name off his regular visiting-list, but nevertheless she could not give up the habit of hanging up her stocking Christmas eve, and she never failed to find it filled Christmas morning.



"SEATED BEFORE THE FIRE, MILDRED BEGAN THE DELIGHTFUL BUSINESS OF OPENING HER BUNDLES."

And now, wrapped in a blanket, seated with her feet curled under her in a big chair before the red, snapping fire, Mildred, assisted by Eliza, began the delightful business of opening her bundles. There were books from her mother, a gold bead necklace from her father, a huge cake from Amanda, with "Mildred"

written on the top in sugar, and a complete doll's wardrobe from Eliza, besides all the quaint and funny things in her stocking.

In this pleasant occupation they were interrupted by the ringing of the first bell for breakfast, which brought Eliza to her feet with the exclamation, "The good lan's sake! W'at am I thinkin' 'bout, squand'rin' my time like this!" And hurrying away, she left Mildred to finish her toilet.

When Mildred bounded into the breakfast-room a few minutes later, her arms filled with her treasures, she found her mother there alone.

"Merry Christmas, Mama!" she cried, putting down her bundles and throwing her arms around her mother's neck. "Here 's a kiss for Christmas, and here are twenty for the books. They 're just too lovely for anything!"

"I 'm glad that you like them, dear," said her mother, after returning her greeting.

"Indeed I do," said Mildred; "they are just what I wanted, and I 'm so much obliged to you. And here 's a little present that I made for you," continued Mildred, bringing forth the tidy. "I made it all myself."

"Why, how nicely you have done it!" said her mother. "It is very pretty, indeed."

"There are some parts that are not so good as others," said Mildred, thinking about the work she had done on that unfortunate Saturday afternoon; "but I could n't help that."

"Well, I don't know," said her mother, looking at the tidy critically; "it all seems to me very well done. In fact, I did not know that you could work so nicely. Thank you, sweetheart, very much"; and she gave Mildred another kiss.

Quite satisfied with the result of her labors, Mildred proceeded to show her mother her other presents. "Amanda made me a great big cake, Mama. And Eliza made me these doll's clothes. See here! Are n't they nice? They are made just like real persons' clothes, exactly." And after her mother had admired these things, Mildred at last put her hand in her pocket and, drawing forth the bead necklace, exclaimed in great triumph, "But *now*, what do you think I 've got?" And hiding it mysteriously between the palms of her hands, she laid her cheek against them and looked at her mother with dancing eyes. "See that!" she cried, suddenly opening her hands. "Is n't it beautiful?"

"Are you very glad to have it?" said her mother, smiling at her enthusiasm.

"Oh, indeed I am," said Mildred; "ever so glad,—you don't know! But where is papa?" she continued. "What makes him so late?"

"He does not feel very well this morning," replied her mother; "and he is going to take breakfast in his room."

"Oh!" cried Mildred, her face lengthening with disappointment, "I 'm so sorry. I wanted to thank him, and I wanted to give him his present, too."

"Well, never mind, dear," said her mother; "you and I will breakfast together, and after that we will go and pay papa a visit."

If Mildred's attention had not been taken up at that moment by the entrance of Amanda, she might have seen that her mother's cheerfulness was altogether assumed and that she looked pale and careworn. The fact was, she had been sitting up for many weary hours with Major Fairleigh, who had been so sick in the middle of the night that Eliza had to be called up and sent for the doctor. But all this had been concealed from Mildred, her father himself having requested that her Christmas joy might not be spoiled.

So, after Mildred had thanked Amanda for the cake and presented the head-kerchief, her mother called her attention to some more packages that had arrived that morning.

Two of the new packages were boxes that had come by express, and they had to be opened with a hatchet. One of them was from Mrs. Fairleigh's sister who lived in Paris, and it contained presents for all of the family. To Mildred was sent a sealskin jacket and cap. This very handsome gift was quite enough to send Mildred dancing around the room again with joy, and altogether created quite a sensation. The other box was very rough-looking, and when opened proved to be full of big yellow oranges. This was a present from a cousin of Major Fairleigh's, who owned a ranch in California. With the third package was a card upon which was written, "For Miss Mildred Fairleigh, with a Merry Christmas, from Chas. G. Morton." This, then, was Charlie's secret!

Mildred stood first on one foot, and then on the other, in her impatience as Eliza opened the bundle. "Why, it 's nothing but string!" she exclaimed, as the wrappers were taken off.

"What kind o' present 's that!" said Eliza, indignantly.

"Open it out," said Mrs. Fairleigh, herself somewhat puzzled. "Oh, I see," she added; "it is a hammock, and a very pretty one, too."

"But what is it for, Mama?" said Mildred.

"Why, to lie down in, dear," said her mother. "Don't you remember they had them under the trees at Sulphur Springs?"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Mildred; "but where can I hang it — in my play-room?"

"Yes," said her mother, "that would be a very good place for it. And now let us have breakfast."

But although Amanda had cooked them a royal breakfast, neither Mildred nor her mother seemed very hungry. Mrs. Fairleigh made a pretense of eating, but Mildred was too much excited over her presents for even that. They had almost finished, and Mildred was hurrying that she might go up-stairs to see her father, when the door-bell rang, and Mildred, clapping her hands, looked up and exclaimed, "Another present!" But no; Eliza went to the door, and in a few minutes returned, announcing the doctor.

"Show him in here," said Mrs. Fairleigh.

Dr. Strong was a surgeon in the army, and a very old friend of the family. He was stout and jolly, and came in from the snow-storm looking like a red apple. "Merry Christmas to you all!" he cried, as he entered the room rubbing his hands. "Good morning, Mrs. Fairleigh. This is fine wintry weather. Aha! Miss Mildred, Santa Claus has been here, I see. I met him coming away, and he told me that he had forgotten to give you this." And the doctor handed Mildred a good-sized parcel which proved to be a blue satin box filled with French candies.

"Won't you sit down and have some breakfast, Doctor?" said Mrs. Fairleigh, after Mildred had thanked him.

"No, no," he said; "don't mind me. I 've had my breakfast, an hour ago. I don't know, though; I believe I will have a cup of that famous coffee of Amanda's. Bless my soul!" he continued, "what 's all this? A hammock, and oranges! Why, that 's quite tropical."

"Papa's cousin John sent me the oranges," said Mildred. "He has a big ranch away out in California."

"Has he so?" said the doctor, looking at Mildred in a thoughtful way. "Cousin John has a ranch in California, has he?" And, sitting down, the doctor slowly stirred his coffee, looking into it in the same meditative way, and saying, "Humph! A ranch in California; yes, yes. Well," he added, finally looking up, "and how is the patient?"

Mrs. Fairleigh, catching the doctor's eye, glanced meaningly at Mildred, as she answered, "We hope he will do very well, Doctor."

"Ah, yes," replied the doctor, looking at Mildred; "exactly."

"Can I go up now and see papa?" said Mildred.

"So far as I am concerned, you may," said the doctor.

"I think, perhaps, that you might go up, dear," said her mother, "and tell papa that the doctor is here. But don't stay too long."

Taking a few of her presents with her to show her father, Mildred left the room.

As soon as the door closed upon her the doctor said, "Well, how is he?"

"I think he feels a little more comfortable," said Mrs. Fairleigh. "But, oh, Doctor," she added, her eyes filling with tears, "I am so uneasy!"

"Of course, of course," replied the doctor; "it is natural that you should be. At the same time I don't think that you have any cause for immediate apprehension. The fact of the matter is, Washington at this time of the year is no place for the Major. He ought to be out on 'Cousin John's' ranch in California, where he can stay out of doors all day long, and take life easy in a hammock under the orange-trees. I wish he were there now."

"You really think that he ought to go away?" asked Mrs. Fairleigh, anxiously.

"Yes, my dear friend, I do," said the doctor. "As I have told you before, I think that some day a surgical operation may relieve him of that

Gettysburg bullet, and bring about his recovery. But there is no use talking of that until he is strong enough to bear it. He is not gaining strength in this most trying climate of Washington; on the contrary, he is losing it, and to speak frankly I don't think that he can safely live here in his present condition."

"If you think that, Doctor," said Mrs. Fairleigh, gravely, "I shall try my best to induce him to go away."

"I have no hesitation in saying, my dear madam, that in my opinion it is the best thing you can do. However, the first and most important point is to get the Major on his feet again."

At this moment Mildred returned.

"Papa says to give you his compliments, Doctor," she said, "and he will be pleased to have you come up-stairs."

"Oh, he will," said the doctor. "*Très bien, Ma'mselle;* I will go immediately."

"Don't you think that papa will be able to come down to dinner, Mama?" said Mildred, mournfully, after the doctor had left. "It won't seem like Christmas unless he does."

"Maybe he will, dear," said her mother. "These attacks don't last very long, you know. Would n't you like to go out and take a run in the snow? Why not go and see Leslie, and then you can thank Charlie for the hammock."

"Oh, yes, I would like to do that," said Mildred, brightening up. And a few moments later, in her new sealskin cap and coat, she was plowing her way through the snow.

Mildred found Leslie and her brother in their yard making a snow fort. They set up a shout when they saw her and called out, "Merry Christmas!" At the same time Leslie let drive a snowball which came very close to Mildred's ear; and then she ran out and hugged her.

"Why, Dreddy!" she cried. "How cute you look! Is that a Christmas present? Sealskin is awfully becoming to you; is n't it, Charlie?"

Charlie agreed. For Mildred's black curly hair mingling with the fur of the cap, and her black eyes, and red cheeks, and white teeth appearing just above the dark fur of the coat did make a pretty contrast.

"Come in and see all the things I 've got," said Leslie, putting her arm around her. Then she whispered, "Did you get Charlie's present? He made it himself." And then she giggled and looked around at Charlie.

But he happened to be close behind her and overheard what was said. "Aha!" he exclaimed, "I heard you talking about me, Miss!" And scooping up a little snow he threw it over her.

"Oo-oo-ooh!" exclaimed Leslie, squirming around, half laughing, half scolding. "You mean, hateful thing!" And then having brushed off the snow as well as she could, she suddenly stooped and made a snow-ball which she threw at Charlie with all her might. But Charlie ducked his head in time to avoid it, and picking up a handful of snow himself, he made a great show of welding it together very hard for Leslie's benefit; at which Leslie fled into the house.

Mildred and Charlie followed, laughing. But Leslie had her revenge, for she had let down the latch of the front door so that Charlie had to ring the bell and wait for the servant to let him in, while Leslie stood at the parlor window making fun of him. Mildred took advantage of this opportunity to thank Charlie for the hammock.

"Did you like it?" he said.

"Yes, indeed," said Mildred. "And I was so surprised. I never had a hammock before, and this is such a pretty one. Did you really make it yourself?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "I made it; but it has been so long since I made one that I 'm afraid this is n't first-class."

"I 'm sure it is," said Mildred, enthusiastically. "It 's beautifully made. I don't see how you could do it at all. I thought Leslie was just in fun when she said that you made it."

"A Mexican packer taught me how," said Charlie. "They make much prettier ones out of colored grass."

"I think it was very nice of you to do so much for me," said Mildred, heartily.

"Oh, it 's nothing!" said Charlie, blushing and stamping the snow off his feet.

At this moment Leslie consented to open the door, and carried Mildred off to show her the presents.

But Mildred did not stay long. She felt anx-

ious and restless on account of her father's illness. For although it was not at all unusual for her father to be unwell enough to have to take breakfast in his own room, somehow or other it seemed to sadden Mildred more on

holly-berries out of the hall and out of my room and put them in there, shall I?"

"If you like, dear," said her mother. "I think it would be very nice to make the dining-room look as pretty as possible for papa."



"LESLIE LET DRIVE A SNOWBALL WHICH CAME VERY CLOSE TO MILDRED'S EAR."

this Christmas morning. And so, despite Leslie's protests, she soon ran back through the snow to her own house. And as she entered her mother's sitting-room, with its cheerful fire and dear, familiar objects, she felt that home was the only place to spend Christmas in, after all.

Her mother came in as she stood warming her feet, and Mildred instantly saw that there was a happier expression on her face.

"Is papa better?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, much better," said her mother. "He is sitting up now, and he thinks that perhaps he will be able to come down-stairs for a little while this evening, so that we may all have our Christmas dinner together."

"I 'm so glad!" cried Mildred, with a little jump. "That will be splendid! And I tell you, Mama, the dining-room is n't decorated half enough. I 'll get some of the greens and

And that evening the dining-room did look as pretty as possible. The firelight and candlelight flickered upon the burnished silver and glassware set out on the massive mahogany sideboard, and upon the pretty table-service; while Mildred's evergreens and red berries, wreathed around the chandelier and picture-frames, and around the brass frame of the antique mantel mirror, with its brass sconces each side full of tall wax candles, gave the room a jolly Christmas air that would have made any one's heart glad.

Mrs. Fairleigh, dressed in a plain black velvet gown that had been made for her a great many years ago, and yet that looked all the prettier for being old-fashioned, with a sprig of mistletoe and red berries at her throat, assisted her husband to his easy-chair at the head of the table. In this affectionate ceremony she was helped by Mildred. Then Eliza, arrayed in a

new dress, the gift of Mrs. Fairleigh, served the soup and the fish and at last the turkey, a big, fat bird, of a rich brown crispiness, the sight of which caused Mildred to laugh aloud. But, after all, this was as nothing compared to the effect produced by the arrival of the plum-pudding. For this luscious globe was borne in, all aflame with brandy-sauce, by no less a person than Amanda herself. Amanda was dressed in a new gown also, with Mildred's head-kerchief turbaned around her grizzled hair, and a white cambric kerchief crossed upon her breast, pinned with a gold pin, the gift of Major Fairleigh. When she set the plum-pudding on the table, and stood back, there may have been prouder women than Amanda in Washington that night, but it is doubtful.

Then, according to an old custom in the family, Major Fairleigh poured a glass of wine for each of the servants, and in a little speech thanked them for their faithful labor and devotion to his family during the past year, and, wishing them all prosperity, he drank their very good health.

Amanda responded to this as she had always done ever since Mildred could remember, and in pretty much the same words. She first took off her big silver spectacles and wiped them, and then, putting them on again, said: "Marse Will, I 'se sarved de Dwights an' de Fairleighs nigh on to fifty year. I held Miss Mary dere in my arms when she war a baby, an' I raised her till she done got married to you, Marse Will; an' den I come 'long wid her an' holped to raise Miss Milly dere. An' I doan' ax fer no mo' prosperity dan w'at comes to me along wid de fambly nat'rally, a-sarvin' you an' yourn." Here Amanda, for the first time in Mildred's experience, hesitated a little and then proceeded in a lower voice, "I doan' ax fer no mo' prosperity dan to see you git well an' strong ag'in, Marse Will. So yere 's you' very good healt', an' Miss Mary's, an' Miss Milly's, an' may de good Lord bress you all! Amen!"

(To be continued.)

THE DAY THAT NEVER COMES.

By Charles H. Lugrin.

I 'm tired of waiting for "some day."
Oh, when will it ever be here?
I 'm sure I have waited and waited
A good deal more than a year.

Saturday, Sunday, and Monday,
And all the rest of the week,
Keep coming, and coming, and coming;
But at "some day" I don't get a peek.

I 've looked all the almanac over,
And showed every page to my doll;
And we 're sure (how I hope we 're mistaken!)
"Some day" is not in it at all.

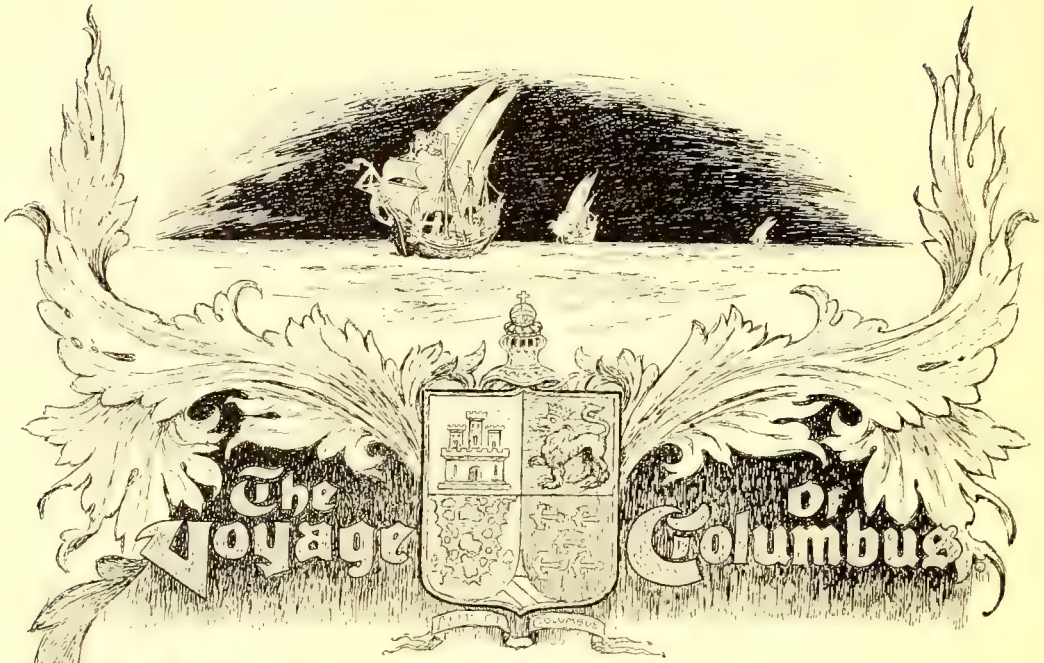
The things I 'm to have on "some day"
I could n't half tell in an age:
A tricycle, pony, a parrot,
A birdie that sings in a cage.

A cute little smutty-nosed pug-dog,
The prettiest tortoise-shell cat;
And papa says, maybe, the measles—
I 'm sure I don't care about that.

And mama is going to take me
To see lots of beautiful things;
And big brother Jack and Kitty
Will give me two lovely gold rings.

And "some day" I 'll find out the reason
Of things I can't now understand;
And "some day" I 'll have a big dolly
That can walk and hold on by my hand.

Oh, I 'm tired of waiting for "some day"—
It makes me just cross. I declare.
I 'm afraid, when it really does get here,
I 'll be a big girl and won't care.



By Royall Bascom Smithey.

A FEW months ago I took a journey by sea. When the steamer had passed quite out of sight of land, a gentleman from Ohio remarked in rather a nervous way:

"It seems to me as if I had left the whole world behind me."

"How," I asked, "would you feel if no one had ever crossed the Atlantic before?"

He laughingly replied, "In that event, nothing could make me go on this voyage."

When he had gone, I fell to thinking of the indomitable courage of the great Columbus, who first sailed over the sea from Europe to America, and of the honor all Americans ought to render to his memory. Surely he must have had visions of very beautiful lands to encourage him, or, so great were the difficulties he had to encounter, he would have given up in despair.

The one idea of his life, which has rendered him the greatest discoverer in the annals of history, was that the Indies could be reached by sailing west from Europe. He was poor, and needed money to test the truth of his theory. He first had high hopes that his own countrymen, the Genoese, would aid him; but they took no interest in his scheme. He next applied to the Portuguese, sustained by the belief that these pioneers in discovery would give him a favorable hearing. Again he was disappointed; and he now turned to Spain, arriving there in the year 1485. He met with some encouragement from the Spanish sovereigns; and he spent five years in solicitation at their court, hoping all the time they would agree to relieve him of the financial difficulties that barred his way. But Ferdinand and Isabella were busy with their wars; and finally, in 1490, they indefinitely postponed the matter. After this, there is evidence that Columbus laid his plans before several Spanish noblemen, but with no better success.

He now decided to ask aid from the King of France, and he prepared to go to that country; but, at the advice of Friar Juan Perez, one of his most faithful friends, he resolved once more to try the court of Spain. Juan Perez, who had acted as Queen Isabella's confessor, wrote to her indorsing the great navigator's idea.

Columbus reached the Queen to make his last appeal at a time when of all others he might hope to find her in a gracious mood. It was in 1492, just after the Spaniards had captured Granada from the Moors, and had planted their

banners upon the red towers of its renowned fortress, the Alhambra. The noble Isabella had all the time been really interested in Columbus's plan; and she now consented to help him.

But even after he had been fitted out for his voyage under her patronage, his troubles were by no means at an end. The three ships that were furnished him, called the "Santa Maria," the "Pinta," and the "Niña," were small, light craft, but poorly suited for a long and perilous journey. The sailors who manned them had been obtained with much difficulty. With few exceptions, they had little appreciation of the greatness of the enterprise.

When the expedition set sail from Palos, on the 3d of August, 1492, not a single spectator gave it a hearty "God-speed"; but, on all sides, the gloomiest predictions were made as to the fate of the men who were going to venture out upon the Sea of Darkness, which was supposed to surround the known world. The minds of the sailors could not but be affected by the lack of faith in the enterprise they had seen stamped upon the faces of their friends; and so they were ready to magnify real dangers, and to let their minds run wild over imaginary ones. Christopher Columbus alone had to quiet their fears, answer their objections, and breathe into them some of his own courage; and this, too, when he himself sorely needed support.

The route from Palos to the Canary Isles was not an unknown one; and this much of the distance was easily passed over. Here Columbus stopped till the 6th of September to repair the Pinta, whose rudder had been lost. Upon one of these islands is situated Mount Teneriffe, which was found to be in full eruption. As the sailors saw this, they shuddered and said: "This is an evil omen, and betokens a disastrous end to our voyage." But Columbus quieted their superstitions. He explained the nature of volcanoes, and called to their minds Mount Etna, with which they were familiar.

But when they looked back over the course they had taken, and saw the last of the Canary Isles grow dim in the distant offing and then fade out of sight, tears trickled down their bronzed faces, as the thought came to them that their ships were now, indeed, plowing through trackless seas. But they took heart again as Columbus told them of the riches and magnificence of India, which he assured them lay directly to the west.

So the voyage progressed without further incident worthy of remark till the 13th of September, when the magnetic needle, which was then believed always to point to the pole-star, stood some five degrees to the northwest. At this the pilots lost courage. "How," they thought, "was navigation possible in seas where the compass, that unerring guide, had lost its virtue?" When they carried the matter to Columbus, he at once gave them an explanation which, though not the correct one, was yet very ingenious, and shows the philosophic turn of his mind. The needle, he said, pointed not to the North Star, but to a fixed place in the heavens. The North Star had a motion around the pole, and in following its course had moved from the point to which the needle was always directed.

Hardly had the alarm caused by the variation of the needle passed away, when two days later, after nightfall, the darkness that hung over the water was lighted up by a great meteor, which shot down from the sky into the sea. Signs in the heavens have always been a source of terror to the uneducated; and this "flame of fire," as Columbus called it, rendered his men uneasy and apprehensive. Their vague fears were much increased when, on the 16th of September, they reached the Sargasso Sea, in which floating weeds were so densely matted that they impeded the progress of the ships. Whispered tales now passed from one sailor to another of legends they had heard of seas full of shoals and treacherous quicksands upon which ships had been found stranded with their sails flapping idly in the wind, and manned by skeleton crews. Columbus ever cheerful and even-tempered, answered these idle tales by sounding the ocean and showing that no bottom could be reached.

As the ships were upon unknown seas, it was natural that every unusual circumstance should give the sailors alarm. Even the easterly trade-winds, into the region of which they had entered, and which were so favorable to their westward progress, occasioned the gravest fears. "In these seas," they reasoned, "the winds always blow from the east. How, then, can we

ever go back to Spain?" But on September 22 the wind blew strongly from the west, which proved a return to Spain was not impossible.

Still, the men thought they had gone far enough, and daily grew more impatient and distrustful of their commander, whom, after all, they knew only as a foreign adventurer whose ideas learned men had pronounced visionary. They formed a plan to throw Columbus into the sea. This done, they proposed, on their return to Spain, to say he had fallen overboard as he consulted his astronomical instruments.

Columbus, whose keen eye saw signs of rising mutiny, took steps to meet it. The men who were timid he encouraged with kind words. To the avaricious he spoke of the great wealth they would find in the new countries. Those who were openly rebellious he threatened with the severest punishment. Thus, by managing the men with tact, he kept them at their posts of duty till September 25, when, from certain favorable signs, every one grew hopeful that land was near. The sea was now calm, and, as the ships sailed close together, wafted westward by gentle breezes, Martin Pinzon, who commanded the Pinta, cried out, "Land, land!" and forthwith began to chant the "Gloria in Excelsis." But he had been deceived by a ridge of low-lying cloud. For a week following, from many favorable indications, all on board were confident that as each day drew to a close land would be discovered on the next—and with each morning came bitter disappointment. This state of feeling continued till October 7, when, as the Niña, the smallest of the vessels, was breasting the waves ahead of the others, she suddenly hoisted a flag and, as a signal that land had been sighted, fired a gun, the first ever heard upon those silent waters. But the ships sailed on; and no land came in view.

The high hopes of the sailors now left them. The golden countries promised them seemed to recede as they approached. They became firmly resolved that they would give up the search after phantom lands and return to their homes. Columbus had exhausted his powers of persuasion. He now boldly announced that he would continue his voyage to the Indies in spite of all dangers. Doubtless he knew he could not much longer control his turbulent, hot-tempered followers. But the 11th of October, the day after he had come to an open rupture with them, brought unmistakable signs that land was near—such indications as fresh weeds that grow near running water, fish that were known to live about rocks, a limb of a tree with berries on it, and a carved staff. Every eye eagerly scanned the horizon. Night came on, however, and land had not been discovered; but the eager men were too happy to close their eyes in sleep. About ten o'clock, Columbus saw a light in the distance which moved to and fro in the darkness; and, shortly after midnight, a sailor on the Pinta made the welcome announcement that land could be seen. The ships now took in sail, and waited for the morning. As the 12th of October dawned, and the light of the rising sun dispelled the soft morning mists, Columbus's patience and unflagging zeal had their reward. He could plainly see land; and he tells us it looked "like a garden full of trees." It was an island belonging to what is now the Bahama group.

The ships soon cast anchor; and the boats were let down and rowed rapidly to a landing-place on the coast. Columbus, richly dressed and wearing complete armor, sprang upon the shore, bearing aloft the colors of Spain. He was closely followed by the captains of the Pinta and the Niña and a number of sailors, each captain carrying a banner upon which were wrought a green cross and the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella. They all, as soon as their feet touched the land, "fell upon their knees," and offered up their "immense thanksgivings to Almighty God."

When Columbus arose he planted the flag of Spain firmly in the soil. Who can properly appreciate the feelings that must have stirred his soul at this moment!

No wonder that Columbus was radiant with joy as he looked around him. No wonder that he wrote in his journal: "The beauty of the new land far surpasses the Campiña de Cordova. The trees are bright with an ever verdant foliage, and are always laden with fruit. The plants on the ground are high and flowering. The air is warm as that of April in Castile."

No wonder that he said: "I felt as if I could never leave so charming a spot, as if a thousand

tongues would fail to describe all these things, and as if my hand were spellbound and refused to write."

Joy filled his heart; for he regarded himself as under the special guidance of God. Truly he had cause for thankfulness. Heaven had given him a high and noble purpose and had granted him its fulfilment. He had reached the land that lay west of Europe, and which he believed to be a remote part of Asia; but he had really found America. By his hand the veil of obscurity had been lifted from the New World, and soon it became known to civilized man in all its matchless beauty.



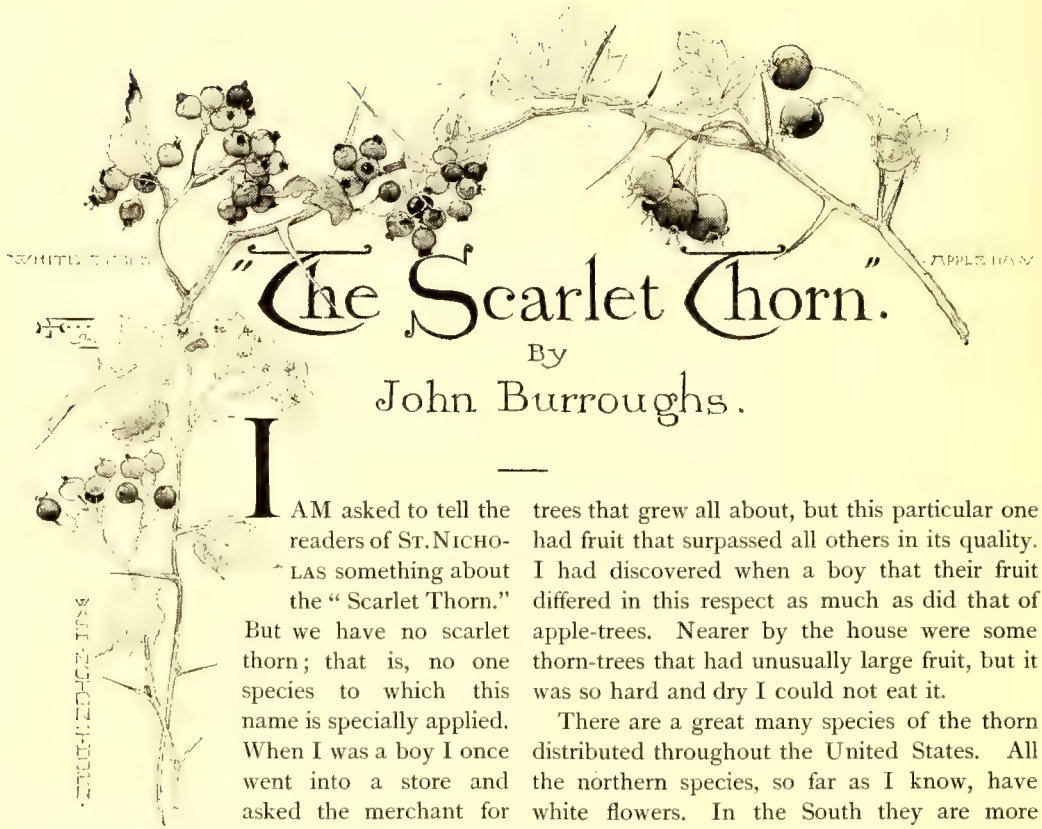
When the feast is spread in our country's name,
When the nations are gathered from far and near,
When East and West send up the same
Glad shout, and call to the lands, "Good cheer!"
When North and South shall give their bloom,
The fairest and best of the century born,
Oh, then for the king of the feast make room!
Make room, we pray, for the scarlet thorn!

Not the goldenrod from the hillsides blest,
Not the pale arbutus from pastures rare,
Not the waving wheat from the mighty West,
Nor the proud magnolia tall and fair
Shall Columbia unto the banquet bring.
They, willing of heart, shall stand and wait;
For the thorn, with his scarlet crown, is king.
Make room for him at the splendid fête!

Do we not remember the olden tale?
And that terrible day of dark despair,
When Columbus, under the lowering sail,
Sent out to the hidden lands his prayer?
And was it not he of the scarlet bough
Who first went forth from shore to greet
That lone grand soul, at the vessel's prow,
Defying fate with his tiny fleet?

Grim treachery threatened, above, below,
And death stood close at the captain's side,
When he saw — oh, joy! — in the sunset glow,
The thorn-tree's branch o'er the waters glide.
"Land! Land ahead!" was the joyful shout;
The vesper hymn o'er the ocean swept;
The mutinous sailors faced about;
Together they fell on their knees and wept.

At dawn they landed with pennons white;
They kissed the sod of San Salvador;
But dearer than gems on his doublet bright
Were the scarlet berries their leader bore;
Thorny and sharp, like his future crown,
Blood-red, like the wounds in his great heart made,
Yet an emblem true of his proud renown
Whose glorious colors shall never fade.



"The Scarlet Thorn."

By

John Burroughs.

I AM asked to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS something about the "Scarlet Thorn." But we have no scarlet thorn; that is, no one species to which this name is specially applied. When I was a boy I once went into a store and asked the merchant for a piece of "flowered calico." Some girl had asked me to contribute a "block" to her quilt. My people laughed at me when I told them, because they said all calico was "flowered." So I may say that all or nearly all thorn-apples are red, though I have occasionally seen a yellow variety. Every country boy and girl knows the thorn-tree, with its mass of white bloom in May and its mass of red fruit in the fall. Last September I spent some weeks in a farm-house situated high up on one of the pastoral slopes of the Catskills, and one of my favorite walks was to a thorn-tree that grew in a remote field on the mountain-side. It was loaded with pale-red fruit, which, the latter part of the month, was excellent. The mellower ones fell to the ground. I used to pick out the larger and fairer ones, and when I had eaten enough would fill my pockets to give the people at the house a treat. The cattle liked them, too, and often I would find the ground cleaned of them, but a little shake of the tree would bring down more. There were several thorn-trees that grew all about, but this particular one had fruit that surpassed all others in its quality. I had discovered when a boy that their fruit differed in this respect as much as did that of apple-trees. Nearer by the house were some thorn-trees that had unusually large fruit, but it was so hard and dry I could not eat it.

There are a great many species of the thorn distributed throughout the United States. All the northern species, so far as I know, have white flowers. In the South they are more inclined to be pink or roseate. If Columbus picked up at sea a spray of the thorn, it was doubtless some Southern species,— let us believe it was the Washington thorn, which grows on the banks of streams from Virginia to the Gulf, and loads heavily with small red fruit. One species of thorn in the South is called the apple-haw; its fruit is large, and is much used for tarts and jellies. The commonest species throughout New York and New England is probably the white thorn; its thorns and branches are of a whitish tinge, the fruit coral-red. Our thorn-trees do not differ very much from the English hawthorn.

The thorn belongs to the great family of trees that includes the apple, peach, pear, raspberry, strawberry, etc.,— namely, the rose family, or *Rosaceæ*. Hence the apple, pear, and plum are often grafted on the white thorn.

A curious thing about the thorns is that they are suppressed or abortive branches. The ancestor of this tree must have been terribly abused some time, to have its branches turn to

thorns. Take a young apple-tree and use it roughly enough, put it in hard, stony soil, let the cattle browse it down and hook it and bruise it, and it will develop thorns almost as hard and quite as sharp as those of the thorn-tree; its tender branches become so discouraged and embittered that they turn almost to bone, and wound the hand that touches them. The seedling pear-tree is usually very thorny when young, much more so than the apple, which makes one think it is more recently out of the woods. As it grows older its manner in this respect improves.

An apple-tree or a thorn-tree in the fields where the cattle can come at it, has a prolonged struggle for existence, and they both behave in about the same manner. They spread out upon all sides and grow very dense, crabbed, and thorny, till they have become so broad upon the ground that the cattle cannot reach their central shoots; then quickly from the midst of this spiny mound up goes a stalk, and the tree has won the victory. After this stalk becomes a fully developed tree, in the case of the apple, the thorns disappear and the barrier of crabbed branches at its foot gradually dies down. But the thorn-tree does not get over its wrath so readily; it keeps its sharp, spiteful weapons as if to guard its fruit against some imaginary danger.

I have an idea that persistent cultivation and good treatment would greatly mollify the sharp temper of the thorn, if not change it completely.

The flower of the thorn would become us well as the national flower. It belongs to such a hardy, spunky, unconquerable tree, and to such a numerous and useful family. Certainly, it would be vastly better than the merely delicate and pretty wild flowers that have been so generally named.

CORNWALLIS'S MEN.

By Lillian L. Price.



LAN, lad, hast thee closed up the mill?"

"Ay, Mother; 'deed I have," laughed Alan, coming into the living-room from the mill-place, and brushing flour from his rosy face as he spoke.

"Thou thinkest I have no head for caretaking, Mother; but 'deed the sluices are shut and the sacks bestowed; every bar is up and weighted, and the place dark as a dungeon. I 'm going to help Nancy fetch the milk."

"Snuff the candles and jog poppet's cradle yon," said the busy dame, stirring the porridge-pot, with a thoughtful look in her eyes. "It be a coldish night, Alan. Spy carefully up and down the road as thee goest to Nancy. Hark! what was that?"

"Oh, nothing at all, Mother!" said Alan, putting the wooden yoke for the milk-pails over his shoulders. "Belike it was Sukey stamping in her stall."

He tramped off to the barnyard, but the goodwife was not satisfied.

She called the children from their romp in the out-kitchen, and, putting their bowls of porridge before them, took up a candle and entered the dark mill to examine its fastenings herself.

It was a warm, sweet, musty place. The rafters were half hidden by dusty festoons of cobwebs. The hoppers, which whirred and purred all day long for the family living, stood silent and dumb. The wooden wheel shutting off the sluices lay well fastened back, and high in a corner was the pile of white bags, tied and billeted with wooden tally-sticks, and awaiting their owners.

"There 's a smitch of good corn there," said the dame, leaning over to push her finger against a bag lest it were not filled to hard pressure. "Many a loaf of bread for Dale-Rill-side lies there, and corn 's none too plenty with the war and plundering all about us!" She sighed and went back to the living-room.

Nancy and Alan entered with the milk-pails. "It 's freezing a weeny," said Nancy, giving over her pails to her mother. "There 's a bit of ice along the goose brook. The ground 's hard as the ax-head, and oh, but there 's a bonny circle round the moon!"

"Snow," commented Alan. "And then Squire Mortimer cannot ride down to pay his tally and give us the silver for winter shoon."

"You can ay foot it a bit longer as you stand," said the dame, smiling. "It 's not lack of silver that fretteth me, nor the riding down of the Squire. I pray we do not see the riding down of Cornwallis's men."

"They raided Sandy Farm last week," remarked Alan, flinging a billet of wood on the fire. "They took all the cattle."

"What would 'ee do, brever Alan, if Cornwallis came to 'ee mill?" piped a wee towhead over his porridge-bowl.

"Hark to Jackie!" laughed Alan, catching him up for a kiss. "'Deed, I would put spurs to Sukey, and ride—ride—ride—over sticks and stones and stubble, forsooth, to our camp on the Raritan."

"Ay, lad, it 's brave to say; but I would not have the trial for thee,—that would I not!"

Nancy cleared away the supper and sang the children to sleep, as they lay in their low trundle-beds with the door of the living-room open. "Sing 'Burned Byres,'" pleaded Jackie, sleepily. The tall candles flared, and Nancy crooned,

> Click clacket, click clacket,
> They ridet away,
> Full forty brave men
> At th' peep o' th' day;
> But say was it brav'ry
> Burned byres to see
> O'er all the broad village
> O' Stane-by-the-Lea?

"Thee 's a bit too gruesome in thy singing," sighed the dame, listening sharply. "Hist! Does thee no hear hoof-beats?"

"Ay, do I," said Nancy, quietly; and going to the lattice she turned its broad button and looked out across the gray moonlit landscape far northward to the line of woods. The brooding stillness of coming snow lay over everything. Through this stillness, sharp and distinct came the even but distant beat of hoofs,—not the light click of a single rider, but the sound of a number of horses' feet.

"They be over the ridge yet," said Nancy, taking down her saddle. "'T is windless, and sound travels far. Which shall 't be that rides Sukey, Mother—Alan or I?"

Alan came in at the door.

"Not thy saddle, Nancy," he cried. "Let me go!"

"Nay, I am safe enough on Sukey! Bethink thee of the rough soldiers! Stay to protect mother, Alan!"

"But the road is dark and broken; soldier bands are prowling hither and yon," he cried, looking with terror at Nancy tying on her cloak.

"Let Nancy go," said the dame. "We 'll have shift enough to hold the mill, I fear."

"Now ride!" cried Alan, as Sukey was saddled, bitted, and bridled. "Ride, Nancy, and pray help from Dickinson's men."

Nancy caught up the bridle, and whispered to Sukey. Then away she rode in the darkness, humming half unconsciously the little song, as Sukey's hoofs beat the time:

> Click clacket, click clacket,
> They ridet away;
> Their roses were red,
> An' their feathers streamed gay.
> But redder than roses
> Th' stains you may see
> Of sword and long saber
> At Stane-by-the-Lea!

Alan carried the babies up into the garret, and snuggled them warm under blankets. They barricaded the living-room doors, and then the real difficulty arose in hiding the bags of flour.

"Where—where can they be stowed?" cried the dame. But Alan answered in action. Squaring his broad young shoulders for the task, he dragged them one at a time, and flung them down the well.

"Thee 's ruined them forever, so!" wailed the dame.

"No, Mother, only for the bottom few, and e'en then Cornwallis's men shall not seize them—perchance. One looks not for flour down a well."

The soldiers were on the brow of the hill as the last fat bag sank below the well-curb. The

squad had made a detour to plunder a poultry-yard, and live chickens and geese squaked as they rode up. Alan barred the mill door, the mill being still full enough of corn and unground grain for rich spoil; and they waited.



THE SACKING OF THE MILL.

"Open in the name o' the King!" cried a soldier's rough voice.

"Keep a still tongue, Mother," whispered Alan. "Let them ay batter and beat a while."

"Let us in to your fire! 'T is snowing geese-feathers!" roared another.

"Come, give us your bacon flitches an' ropes o' onions!"

"Corn, corn! Open th' mill!"

Sharp spurs clinked on the garden stones, while the white snow-storm showered down its scurrying first flakes, and then the stout oak doors of the mill shook with the battering force of muskets and clubs. The house doors were next attacked, the lattices shaken and beaten, and splintering glass made holes in the diamond panes which a fist might enter.

"Open, open!—or we 'll burn ye,—mother and child!"

"There be Hessians there," said Alan, quietly.

A great fist was thrust through the lattice, pushing the barricade backward, and then it was overturned with a crash, the window flung wide, and in another instant a soldier had hurled himself into the room, followed by several comrades, roaring and laughing.

"By my faith, Mother, this fire burns well! 'T will take the frost from our bones! Who owns this mill?"

"One Robert Dale, a patriot," answered Alan. "And he being in service, I, his son, am in charge."

"So ho, Sir Spratling? Come, then, show us the corn-bins."

"That will I not," he returned promptly.

"Come, lad," said a tall soldier of fine military bearing, who now appeared beyond the barricades. "'T is the shortest shrift. You or the dame must show us the bins, else my men will find them, and that will be worse for you."

"Mayhap," said Alan, firmly. "But I 'll not have it said that Alan Dale was the coward to show thieves how to steal the trusted goods of his neighbors! The bins be not hard for clever robbers to find. My service is not necessary."

"The lad says well," said the dame.

"Ye 'll no take my mother for guide either," continued Alan; "or I 'll give one of ye the chance to knock me down, and only that, that ye 've had the years to get the strength and size I lack!"

"Softly, softly! Go ahead, men," ordered the tall officer; "and keep a civil tongue, young Jackanapes, lest the men do you a mischief. I like you," he added, in a low quiet tone. Then he sat wearily down by the fire, whilst the men began the sack of the mill.

"Thou hast the look of a gentleman, sire. I would thy actions bore thee out," said the dame.

"Madam, war lays on the soldier commands which the man abhors," he replied. "Have you not a baby here?" as his eyes fell on the empty cradle.

"Yea."

"I left a little one three months old in Kent. If I might be trusted, can I see the baby?"

"No, he shall not, Mother, while he lets them carry on—bedlam yon in the mill-place!" cried Alan, tortured by the sounds he heard. "He shall not cosset our baby while his soldiers steal our corn!"

But the dame understood the look in the young officer's face, and brought in the baby, warm and rosy from her blanket nest under the rafters. She laid her in the officer's arms.

"Bonny, bonny baby!" he said, touching the tiny hands with reverent fingers and brushing the little cheek with his lips.

"I 'll no bide it!" cried Alan. "Put down our baby and call off your men."

"Soft, soft, son Alan! Hark!"

The officer started, too. Again the sounds of hoof-beats approached, clear above the din in cellar and mill,—nearer, nearer. The tender look faded from the officer's face. "We are surprised!" he said, and laid the baby back in its mother's arms.

"Madam, for a space you have made me happy. I thank you. What is the baby's name?"

His hand was on his sword-hilt as he waited for her reply.

"Ruth Dale," answered the dame. Then with a call he sprang in among his men.

Tramp, tramp! clank, clank! The torches flared, and the young officer helped at the lading of the horses with sacks of corn.

"Dickinson's men!" cried Alan, joyfully. "Hi, hurrah there! Dickinson's men!"

Up they came in the falling snow, their horses steaming; and Sukey came too, brave, noble little Sukey with Nancy on her back.

In the sharp onset which followed, Alan took a part, handling a musket with the heartier will for his former helplessness. But Nancy out in the dark barn quietly blanketed Sukey, and then ran into the house to soothe the screaming children, terrified by the musket-shots.

The corn was saved. Only a few bags were gotten away with, and the flour in the well-curb lay quite undiscovered. Then back into the north rode Cornwallis's men.

But Nancy, when the confusion was over, sobbed with her head in her mother's lap, while Alan exulted. "That was a ride!" he cried. "Mother, you should ay have let me take it!"

"'T was cold," said Nancy, "and Sukey liked not the icy water at the ford,—which minds me of my wet shoon. And had I not met the men at the forks, surely we could not have ridden here in time."

"If ever there was music in nags' hoof-beats, 't was when they rode up," said Alan.

That was the last raid of Cornwallis's men in Dale-Rill-side. But when the war had been over for several years, the postman stopped at the mill one snowy Christmas eve, and out of his bag came a gift from far over the seas. It was a silver mug, and on it, beautifully graven in quaint old English lettering, were the words:

RUTH DALE. AMERICA.
FROM THE OFFICER'S BABY,
ELIZABETH EMORY. ENGLAND.

What Things Befell the Squire's House all on a Friday Morning.



"Then Buxom Bess, the Squire's maid, wrung her two hands, forlorning."

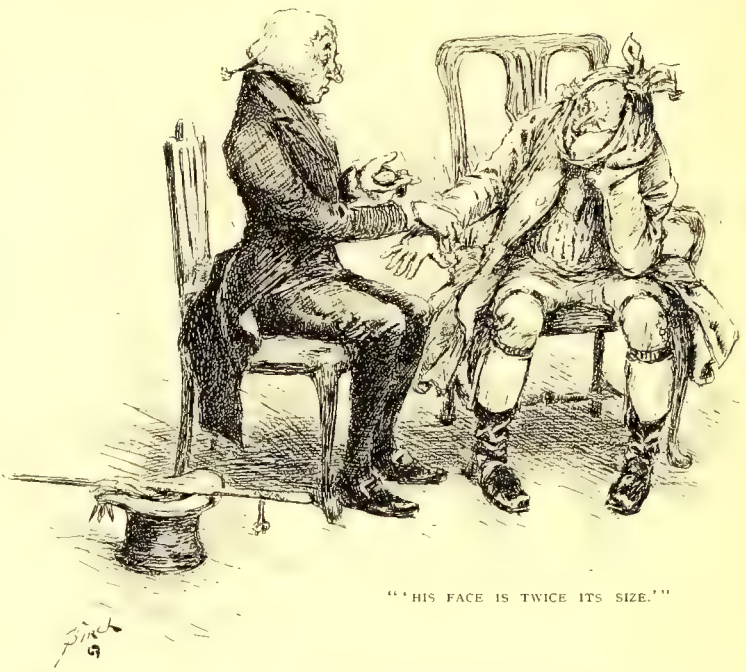
By Virginia Woodward Cloud.

"Oh! Mother Meg, come out, come out,
And hearken what I say!
There are strange happenings about
The Squire's house this day!
The mare is gone from out her stall,—
Alack, unlucky fate!—
Three crows did fly around the hall
As I ran out the gate!

"A bumblebee hath stung the Squire;
His face is twice its size.
My cake hath vanished off the fire,
Bewitched from 'neath my eyes!
Old Goody Gay doth sore bemoan
Some spirit in the well,
Which makes the bucket weigh ten stone
And keeps it under spell!"

Then Buxom Bess, the Squire's maid,
Wrung her two hands, forlorning;
But simple Jake, who after sped,
Just stood and looked and wagged his head,—
All on this Friday Morning.

So Mother Meg a charm did brew
For Bess, the Squire's lass:
A wondrous potion to undo
What things had come to pass.
She drew three hairs, and each one named,
From out her old cat's back,
And cast them in the fire that flamed
Beneath her caldron black.

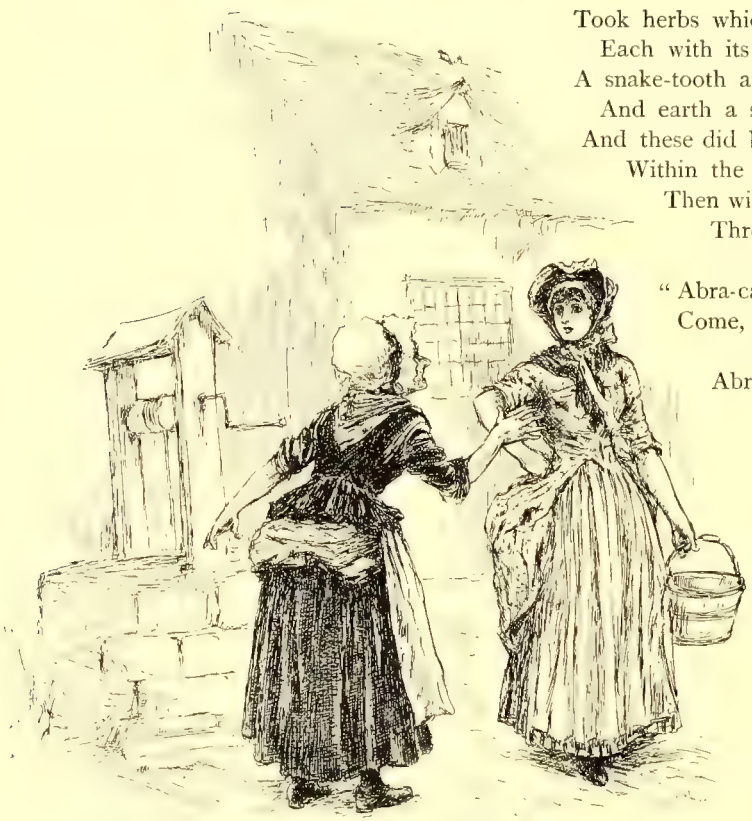


"'HIS FACE IS TWICE ITS SIZE.'"

Took herbs which grew the well beside,
Each with its magic art,
A snake-tooth and a horsehair tied,
And earth a seventh part,
And these did brew and brew and brew,
Within the caldron there,
Then with her hazel rod she drew
Three circles in the air:

"Abra-cad-abra, cad-abra, ca-di!
Come, my cat with the gleaming eye,
Abra-cad-abra, cad-abra, cad-ay!
Banish spell in this smoke away!"

With this strange charm went Bess the maid
Backward, and slow retreating;
And three times around the house she strayed,
And here and there the potion laid,
Those mystic words repeating.



"'OLD GOODY GAY DOTH SORE BEMOAN SOME SPIRIT IN THE WELL.'"

And lo! before the morrow, Jake
Had caught that wandering mare;
And slyly from the well did take
The stones he emptied there!
Old Goody, so rejoiced was she,
Drew water till nigh spent;
Then straightway o'er a cup o' tea
To tell her Gossip went.

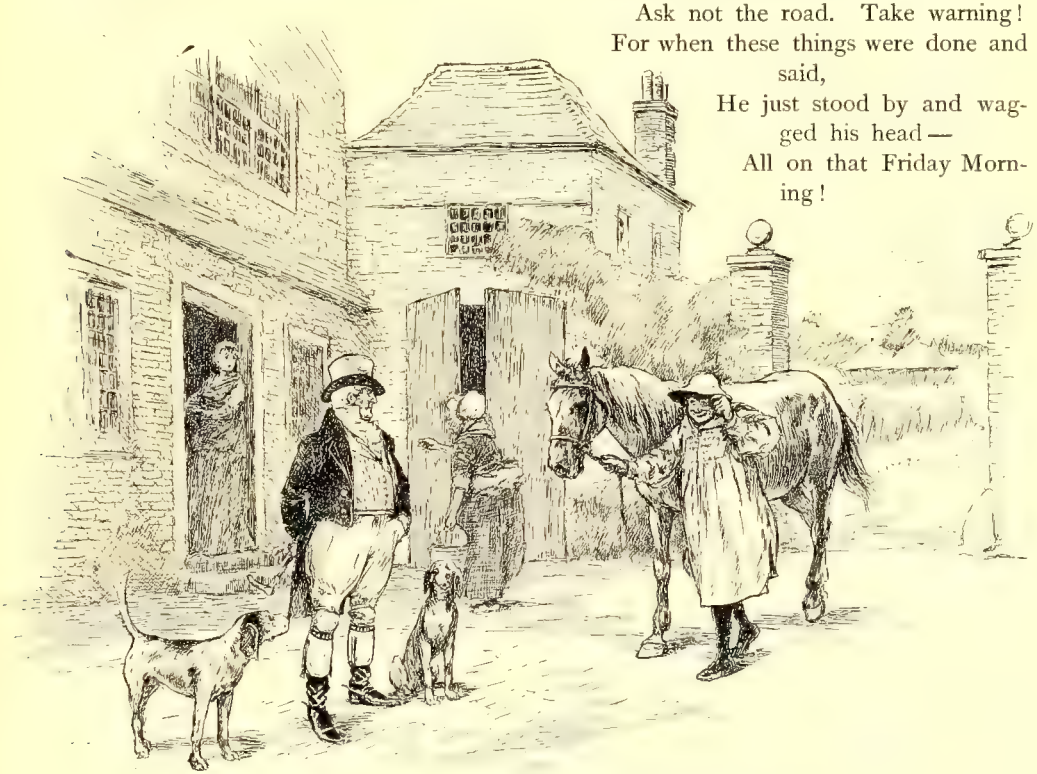
No bees did sting the Squire, because
The bees he went not nigh.
And Buxom Bess so busy was
She saw no black crows fly.
But her good cake was gone, in truth;
Yet this thing I do say,
She lost not one again, forsooth,
Until next baking-day!

Now, if such signs should come to you,
Speed straight away, I beg,
And get a magic potion, too,
Brewed by old Mother Meg.
But of one Jake, with shambling tread,



"SO MOTHER MEG A CHARM DID BREW."

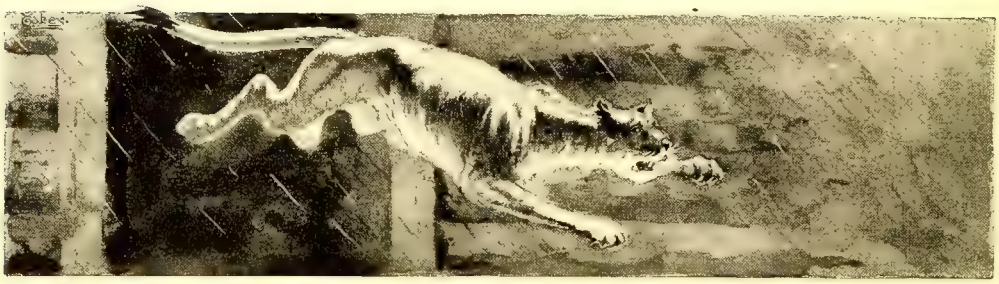
Ask not the road. Take warning!
For when these things were done and said,
He just stood by and wagged his head—
All on that Friday Morning!



"AND LO! BEFORE THE MORROW, JAKE HAD CAUGHT THAT WANDERING MARE."

THE RENDEZVOUS AT EAST GORGE.

By E. Vinton Blake.



"What 's the matter with you now?" asked Will Grant.

"An ache or two, in my head," said I.

"Well, if I was goin' to have aches, I 'd have them so they amounted to somethin'. That scar aches, where that cougar scratched me last fall. So I know it 's goin' to storm."

"Is that scar your barometer?" asked I.

"I say nothin' about your barometers. It always aches before a storm; I know that."

"Well, if you 've finished skinning that bear, we 'll come along," said I. "I actually feel sort of shaky and feverish. I wish we might come upon some settler's cabin."

"I came on a felled tree jest now, over there," answered Will, pointing over his right shoulder. "There 's a trail, too; but it has n't been traveled of late, an' the chips are old."

"It goes somewhere, though," said I; "and if there is a storm brewing, as you say, why, even a deserted cabin will be comfortable."

Will glanced at the sky, which was all of a dull gray, strapped the bearskin behind the saddle, and untethered his horse. I was already mounted.

"Out this way, somewhere, it was," muttered Will, leaning over his horse's neck, and scanning the ground between the tall scattered trees.

We were no longer in the semi-tropical regions of the South, but were hunting on a more northern spur of the Rockies. We expected that same week to rejoin our friends among the solemn rocks of "East Gorge."

"Here we are," said Will, at last; and he followed the scarce discernible trail among the thickening woods. I rode after. Rangoon tossed his head now and then with a quick, suspicious motion, but I paid no attention to him.

Whether it was because I felt feverish and unwell, I know not; but I took little note of surroundings as I rode. I longed to find a shelter from the coming storm where I could take a dose of quinine and get a few hours' sleep.

"Goin' to be sick?" asked Will Grant, without looking round.

"Not if I can help it," I answered laconically; and the hunter rejoined:

"That 's right; fight it off, if you can. A man's will does a power of good sometimes."

The murmur of a mountain brook that broke the stillness was drowned in a peal of thunder that died rattling among the distant crags.

"It strikes me," said Will, still "trailing" over his horse's neck, "that there 's tracks of some animal. Put this an' that together, now."

"A panther," suggested I, as our horses splashed through the stony shallows and I noticed confused tracks in the soft mud of the margin. "And fresh traces, too."

"Do you feel like huntin'?" he asked.

"No; I only want a few hours' quiet."

"I never remember," observed Will Grant, turning to scrutinize me, "of your feeling sick in this fashion, except when you 've been hurt or wounded some way."

"There 's your cabin," I said; "and a dismal place it looks too. But I don't care."

"I hope you 're goin' to have no fever and ague. I 've seen some folks have 'em when they come West. They was mostly settlers, though," ruminated Will, persistently.

"I 'm too well seasoned and too much on the move for fever and ague," I said impatiently. "Don't chatter so much about it. I tell you I 'm not going to be sick."

Will shook all over with a suppressed laugh, and we rode near to the deserted hut. Grass grew rankly into the doorway, and the roof had partly fallen in. Moss covered the interstices between the logs. Both horses snuffed the air, and seemed restless and uneasy.

"Some wild animals have been here," said Will, flinging me the bridle as he dismounted. "My horse won't stand. Hold on a minute."

He strode boldly forward, rifle cocked and ready. He was not three feet from the dark and yawning doorway, when there was a fearful, unearthly screech, and a rush through the air. Will's rifle went off; but without effect. The next instant he and the largest panther I ever saw were rolling on the ground together!

Will's horse jerked himself free in one mad, terrified bound, nearly dragging me from the saddle, and fled. Rangoon stood straight up in the air, trembling in every limb. In just those few seconds, and before I could quiet my brave horse with a quick, stern command, and get on my feet to go to Will's rescue, the panther had well nigh torn his hunting-shirt to rags. I dared not fire except at close quarters, for fear of hurting Will; the two were tumbling and writhing all over the ground. I got in a quick blow with my knife behind the panther's shoulder, but he turned on me like a flash. I left the knife in him and jumped back. Then I got a chance at his head and I put a bullet through it, and he loosened his claws with a gasp and dropped. Then Will Grant sat exhausted on the ground, and we stared at each other.

"You look to me as if you were going to be the sick one," said I.

"I guess I am pretty well scratched," said he.

"Well," said I, turning about, "are there any more panthers in this place? Because I should like to make them a call!"

"No, I 'll warrant you," answered Will, rising and stepping boldly within the door. "This one 's all there was, and he 's enough. Now where on earth is that horse?"

"I thought he was seasoned to 'most everything," said I.

"I 'm ashamed of him," said Will; "but I don't think he 's run far. You see it came so suddenly, and I was n't on him either."

"We 'll hunt him up," said I.

"You 'll be good enough to stay where you are, and start a fire," suggested Grant; "an'



"WILL'S RIFLE WENT OFF, BUT WITHOUT EFFECT."

I 'll find the horse and come back. He has n't gone far. We may as well stay here to-night."

"Your wounds should be bandaged," said I. "I have bandages in my case. Wait a bit."

Notwithstanding Will's assertions that the wounds were "just scratches, not worth mindin'," I bound up his shoulder and right arm with care, and fastened together, as best I could, the strips of his leathern shirt. Then he set out after his horse, while I tethered mine and gave my whole attention to building a fire.

After it was nicely burning, and Will had returned with the runaway, and the bear-steaks were sizzling over the coals, I took a dose of quinine; for I feared I had a little touch of

malaria, caught in the swampy river lowlands whence we had just come. I got into the most sheltered corner of the cabin, rolled myself in my rubber blanket, and went to sleep. In my sleep I was dimly conscious of an awful storm. It seemed to me that Will had taken both horses inside the cabin, and was having much ado to quiet them on account of the thunder and lightning I seemed to hear much trampling, much loud talking. Or else I dreamed it.

When I woke it was broad daylight. The sun slanted on the wet boughs before the door. The horses were inside, sure enough; and there sat Will, rifle in hand, nodding fast asleep.

"Hullo!" said I, sitting up.

"Hullo!" said Will, rising suddenly. "Well, if I was n't asleep! Seems I 've been holdin' on to these horses nearly all night! How are you? Any better?"

"I think so. Why did n't you wake me at midnight? I meant to keep my watch."

"You? I guess not!" said Will. "I 'd rather you 'd be in a condition to do a day's ridin'. You were pretty shaky yesterday, though you did n't say much. By to-night, if nothin' happens, we 'll get to East Gorge. To-day 's the first of September."

"The others are probably there waiting," said I.

"Well, breakfast, and then saddle up. Dig some dry wood out of the inside of this shanty, if you will, while I straighten things out."

In half an hour we were riding briskly along the faint trail. The trees grew thinner, and we came out on a long, sparsely wooded mountain slope that led gradually up to the higher, rocky tablelands. The trail, faint enough at the best, was here scarcely to be seen except by a practised woodsman; but Will Grant knew the country well, and we pushed on at a rapid trot. By noon the vegetation had undergone an entire change. The trees were few and stunted, the grass was sparse and short. The solemn mountain-peaks seemed to close in around us. Still we rode rapidly. Rangoon was sure-footed and agile as a cat, and Will's roan was well used to mountain travel. Neither of us thought it out of the common to ride at full speed through the mountain passes, on the brink of precipices, where a stumble would have plunged us to destruction. We took it quite as a matter of course that our horses would not stumble. We were in a hurry,—that was all.

"Yonder, round that spur, lies East Gorge," said Will, reining in his roan to point. "We 'll be there in about a couple of hours — and they 're there before us."

"How do you know?" said I, carelessly.

"Young man," remarked Will, with severity, "are you losing your eyesight, or what? Have I got to teach you woodcraft all over again?"

Somewhat mortified, I looked again, and this time discerned plainly the thin column of smoke that rose from beyond the spur.

"You 're right, Will. I was careless and did n't half look," said I.

"Don't let me hear you sayin' that again," said Will. "I 've known men's lives, here in the wilderness, to hang on just such a thread."

He was right, and I knew it.

The last two hours of riding were rather tedious. We could not go at any speed because of rocks and boulders.

"We 'll go down by the East Pass; that 's better travelin'," remarked the guide at the close of the afternoon. "Look yonder!"

I looked. Five horses were tethered, grazing on the short, unsatisfactory grass of a little open mountain meadow. In the shelter of a huge boulder burned a fire of stunted pine boughs. The camp-kettle was on; we saw the smile on a guide's swarthy face as he turned to wave his hat to us. Herries and Hexam, my two New York friends, started up at the shout; Miner, the rough, jovial trapper, woke the mountain echoes with his sturdy "Hurrah!" and the veteran scout, whose quick ears had long ago caught the tramp of our horses' feet, was already at our side, his gray hair windswept from his tanned, beardless face, his herculean frame as upright and active as any boy's.

"How are ye, Rafe, my boy?" with a vice-like grip of the hand. "I knew you 'd come — I knew the time was up. I 'm glad to see you. This time I 'm quite at your service. We 'll go down through the southern sierras if you like. Wounded, Will?" he asked, with a quizzical glance at my companion's hunting-shirt. And Will, smiling, owned to a few scratches.

So we rode into camp.

TOM PAULDING.

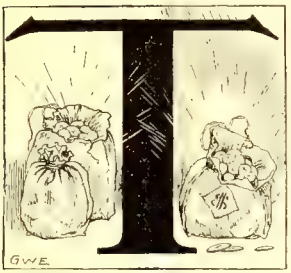
(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

By Brander Matthews.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

Chapter XVI.

TOM HAS PATIENCE.



TWO days after New Year's, little Jimmy Wigger was buried, and all the boys of the Black Band attended the funeral. Eight of them, including Tom Paulding, Cissy Smith, G. W. Lott, and Harry Zachary, were asked to be pall-bearers. Tom long remembered his silent walk by the side of the coffin as one of the saddest duties he had ever performed.

The next Monday school began again, and Tom went back to work. Now that he believed he knew where the stolen guineas were, and now that he expected to recover them with his uncle's assistance, his hope of being able to go to the School of Mines increased, and he studied harder than ever before that he might fit himself as soon as possible for this new undertaking. Unless something happened to help Mrs. Paulding, Tom knew that at the end of the year he would have to give up his aspirations and take a place in a store, that his earnings might contribute to the support of the family. If he could find the buried treasure, he felt sure that the money would suffice to tide over the difficulties of the household until after he had been through the School of Mines, and was able to make his living as a man, and to support his mother and sister on his income as an engineer. During the Christmas vacation, after his uncle had gone, Tom had walked down to Columbia College and had found out the requirements for admission. He believed that he could pass the examination the next year, late in the spring, if he could keep on with his studies until then. And whether he could do this or not depended now absolutely on the finding of the two thousand guineas stolen from his great-grandfather.

At the house, they all missed Uncle Dick. In the two months that Mr. Rapallo had spent at Mrs. Paulding's he had made himself quite at home, and they had come to look on him as a permanent member of the family. Mrs. Paulding had greatly enjoyed the long quiet talks she had had with her brother after her children were gone to bed. Pauline missed a playfellow always ready to join in her sports and always quick to devise a fresh game. Even the Brilliant Conversationalist grieved over Mr. Rapallo's departure. Certain little dishes of which he had been especially fond she ceased to serve, explaining that she would make these again "after Mr. Richard do be back."

But Tom missed him most of all. He felt lonely without Uncle Dick, who was older than he by nearly thirty years, yet who was always able to look at things from his point of view. The man and the boy had been very companionable, one to the other. Until long afterward, Tom did not know how much his character had been influenced by the example of his Uncle Dick, and how much Mr. Rapallo's shrewd and pithy talks had affected his views of life.

What Tom most needed was some one with whom he could discuss the buried treasure. He was young, and youth is sanguine; and he felt sure that the stolen guineas were really where he thought they were. But he wanted to have some one to whom he could talk about them, so as to keep up his own enthusiasm. There were days, during the absence of Uncle Dick, when it was very difficult for Tom not to tell Cissy Smith, despite Mr. Rapallo's warning. The secret burned within him and sometimes it almost burst forth of its own accord. Tom was strong enough to resist the temptation. He did not like to have to confess to his uncle

that he had disregarded the warning. Besides, he was a little in doubt how Cissy would accept the revelation; Cissy was a skeptical boy, with a superabundance of cold common sense. In imagination, when Tom told Cissy all about the buried treasure, and when he came to the long string of mere probabilities on which its discovery depended, he shivered as he fancied that he heard Cissy's frank opinion:

"Shucks! I don't take any stock in fairy-stories like that."

So Tom told no one. Yet the effort to bottle up his great secret must have been obvious at times. Corkscrew Lott became aware of it, or at least suspicious that something was on Tom's mind. Corkscrew's curiosity was greater than his pride, and he made up with Tom before they had been back at school for a week. He threw himself in Tom's way whenever Tom went out for a walk. In some strange manner he discovered that Tom was interested in the vacant lot where the stepping-stones were; and once, when Tom was drawn — as he often was — to go and look at the bank of earth beneath which he believed his treasure lay hidden, he found Corkscrew prowling around in the lot, and poking into its corners as if to spy out Tom's secret.

Corkscrew's curiosity went so far that he even stopped Pauline one day, as she was going home from school, to ask a few questions about Tom's doings, vainly endeavoring to entrap her into some admission as to the cause of her brother's change of manner.

"I did n't know he had changed at all," Polly answered simply.

"Oh, I did n't know, either," explained Corkscrew. "I only thought that, maybe, you know, he might have got on the track of that buried treasure, or stolen money, or something of that sort, that used to belong to his great-great-great-grandfather, once upon a time."

When this was repeated to Tom, he regretted that he had ever mentioned the loss of the two thousand guineas to any of the Black Band, and most of all that he had said anything in Corkscrew's hearing. He resolved to keep away from the stepping-stones until Uncle Dick returned.

Then it struck him that it would be fun to lead Corkscrew off on a false scent. So whenever he had part of an afternoon to spare, he would start off to Morningside Park, and as he took care to let Lott know where he was going, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing Corkscrew skulking along a block or so behind him. Tom would go gravely down the stone steps of Morningside Park, and he would pretend to sound rocks with a stick and to peer into all the crevices he could find. Sometimes he would push on down to Central Park when he was sure that Corkscrew was following; and then he would go all over the old fort which is still standing at the upper end of the park.



"TOM WOULD PRETEND TO SOUND ROCKS WITH A STICK."

And so the winter passed. Early in January there was a gentle thaw; and Tom hoped that the cold weather was over and that the ground would soon be soft enough for them to begin to dig. But on the day before Washington's Birthday there came a terrific snow-storm, covering the earth with a white mantle nearly a yard thick. The wind blew fiercely down the Hudson, tossing the snow-wreaths high in the air, and swirling them off down the hillside into the river. Then there followed a hard frost, and the thermometer fell day after day, and the wind blew keener and keener.

All things come to an end in time, and the

winter was over before Tom or his mother had any word from Richard Rapallo.

"Don't expect to hear from me till you see me," he had said to his sister just before he left the house. "You know I 'm not 'The Complete Letter-Writer.' If I get my work done, I 'll drop in again when you least expect me."

As the season advanced, and after the final thaw had come, the boys gave up coasting and skating, and began kite-flying. The river was open again, although huge fields of ice still came floating past. There were signs of spring at last. Across the river, up near the Palisades, there began to be a hint of fresh verdure. The long tows were once more to be seen moving slowly up and down the river.

The trees on the hillside below the Riverside drive and the few bushes about Mrs. Paulding's house were green again before there was any news of Uncle Dick. The hard part—or at least so Tom thought it—was that they did not know where Mr. Rapallo was. Sometimes Tom saw the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall walking slowly along the parapet of the drive before his house, as if he were inhaling the freshness of the spring; and Tom wondered if this benevolent-looking old gentleman knew where Uncle Dick was, and whether he would be greatly offended if Tom should go up and ask him.

One day when spring was well advanced,—it was then about the middle of April,—Tom determined to walk past the vacant lots where the stepping-stones were, that he might at least enjoy the sight of the outward covering of the wealth he was seeking. To his dismay he found that there was a cart standing on the tongue of land projecting out to the stepping-stones, and that this cart was but one of a dozen or more engaged in emptying builder's rubbish.

Tom did not know what to do. If these lots were to be filled up, then the difficulty of recovering the buried treasure would be doubled. Of course he saw that he could oppose no resistance to the work; he had to suffer in silence.

The next day, when he went to see how far the filling had progressed, he was delighted to find that the rubbish was now being emptied at one of the upper corners of the block, and that the fence had been replaced across the tongue of land which led out to the stepping-stones.

About that time there came a week of warm weather, and it seemed indisputable that there would be no more frost till the fall. Still there was no word from Uncle Dick. Tom thought that the hour had come when an effort ought to be made to get at the buried treasure; but he himself did not know how to go to work. He had relied on his uncle's help.

Suddenly the fear came to him that perhaps Uncle Dick would not return to them until too late. What would Tom do then?

As the days drew on, Tom became more and more doubtful about his uncle's coming. At last he determined to wait no longer, but to see what he could do by himself.

He recalled what Mr. Rapallo had said about hydraulic mining on the night of the fire, when little Jimmy was run over. Uncle Dick had declared that the stolen guineas could best be got at by hydraulic mining. What that was Tom did not know. He resolved to find out.

One Saturday afternoon he went down to the Apprentices' Library, and took out a book which the kindly librarian indicated as likely to give him the best account of the process. The next Saturday he got another volume; and a third Saturday he spent in looking up articles in the cyclopedias and in the bound magazines where the librarian had told him to search. From these, some of which were fully illustrated, Tom managed to get an understanding of the principles of hydraulic mining; and he thought he saw how his uncle meant to apply them to the getting out of the two thousand guineas buried near the stepping-stones.

Hydraulic mining is the name given in the West to the method of washing out a hillside containing auriferous sands by the impact of a stream of water, which carries down, into a prepared channel in the valley below, the "pay gravel" in the hill on both sides. After Tom had mastered the suggestion, he saw that his uncle meant in like manner to wash away the dirt and sand which hid the remains of Jeffrey Kerr.

The stepping-stones were near the upper end of the vacant block, and the ground sloped sharply away below, where the brook had run formerly. Tom saw that if a little channel

were dug around two projecting rocks, it would then be easy to wash out the loose earth, partly rubbish and partly sand, which formed the projecting point over the stepping-stones. If his guess as to the present position of the stolen money were right, then he would have to wear into the bank a hole fully twenty feet deep. With the aid of the small canal Tom had planned, he thought he saw his way clear to a most successful operation in hydraulic mining —if he could only get plenty of water.

Where the water was to come from, was a question for which he had no answer. Uncle Dick had suggested that the buried treasure could be got out by hydraulic mining, but he had not hinted how he was to get the water.

While Tom was puzzling over this to no purpose, one warm sunny day in May, when the leaves were opening on the trees and the bushes, Uncle Dick came back most unexpectedly.

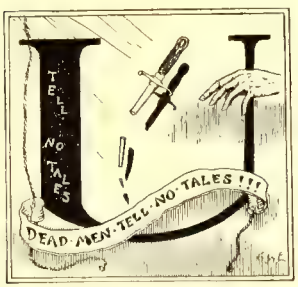
He gave no account of his wanderings; he offered no explanation of his long absence; but from chance allusions in his conversation Tom and Polly made out that he had been traveling part of the time he had been away, and that he had been to Boston, and to Chicago, and possibly even as far as San Francisco.

After supper he asked Tom to come up to his room.

When Tom had followed his uncle out of the dining-room, Polly asked her mother anxiously, "Did Uncle Dick bring you that Christmas present he owes you?"

"He has not given it to me yet," Mrs. Paulding answered; "but he will some day."

"I wish he would," said Pauline. "I do so want to know what it is."



CHAPTER XVII.

ENLISTING ALLIES.

UNCLE DICK and Tom had a long conference that evening in the former's room. Tom told his uncle the exact state of affairs. He described how the dumping of rubbish had begun again just over the stepping-stones, and how it had ceased the next day. He set forth Lott's attempts to spy on him, and his own success in throwing Corkscrew's curiosity off the scent. He gave a full account of his own endeavors to discover the methods of hydraulic mining.

"I think I have found out how you mean to go to work, Uncle Dick," he said; "but I confess that I don't see where we are to get the water to wash out all that dirt."

"That will be easy enough," replied his uncle. "We can have all the water we need—when we need it. That will not be for some time yet."

Tom went on to tell Mr. Rapallo how very difficult it had been for him to keep his secret to himself.

"But I have done it!" he concluded. "I have n't said a single, solitary word to anybody."

"I 'm not sure that the time has n't come to take one or two of your friends into your confidence," Uncle Dick responded.

"Can I tell Cissy Smith?" cried Tom; "and Harry Zachary, too?"

"From what you have said to me about your friends," his uncle answered, "I should judge that Cissy and Harry will be your safest allies in this affair."

"Cissy is my best friend," explained the boy, "and Harry is my next-best."

"Do you think they would be willing to help you?" asked Mr. Rapallo.

"Willing?" echoed Tom. "They 'd just be delighted, both of them, to be let into a scheme like this. What do you want them to do?"

"I don't know yet, exactly," his uncle responded; "but there will be work enough of one kind or another. We shall have to dig a trench to carry off the water, for instance."

"They go to school with me, you know, Uncle Dick," said Tom; "and they are free only at the same time that I am,—Saturday afternoons, mostly."

"I think it will be better for you to have a whole day before you—" began Mr. Rapallo.

"Then I don't see how we can come," Tom interrupted, "unless we play hooky."

"Don't you have Decoration Day as a holiday?" asked his uncle.

"Decoration Day?" Tom repeated, with a

little disappointment in his voice. "Oh, yes, —but that 's more than a fortnight off!"

"I doubt if we 'll be ready for a fortnight yet," Mr. Rapallo returned. "There are various things to do before we can turn on the water and wash out the gold—if there 's any there to wash out."

"Uncle Dick," cried Tom, piteously, "don't say now that you don't think the gold is there!"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Rapallo answered; "I *think* it is there—but I don't *know*. We have only a 'working hypothesis,' you remember."

"I remember," Tom repeated, dolefully; "but I 've been so long thinking about those two thousand guineas lying in the ground there by the stepping-stones that it seems as if I could see them, almost. I feel certain sure they are there!"

"Let us hope so," his uncle responded. "And don't be down-hearted about it. If we are to get that gold, we must all believe that it is there until we know that it is n't."

"I know it *is*," asseverated Tom.

"To-morrow," Mr. Rapallo continued, "you must take your friends into your confidence. I have business down-town and I 'll inquire whether the lawyers have found out yet to whom that vacant block belongs. If they have, I 'll try to get permission for us to dig out your two thousand guineas."

So the next afternoon, when school was out, Tom Paulding took Cissy Smith and Harry Zachary off with him.

Corkscrew Lott was going to join them, but Tom said to him frankly:

"I 've got something particular to say to Cissy and Harry, and so I don't want anybody else to come with us, Lott."

"Can't you tell me, too?" Lott pleaded.

"I can, of course," Tom answered, "if I want to. But I don't."

"Oh, very well!" said Corkscrew, gruffly; "I don't want to know any of your old secrets."

Notwithstanding this disclaimer of all interest in their affairs, Corkscrew lingered at school until after the three other boys had gone on ahead, and then he followed them from afar, in the hope that something unforeseen might reveal the matter of their discourse.

Harry Zachary gave a swift glance back when they came to their first turning. He caught sight of Lott, who stopped short when he saw that he was detected.

"There 's Corkscrew on our trail," said Harry. "Let 's throw him off the track."

"How are you going to do it?" said Cissy.



"TOM SAID SOLEMNLY, 'FELLOWS, CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"I 've got a way," Harry explained. "Follow me."

And with that he turned into the side street, and walked rapidly toward the elevated railroad station.

"Corkscrew will be sure to follow us now," Harry declared; "and when we come to the station, we 'll go up-stairs. He can't come up after us because he knows we should see him then."

"But we don't want to pay car-fare to nowhere just to get rid of Corkscrew Lott," remarked Cissy Smith, rolling along a little ahead of the others.

"We need n't pay a cent," Harry Zachary responded. "We can just wait on the outside

platform, out of sight from where he is, while we can see him through the window. Then when he goes, we 'll slip down again and run to the Three Trees."

"All right," said Cissy; and Tom also agreed to the plan.

The boys went up the steps of the elevated railroad station; and through the window of the covered platform they saw Corkscrew come up and stare hard at the station and hesitate a little, twisting about as usual. Then he set out to cross the avenue to look at the inner platforms; but, before he could do that, a train from up-town and another from down-town arrived and departed with much puffing and hissing, and shrill squeaking of the brakes. So Corkscrew gave up his effort to "shadow" the three friends, and went on his way home.

As soon as he was gone, Tom, Cissy, and Harry came out of hiding and started off for the Riverside Park, where there was a favorite spot of theirs, down by the railroad and the river. Here three trees grew in a group, with knotted and distorted branches, so that half a dozen boys could find seats amid their limbs.

When the three friends had arrived at this pleasant place, doubly delightful in the fresh fairness of spring, Tom, who had refused to open the subject before, said solemnly, "Fellows, can you keep a secret?"

"Shucks!" cried Cissy Smith, forcibly. "Did you bring us all the way down here just to tell us a secret? I thought you said you wanted us to help you do something."

"Is it about your lost treasure?" asked Harry Zachary, sympathetically.

"How did you know?" Tom inquired, in surprise.

"I don't know; I guessed," Harry explained. "You told us once that you were going to hunt for it, and you 've been so different since then that I thought perhaps you had got a notion where it was."

"I have found it!" said Tom, with intense enjoyment of the surprise.

"How much is it?" asked the practical Cissy.

"Where is it?" Harry cried.

"It 's two thousand guineas," Tom replied; "and it is now buried far from here. And I want you two to help me get at it."

"Buried?" Cissy repeated. "Then you have not seen it?"

"No," Tom replied, "but I know it 's there. It must be there!"

"We 'll help you, of course," said Harry Zachary, with a return of his shy and gentle manner. "But we shall have to kill the guards, sha'n't we?"

"What do you mean?" Tom asked in amazement.

"I suppose there must be somebody guarding this buried treasure, and they must be removed, of course. 'Dead men tell no tales,' you know," Harry explained. "And I have been reading about a new way of getting rid of an enemy; the Italians used to do it in the Middle Ages. You have a glass stiletto,—that 's a sort of dagger made of glass,—and you stab the man in the back, and break off the blade, and throw the handle into the Grand Canal; then the man 's dead and nobody knows you had anything to do with it."

"I 'm glad of that," said Cissy, dryly.

"But is it necessary to kill the guards?" Harry went on. "Would n't it do to give them something to put them to sleep while we get at the treasure? I reckon Cissy could coax his father to give us a prescription for something that would put a whole platoon of police to sleep for the day."

"Shucks!" said Cissy vigorously. "I 'm not going to stab anybody in the back with a glass dagger, nor are you either, Harry Zachary. And I 'm not going to try to put a platoon of police to sleep. It would be what my father calls a 'dangerous experiment.' Suppose some of them did n't wake up, and the rest of them did, and they clubbed the life out of us, where would the fun be then?"

"You need n't quarrel over the glass dagger and the policemen," Tom declared, "because there is n't any guard to kill, this time."

"A buried treasure without any guard?" Harry repeated. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Well," said Tom, "you can hear of it now if you want to listen. But first you have both got to promise that never by thought, word, or deed will you ever reveal any of the secret I am now about to confide in you."

"That 's all right," Cissy responded, "I won't say a word,— never." Perhaps this delayed double negative served to make the declaration doubly binding.

"I solemnly vow that I will never reveal the secret Thomas Paulding is now about to confide to me," said Harry Zachary, stiffening his usual timid voice. "In China they cut off a chicken's head whenever a man takes an oath before a priest, and that makes it binding, I reckon. I wish we had a chicken here."

"I guess the priests in China are as fond of chicken as anybody else," Cissy commented. "Now, Tom, tell us the whole story."

So Tom began at the beginning, and gave them all the particulars of his search for the stolen guineas, of the suggestion Santa Claus brought, of the stepping-stones, and of the present situation of the buried treasure.

"That 's all very well," said Cissy. "Perhaps the money is there, and perhaps it is n't. How are you to get at it? That 's the question."

Then Tom told them about hydraulic mining, explaining briefly to them what he himself had extracted laboriously from many books. He informed them that his uncle was going to arrange for a supply of water, and that Decoration Day had been chosen as the date when the final attack was to be made.

When Tom had finished, Cissy said, "Well, that 's a very interesting story, and, as I told you before, maybe the money is there. Leastways, it 's worth trying for. I don't see where your uncle is going to get the stream of water — but your uncle is n't any fool, so I guess he knows. And I don't see either where we come in — Harry and I. What are we to do?"

"I don't know just what you will have to do," Tom replied. "But Uncle Dick said to ask you and Harry if you would help us."

"Oh, yes," Cissy responded heartily. "I 'll help all I know how."

After a little further talk the boys started homeward, Cissy lurching along with his usual rolling gait.

"There 's the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall," said Tom, as they saw a tall, white-haired man get out of a carriage before a handsome house.

"That 's Mr. Joshua Hoffmann," explained Harry Zachary. "He 's so rich he has more money than he knows what to do with."

"And my father says there is n't a better man in the United States, in spite of all his money," said Cissy.

"My uncle knows him, too," Tom remarked, unwilling to be left out of the conversation.

"Is n't that your uncle now?" asked Harry.

Tom looked across the roadway and saw his uncle stop before the house; and again the old gentleman leaned over the wall to talk to him.

"Yes," said Tom, "that 's Uncle Dick."

As the boys went by Mr. Rapallo waved his hand to them; and when Tom glanced back a minute later it seemed as if his uncle were talking about him to the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall, for the two men were both looking after the three boys.

The next day, at school, Corkscrew came up to Tom as Cissy and Harry had just joined him.

"Did you three have a nice ride on the railroad, yesterday afternoon?" asked Lott, insidiously.

"I was n't on the cars at all yesterday," said Harry Zachary promptly, with a grave face.

"Neither was I," continued Tom Paulding.

"Nor I," added Cissy Smith.

"I mean the elevated railroad," Corkscrew explained.

"I did n't ride on the elevated railroad yesterday," Harry declared.

"I did n't, either," repeated both Tom and Cissy.

"Why, I saw you —" began Lott.

"Oh," said Tom Paulding, "if you know what we 've been doing better than we do ourselves, why do you ask questions?"

Corkscrew was a little confused at this. "I happened to be passing the station yesterday," he said, pulling up the tops of his high boots, "and I saw you three go up —"

"If you saw us, then we 've nothing to say," Tom interrupted. "But I can tell you that we were none of us in an elevated train yesterday."

"Then why on earth did you —"

But what Corkscrew was going to ask they never knew, as just then the bell rang for school.

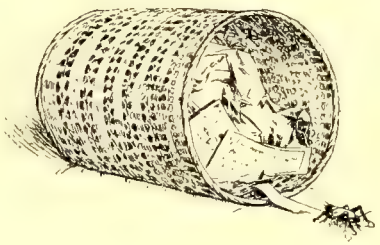
(To be continued.)



My Merrymaker.

By Kate Rohrer Cain.

I 've a little brown cricket. And oh! how he sings,
You 'd hardly believe it — he sings with his wings.
My waste-paper basket he seems to have found
As much to his taste as a hole in the ground.



Kings had their court jesters
To fill them with glee —
My little brown cricket 's
The jester for me!

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

By Laura E. Richards.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter VIII.

OUR TEACHERS.

I do not know why we had so many teachers. No doubt it was partly because we were very troublesome children. But I think it was also partly owing to the fact that our father was constantly overrun by needy foreigners seeking employment. He was a philanthropist; he had been abroad, and spoke foreign languages. That was enough! His office was besieged by "all peoples, nations, and languages," — all, as a rule, hungry. Greeks, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, occasionally a Frenchman or an Englishman, though these last were rare. Many of them were political exiles. Sometimes they brought letters from friends in Europe, sometimes not.

Our father's heart never failed to respond to any appeal of this kind, when the applicant really wanted work; for sturdy beggars he had no mercy. So it sometimes happened that, while waiting for something else to turn up, the exile of the day would be set to teaching us, partly to give him employment, partly also by way of finding out what he knew and was fit for. In this way did Professor Feaster (this may not be the correct spelling, but it was our way, and suited him well) came to be our tutor for a time. He was a very stout man, so stout that we considered him a second Daniel Lambert. He may have been an excellent teacher, but almost my only recollection of him is that he made the most enchanting little paper houses, with green doors and blinds that opened and shut. He painted the inside of the houses in some myste-

rious way,— at least there were patterns on the floor, like mosaic-work,— and the only drawback to our perfect happiness on receiving one of them was that we were too big to get inside.

I say this is almost my only recollection of this worthy man; but candor compels me to add that the other picture which his name conjures up is of Harry and Laura marching round the dining-room table, each shouldering a log of wood, and shouting,

"We 'll kill old Feaster!
We 'll kill old Feaster!"

This was very naughty indeed, but, as I have said before, we were often naughty. One thing more I do recollect about poor Professor Feaster. Flossy was at once his delight and his terror. She was so bright, so original, so — alas! so impish. She used to climb up on his back, lean over his shoulder, and pull out his watch to see if the lesson hour were over. To be sure, she was only eight at this time, and possibly the scenes from "Wilhelm Tell" which he loved to declaim with republican fervor may have been rather beyond her infant comprehension.

One day Flossy made up her mind that the Professor should take her way about something — I quite forget what — rather than his own. She set herself deliberately against him,— three feet to six!— and declared that he should do as she said. The poor Professor looked down on this fiery pygmy with eyes that sparkled through his gold-bowed spectacles. "I haf refused," he cried in desperation, "to opey ze Emperor of Austria, meess! Do you sink I will opey *you?*"

Then there was Madame M——, a Danish lady, very worthy, very accomplished, and — ugly enough to frighten all knowledge out of a child's head. She was my childish ideal of personal uncomeliness, yet she was most good and kind.

I must not forget to say that before she began to teach she had wished to become a lecturer. She had a lecture all ready; it began with a poetical outburst, as follows:

I am a Dane! I am a Dane!
I am not ashamed of the royal name!

But we never heard of its being delivered. I find this mention of Madame M—— in a letter from our mother to her sister:

Danish woman very ugly,
But remarkably instructive.
Drawing, painting, French and German,
Fancy work of all descriptions,
With geography and grammar.
She will teach for very little,
And is a superior person.

I remember some of the fancy work. There were pink-worsted roses, very wonderful, really not at all like the common roses one sees in gardens. You wound the worsted round and round, spirally, and then you ran your needle down through the petal and pulled it a little; this, as any person of intelligence will readily perceive, made a rose-petal with a dent of the proper shape in it. These petals had to be pressed in a book to keep them flat while others were making. Sometimes, years and years after, one would find two or three of them between the leaves of an old volume of *Punch*, or some other book; and instantly would rise up before the mind's eye the figure of Madame M——, with scarlet face and dark-green dress, and a very remarkable nose.

Flossy reminds me that she always smelt of peppermint. So she did, poor lady! and probably took it for its medicinal properties.

Then there was the wax fruit! You young people of sophisticated To-day, who make such things of real beauty with your skilful, kindergarten-trained fingers, what would you say to the wax fruit and flowers of our childhood? Perhaps you would like to know how to make them. We bought wax at the apothecary's, white wax, in round flat cakes, pleasant to nibble, and altogether gratifying. Wax, and chrome-yellow and carmine, the colors in powder. We put the wax in a pipkin (I always say pipkin when I have a chance, because it is such a charming word, but if my readers prefer saucepan, let them have it, by all means!)— we put it, I say, in a pipkin, and melted it. For a pleasure wholly without alloy, I can recommend the poking and punching of half-melted wax. Then, when it was ready, we stirred in the yellow powder, which produced a fine Bartlett color. Then we poured the mixture — oh, joy!— into the two pear- or peach-shaped halves of the plaster mold, and clapped them together; and when the pear or peach was cool

and dry, we took a camel's-hair brush and painted a carmine cheek on one side. I do not say that this was art, or advancement of culture; I do not say that its results were anything but hideous and abnormal; but I do maintain that it was a delightful and enchanting amusement. And if there were a point of rapture beyond this, it was the coloring of melted wax to a delicate rose-hue, and dipping into it a dear little spaddle (which, be it explained to the ignorant, is a flat disk with a handle to it), and taking out liquid rose-petals, which hardened in a few minutes and were rolled delicately off with the finger. When one had enough (say, rather, when one could tear oneself away from the magic pipkin), one put the petals together, and there you had a rose that was like nothing upon earth.

After all, were wax flowers so much more hideous, I wonder, than some things one sees to-day? Why is it that such a stigma attaches to the very name of them? Why do not people go any longer to see the wax figures in the Boston Museum? Perhaps they are not there now; perhaps they are grown forlorn and dilapidated — indeed, they never were very splendid! — and have been hustled away into some dim lumber-room, from whose corners they glare out at some errant call-boy of the theater, and frighten him into fits. Daniel Lambert, in scarlet waistcoat and knee-breeches! the "Drunkard's Career," the bare recollection of which brings a thrill of horror! — there was one child at least who regarded you as miracles of art.

Speaking of wax reminds me of Monsieur N——, who gave us, I am inclined to think, our first French lessons, besides those we received from our mother. He was a very French Frenchman, with blond mustache and imperial waxed à la Louis Napoleon, and a military carriage. He had been a soldier, and taught fencing as well as French, though not to us. This unhappy gentleman had married a Smyrniot woman, out of gratitude to her family, who had rescued him from some pressing danger. Apparently he did them a great service by marrying the young woman and taking her away, for she had a violent temper — was, in short, a perfect vixen. The evils of this were perhaps lessened by the fact that she could not speak French, while her husband had no knowledge of her native Greek. It is the simple truth that this singular couple, in their disputes, which unfortunately were many, used often to come and ask our father to act as interpreter between them. Monsieur N—— himself was a kind man, and a very good teacher.

There is a tale told of a christening feast which he gave in honor of Candide, his eldest child. Julia and Flossy were invited, and the governess of the time, whoever she was. The company went in two hacks to the priest's house, where the ceremony was to be performed; on the way the rival hackmen fell out, and jeered at each other, and, whipping up their lean horses, made frantic efforts each to obtain the front rank in the small cortége. Whereupon Monsieur N——, very angry at this infringement of the dignity of the occasion, thrust his head out of the window and shrieked to his hackmen:

"Firts or sekind, vich you bleece!" which delighted the children more than any other part of the entertainment.

There was poor Miss R——, whom I recall with mingled dislike and compassion. She must have been very young, and she had about as much idea of managing children (we required a great deal of managing) as a tree might have. Her own idea of discipline was to give us "misdemeanors," which in ordinary speech were "black marks." What is it I hear her say in the monotonous singsong voice which always exasperated us? — "Doctor, Laura has had fourteen misdemeanors!" Then Laura was put to bed, no doubt very properly; but she has always felt that she need not have had the "misdemeanors," if the teaching had been a little different. Miss R—— it was who took away the glass eye-cup; therefore I am aware that I cannot think of her with clear and unprejudiced mind. But she must have had sair times with us, poor thing! I can distinctly remember Flossy urging Harry, with fiery zeal, not to recite his geography lesson, — I cannot imagine why. Miss R—— often rocked in the junk with us. That reminds me that I promised to describe the junk. But how shall I picture that perennial fount of

joy? It was crescent-shaped, or rather it was like a longitudinal slice cut out of a watermelon. Magnify the slice a hundred-fold; put seats up and down the sides, with iron bars in front to hold on by; set it on two grooved rails and paint it red—there you have the junk! Nay! you have it not entire, for it should be filled with rosy, shouting children, standing or sitting, holding on by the bars and rocking with might and main.

> Yo-ho! Here we go!
> Up and down! Heigh-ho!

Why are there no junks nowadays? Surely it would be better for us, body and mind, if there were; for, as for the one, the rocking exercised every muscle in the whole bodily frame, and as for the other, black Care could not enter the junk,—at least he did not,—nor weariness, nor "shadow of annoyance." There ought to be a junk on Boston Common, free to all, and half a dozen in Central Park; and I hope every young person who reads these words will suggest this device to his parents or guardians.

But teaching is not entirely confined to the archery practice of the young idea; and any account of our teachers would be incomplete without mention of our dancing-master—of *the* dancing-master, for there was but one. You remember that the dandy in *Punch*, being asked of whom he buys his hats, replies, "Scott. Is there another fellah?" Even so it would be difficult for the Boston generation of middle or elder life to acknowledge that there could have been "another fellah" to teach dancing besides Lorenzo Papanti. Who does not remember—nay! who could ever forget—that tall, graceful figure, that marvelous elastic glide, like a wave flowing over glass? Who could ever forget the shrewd, kindly smile when he was pleased, the keen lightning of his glance when angered? What if he did rap our toes sometimes, till the timorous wept, and those of stouter heart flushed scarlet, and clenched their small hands, and inly vowed revenge?

No doubt we richly deserved it, and it did us good.

If I were to hear a certain strain played in the Desert of Sahara, or on the plains of Idaho, I should instantly "forward and back and cross over"; and so, I warrant, would most of my generation of Boston people. There is one grave and courteous gentleman of my acquaintance, whom to see dance the shawl-dance with his fairy sister was a dream of poetry. As for the gavotte—O beautiful Amy! O lovely Alice! I see you now, with your short silken skirts floating out to extreme limit of crinoline; with your fair locks confined by the discreet net, sometimes of brown or scarlet chenille, sometimes of finest silk; with snowy stockings, and slippers fastened by elastic bands crossed over the foot and behind the ankle; with arms and neck bare. If your daughters, to-day, chance upon a photograph of you taken in those days, they laugh, and ask mama how she could wear such queer things, and make such a fright of herself; but I remember how lovely you were, and how perfectly you always dressed, and with what exquisite grace you danced the gavotte.

So, I think, we all who jumped and changed our feet, who pirouetted and chasséed under Mr. Papanti, owe him a debt of gratitude; his hall was a paradise, the stiff little dressing-room, with its rows of shoe-boxes, the antechamber of delight. And thereby hangs a tale. The child Laura grew up, and married one who had jumped and changed his feet beside her at Papanti's, and they two went to Europe and saw many strange lands and things. And it fell upon a time that they were storm-bound, in a little wretch of a grimy steamer, in the Gulf of Corinth. With them was a traveling companion, who also had had the luck to be born in Boston, and to go to dancing-school; the other passengers were a Greek, an Italian, and—I think the third was a German, but, as he was seasick, it made no difference. Three days were we shut up there while the storm raged and bellowed, and right thankful we were for the snug little harbor which stretched its protecting arms between us and the white churning waste of billows outside the bar.

We played games to make the time pass; we talked endlessly, and in the course of talk it naturally came to pass that we told of our adventures, and where we came from, and, in

short, who we were. The Greek gentleman turned out to be an old acquaintance of my father's, and was greatly overjoyed to see me, and told me many interesting things about the old fighting-days of the Revolution. The Italian spoke little during this conversation, but when he heard the word "Boston" he pricked up his ears; and when a pause came he asked if we came from Boston. "Yes," we all answered, with the inward satisfaction which every Bostonian feels at being able to make the reply. And had we ever heard, in Boston, he went on to inquire, of "un certo Papanti, maestro di ballo"? "Heard of him?" cried the three dancing-school children. "We never heard of any one else!" Thereupon ensued much delighted questioning and counter-questioning. This gentleman came from Leghorn, Mr. Papanti's native city. He knew his family; they were excellent people. Lorenzo himself he had never seen, as he left Italy so many years ago. But reports had reached Leghorn that he was very successful; that he taught the best people (O Beacon street! O purple windows and brown-stone fronts, I should think so!); that he had invented "un piano sopra molle," a floor on springs. Was this true? Whereupon we took up our parable, and unfolded to the Livornese mind the glory of Papanti, till he fairly glowed with pride in his famous fellow-townsman.

And, finally, was not that a pleasant little episode, in a storm-bound steamer in the Gulf of Corinth?

(To be continued.)



By Jack Bennett.

In a hall of strange description, antiquarian Egyptian,
Working on his monthly balance-sheet, the troubled monarch sat,
With a frown upon his forehead, hurling interjections horrid
At the state of his finances, for his pocket-book was flat.
Not a solitary, single copper cent had he to jingle
In his pocket; while his architects had gone off on a strike,
Leaving pyramids unfinished, as their salaries diminished,
And their credit vanished likewise in a way they did not like.

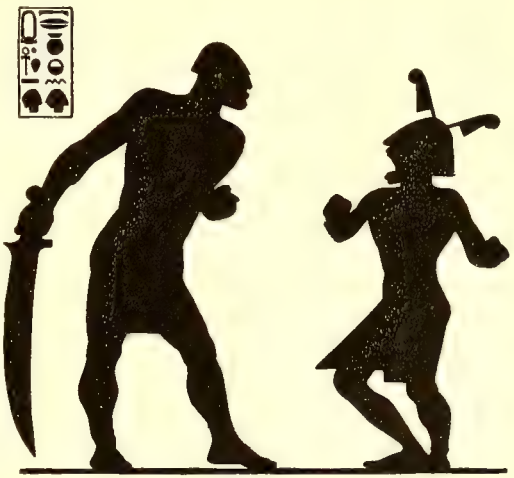
It was harder for His Royal Highness than for sons of toil,
For the horny-handed workmen only ate two figs per day;
While the king liked sweet potatoes, puddings, pies, and canned tomatoes,
Boneless ham and Blue Point oysters, cooked some prehistoric way.
Men sing small on economics when it comes to empty stomachs,
And Egyptian kings are molded just the ordinary size;
So with appetite unwonted old Rameses groaned and grunted,
As he longed for twisted doughnuts, ginger-cakes, and apple-pies.



While he growled, the royal grumbler spied a bit of broken tumbler
In a long undusted corner, just behind the palace door.
When his hungry optics spied it he stood silently and eyed it;
Then he smote his thigh in ecstasy and danced about the floor.
"By the wit Osiris gave me, this same bit of glass shall save me!
I will sell it for a diamond at some stupendous price.
And whoe'er I ask to take it will find, for his own sweet sake, it
Will be better not to wait until I have to ask him twice!"

Then a royal proclamation was despatched throughout the nation,
Most imperatively calling to appear before the king,
Under penalties most cruel, every man who bought a jewel,
Or who sold or bartered precious stones, and all that sort of thing.
Thereupon the traders' nether joints quaked and knocked together;
For they thought they smelled a rodent on the sultry desert air.
It was ever their misfortune to be pillaged by extortion;
So they packed their Saratogas in lugubrious despair.

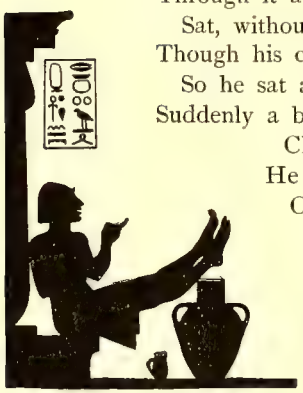
When they faced the great propylon, with an apprehensive smile on,
Sculptured there, in hieroglyphics two feet wide and three feet high,
Was the threat of King Rameses to chop every man to pieces
If, when shown the royal diamond, they dared refuse to buy.
Pale but calm, the dealer, Muley Hassan, eyed the gem and coolly
Cried, "The thing is but a common tumbler-bottom; nothing more!"
Whereupon the king's assassin drew his sword, and Muley Hassan
Never peddled rings again along the Nile's primeval shore.



Then Abd-Allah Abd-El-Mahdi faintly said the stone was shoddy,
But he thought upon a pinch he might bid fifty cents himself.
There ensued a slight commotion ere he could repent the notion;
And Abd-Allah was promoted to the Oriental shelf.
Every heart was wildly quaking; every knee was feebly shaking;
It was poverty or death before them all they plainly saw.
When the king played judge and jury, never man escaped his fury,
For his rulings were despotic and his lightest word was law.



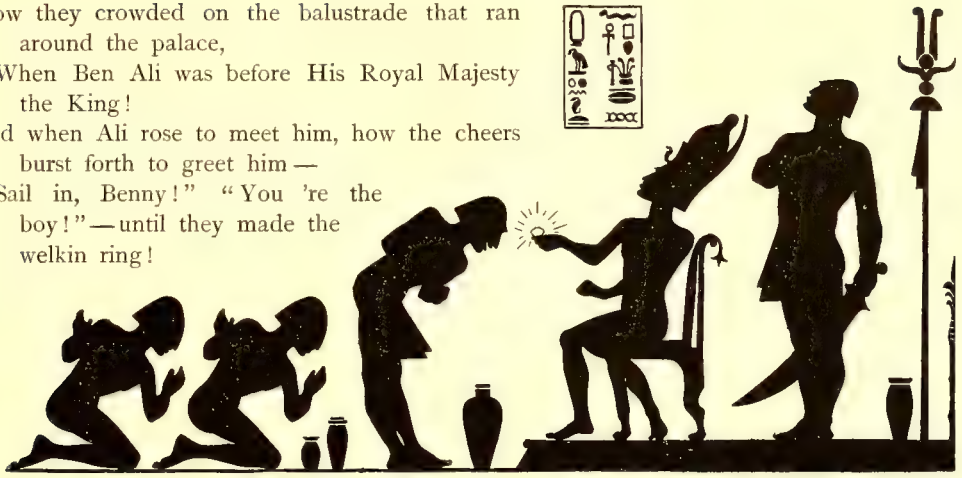
When they saw how things resulted, all the jewelers consulted
On some plan to save their lives, before they dared to dine or sup,—
Dashing off on flying journeys to consult the best attorneys
Who referred to their authorities, and had to give it up!
Quite exciting was the writing, the inditing, and the skiting
Through the valleys of the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Nile;
But, in spite of all their seeking, not a hole appeared for sneaking
Safely out of the predicament which deepened all the while.



Through it all with visage jolly, by the palace gate Ben Ali
Sat, without a dollar to his name, and nothing else to do.
Though his clothes were old and holey, he was sleek and roly-poly;
So he sat and smiled in silence at the many things he knew.
Suddenly a bright idea struck him: Why could he not be a
Champion of all these jewelers and save them from their fate?
He had not spent days compiling abstruse problems on the tiling
Of the vestibule for nothing, so he did not hesitate,

But with confidence suggested if their cause in him were vested
He could extricate them safely ere a dog could wag its tail;
And, although he seemed quite youthful, they would find his statement truthful,
For within his little lexicon was no such word as "fail."

How they crowded on the balustrade that ran
around the palace,
When Ben Ali was before His Royal Majesty
the King!
And when Ali rose to meet him, how the cheers
burst forth to greet him —
"Sail in, Benny!" "You 're the
boy!" — until they made the
welkin ring!



"It would be the sheerest folly, great Rameses," said Ben Ali,
"To pretend to buy the finest precious stone upon the earth
Without going at it coolly, and approximating duly,
Without fear and without favor, its indubitable worth.
I confess, and likewise shall you, that this stone's intrinsic value
Is but nothing — while the estimate that Muley Hassan gave
Adds another nothing to it — for it 's glass, and Muley knew it!"
So he chalked another cipher with a graceful Delsarte wave.



"If I understand your theses, most adorable Rameses,
You must part with this great diamond to raise a little gold;
Yet, although you wish to sell it, — you 'll forgive me if I tell it, —
Its true worth increases naught on that account, when all is told."
So he pointed to his writing and went calmly on reciting,
"Nothing added to a nothing surely makes it nothing more;
And the value I have thought on simply puts another naught on
To the aggregated estimate, increasing it to four:



Now it seems to me to follow that the sum bid by Abd-Allah —
Which was fifty, if I recollect the circumstance aright —
Should be likewise added to it; so, just by your leave, I 'll do it,
Making full five hundred thousand in a fair, unbiased light.
"Sire, I trust my computation suits your royal estimation,
As I wish to buy the gem that you are offering for sale.
I am sent with that intention by the Jewelers' Convention,
And I lose my whole commission if my proposition fail."

Gloating on the promised treasure, King Rameses beamed with pleasure,
And, arising, said he thought five hundred thousand just the dot;
Yet, although he quite believed him, still men had before deceived him,
So he felt constrained to ask entire payment on the spot.
"Very well," said Ben; "but scholars would allow at least five dollars
As a discount from the whole amount that I have been assessed."
"I agree," the king said, smiling in a manner quite beguiling,
"You may discount five for cash in hand, and then produce the rest."



In a hurry King Rameses signed them all complete releases
And receipts in full for every responsibility;



And, as soon as that was done, he asked Ben Ali for the money;
Whereupon Ben Ali rose and said with great civility,
"That we may not make a miscount, I will first subtract my discount."
Then he took his hemstitched handkerchief and rubbed the five away.
"Now I 'm ready to obey you, and am quite prepared to pay you
The remainder as it stands—for there is nothing left to pay!"



King Rameses tore his raiment at such visionary payment,
Seeing how the wool was pulled across his mercenary eyes;
But his claims were all receipted, and his wicked aims defeated;
So he 'd have to whet his appetite on atmospheric pies.
Then like some volcanic spasm burst the crowd's enthusiasm,
Making Ali rich with presents in the rapture that ensued:
While a very ancient carving represents the king as starving—
But it 's likely that the neighbors sent him in some sort of food.



STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

By Charles F. Lummis.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

IV.

Far southwest of Moqui, and still in the edge of the great Dry Land, is what I am inclined to rank as the most remarkable area of its kind in the Southwest — though in this wonderland it is difficult enough to award that pre-eminence to any one locality. At least in its combination of archæologic interest with scenic beauty and with some peerless natural curiosities, what may be called the Mogollon watershed is the one of most startling regions in America or in the world.

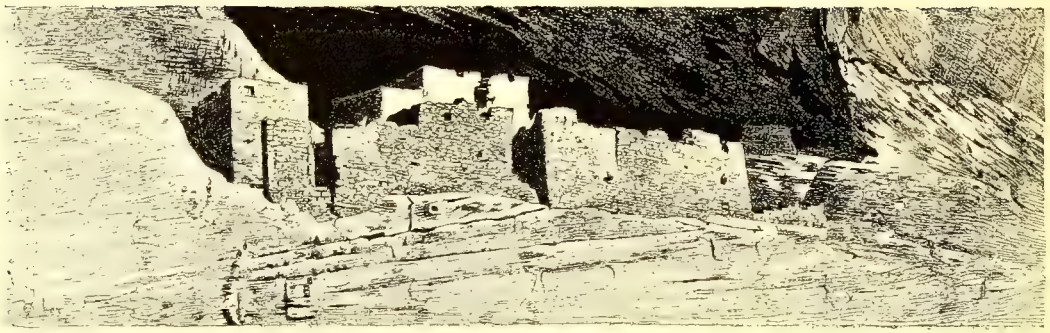
The Mogollones* are not a mountain system as Eastern people understand the phrase. There is no great range, as among the Appalachians and the Rockies. The "system" is merely an enormous plateau, full three hundred miles across, and of an average height above the sea greater than that of any peak in the East: an apparently boundless plain, dotted only here and there with its few lonely "hangers-on" or "parasites" of peaks,—like the noble San Francisco triad near Flagstaff,—which in that vast expanse seem scarce to attain to the dignity of mounds. On the north this huge table-land melts into hazy slopes; but all along its southern edge it breaks off by sudden and fearful cliffs into a country of indescribable wildness. This great territory to the south, an empire in size, but largely desert and almost entirely wilderness, has nevertheless the largest number of considerable streams of any equal area in the thirsty Southwest. The Gila, the Rio Salado,† the Rio Verde, and others — though they would be petty in the East, and though they are small beside the Rio Grande and the Colorado — form, with their tributaries, a more extensive water-system than is to be found elsewhere in our arid lands. The Tonto‡ Basin — scene of one of the brave Crook's most brilliant campaigns against the Apaches — is part of this wilderness. Though called a "basin," there is nothing bowl-like in its appearance, even as one sees down thousands of feet into it from the commanding "Rim" of the Mogollones. It is rather a vast chaos of crags and peaks apparently rolled into it from the great breaking-off place — the wreck left by forgotten waters of what was once part of the Mogollon plateau.

About this Tonto Basin, which is some fifty miles across, cluster many of the least-known yet greatest wonders of our country. South are the noble ruins of Casa Grande, and all the Gila Valley's precious relics of the prehistoric. The Salt River Valley is one of the richest of fields for archæologic research; and the country of the Verde is nowise behind it. All across that strange area of forbidding wildernesses, threaded with small valleys that are green with the outposts of civilization, are strewn the gray monuments of a civilization that had worn out antiquity, and had perished and been forgotten, before ever a Caucasian foot had touched the New World. The heirlooms of an unknown past are everywhere. No man has ever counted the crumbling ruins of all those strange little stone cities whose history and whose very names have gone from off the face of the earth as if they had never been. Along every stream, near every spring, on lofty lookout-crags, and in the faces of savage cliffs, are the long-deserted homes of that mysterious race — mysterious even now that we know their descendants. Thousands of these homes are perfect yet, thousands no more changed from the far, dim days when their swart dwellers lived and loved and suffered and toiled there, than by the gathered dust of ages. Very, very few Americans have ever at all explored this Last Place in the World. It has not been a score of years known to our civilization. There is hardly ever a traveler to those remote recesses; and of the Americans who are settling the pretty oases, a large proportion have never seen the wonders within a few leagues of them. It is a

* Spanish, "The hangers-on."

† "Salt River," a fine stream whose waters are really salt.

‡ "Tonto" is Spanish for fool.



CLIFF-VILLAGE ON THE NANCOE.

far, toilsome land to reach; and yet there is no reason why any young American of average health should not visit this wonderland — which is as much more thrilling than any popular American resort as the White Mountains are more thrilling than Coney Island on a quiet day.

The way to reach this strangely fascinating region is by the Atlantic and Pacific railroad to Prescott Junction, Arizona, four hundred and twenty-eight miles west of Albuquerque. Thence a little railroad covers the seventy miles to Prescott; and from Prescott one goes by the mail-buckboard or by private conveyance to Camp Verde, forty-three miles. Camp Verde is the best headquarters for any who would explore the marvelous country about it. Comfortable accommodations are there; and there can be procured the needful horses — for thenceforward horseback travel is far preferable, even when not absolutely necessary. There is no danger whatever nowadays. The few settlers are intelligent, law-abiding people, among whom the traveler fares very comfortably.

The Verde* Valley is itself full of interest; and so are all its half-valley, half-cañon tributaries — Oak Creek, Beaver Creek, Clear Creek, Fossil Creek, and the rest. Away to the north, over the purple rim-rock of the Mogollones, peer the white peaks of the San Francisco range (one can also come to the Verde from Flagstaff, by a rough but interesting eighty-mile ride overland). All about the valley are mesas,† and cliffs so tall, so strange in form and color, so rent by shadowy cañons as to seem fairly unearthly. And follow whatever cañon or cliff you will, you shall find everywhere more of these strange ruins. They are so many hundreds, that while all are of deep interest I can here describe only the more striking types.

Beaver Creek enters the Rio Verde about a mile above the now-abandoned fort. Its cañon is by no means a large one, though it has some fine points. A long and rocky twelve miles up Beaver, past smiling little farms of to-day that have usurped the very soil of fields whose tilling had been forgotten when history was new, brings one to a wonder which is not "the greatest of its kind," but the *only*. There is, I believe, nothing else like it in the world.

It has been named — by the class which has pitted the Southwest with misnomers —

"MONTEZUMA'S WELL."



IT is hardly a well, — though an exact term is difficult to find, — and Montezuma‡ never had anything to do with it; but it is none the less wonderful under its misfit name. There is a legend (of late invention) that Montezuma, after being conquered by Cortez, threw his incalculable treasure into this safest of hiding-places; but that is all a myth, since Montezuma had no treasures, and in any event could hardly have brought the fabled tons of gold across two thousand miles of desert to this "well," even if he had ever stirred outside the pueblo of Mexico after the

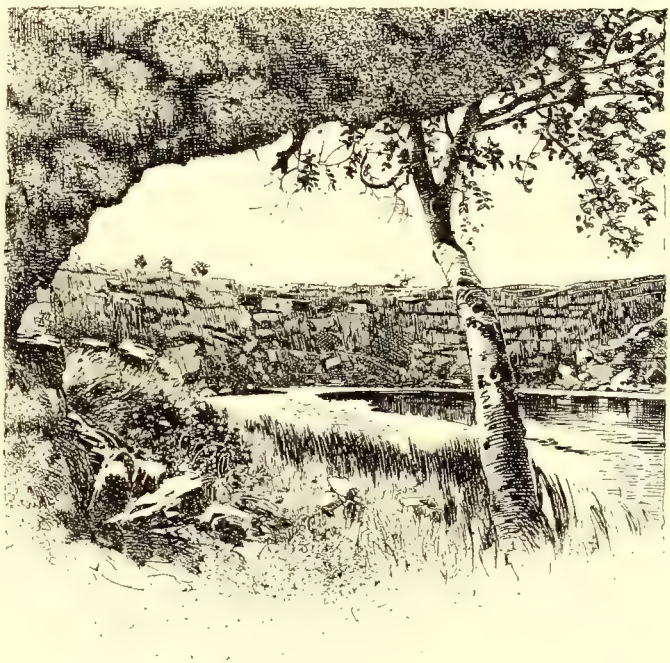
* Rio Verde, "Green River," — so called from the verdure of its valley, which is in such contrast with its weird surroundings. † Table-lands.

‡ The war-chief of an ancient league of Mexican Indians, and *not* "Emperor of Mexico," as ill-informed historians assert.

Spaniards came—as he never did. But as one looks into this awesome abyss, it is almost easy to forget history and believe anything.

At this point, Beaver Creek has eaten away the side of a rounded hill of stone which rises more than one hundred feet above it, and now washes the foot of a sheer cliff of striking picturesqueness. I can half imagine the feelings of the first white man who ever climbed that hill. Its outer show gives no greater promise of interest than do ten thousand other elevations in the Southwest; but as one reaches a flat shoulder of the hill, one gets a first glimpse of a dark rift in the floor-like rock, and in a moment more stands upon the brink of an absolutely new experience. There is a vast, sheer well, apparently as circular as that peculiar rock could be broken by design, with sides of cliffs, and with a gloomy, mysterious lake at the bottom. The diameter of this basin approximates two hundred yards; and its depth from brink of cliff to surface of water is some eighty feet. One does not realize the distance across until a powerful thrower tries to hurl a pebble to the farther wall. I believe that no one has succeeded in throwing past the middle of the lake. At first sight one invariably takes this remarkable cavity to be the crater of an extinct volcano, like that in the Zuñi plains already referred to; but a study of the unburnt limestone makes one give up that theory. The well is a huge "sink" of the horizontal strata in one particular undermined spot, the loosened circle of rock dropping forever from sight into a terrible subterranean abyss which was doubtless hollowed out by the action of springs far down in the lime-rock. As to the depth of that gruesome, black lake, there is not yet knowledge. I am assured that a sounding-line has been sent down three hundred and eighty feet, in a vain attempt to find bottom; and that is easily credible. Toss a large stone into that midnight mirror, and for an hour the bubbles will struggle shivering up from its unknown depths.

The waters do not lave the foot of a perpendicular cliff all around the sides of that fantastic well. The unfathomed "slump" is in the center, and is separated from the visible walls by a narrow, submerged rim. One can wade out a few feet in knee-deep water,—if one have the courage in that "creepy" place,—and then, suddenly as walking from a parapet, step off into the bottomless. Between this water-covered rim and the foot of the cliff is, in most places, a wild jumble of enormous square blocks, fallen successively from the precipices and lodged here before they could tumble into the lower depths.

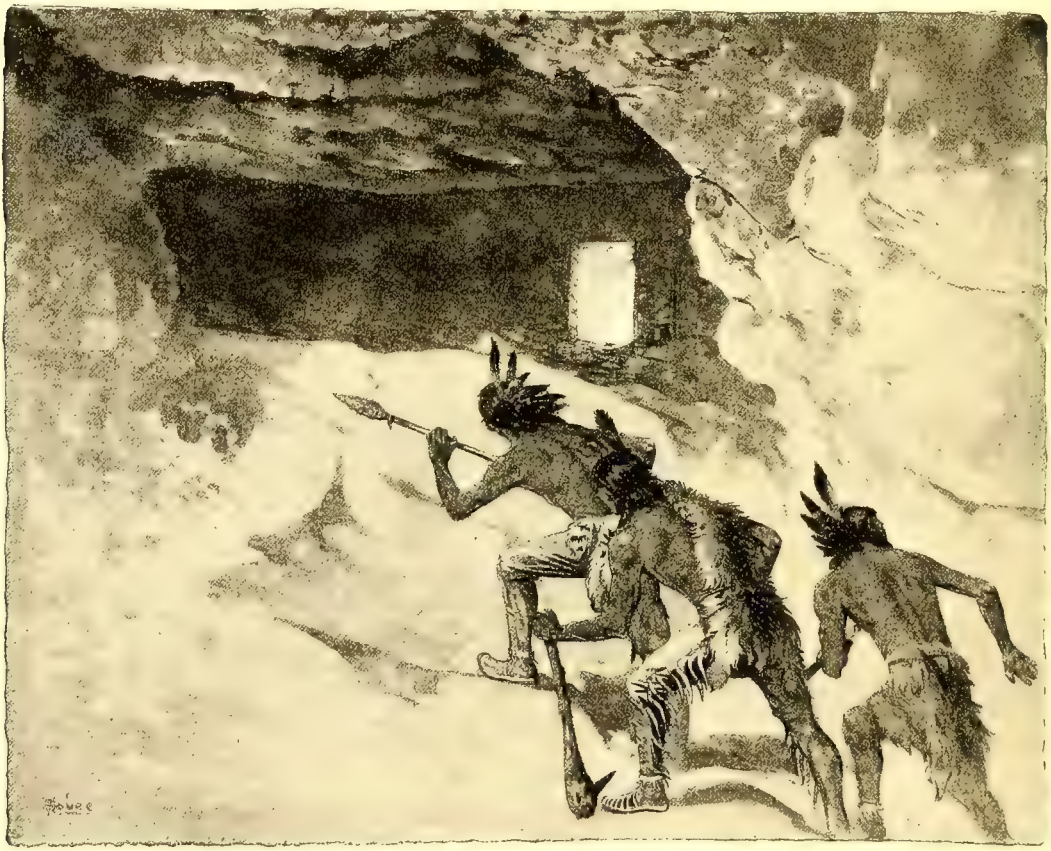


MONTEZUMA'S WELL.

There are two places where the cliff can be descended from top to water's edge. Elsewhere it is inaccessible. Its dark, stained face, split by peculiar cleavage into the semblance of giant walls, frowns down upon its frowning image in that dark mirror. The whole scene is one of utter grimness. Even the eternal blue of an

Arizona sky, even the rare fleecy clouds, seem mocked and changed in that deep reflection.

Walking around the fissured brink of the well eastward, we become suddenly aware of a new interest — the presence of a human Past. Next the creek, the side of the well is nearly gone. Only a narrow, high wall of rock, perhaps one hundred feet through at the base, less than a score at the top, remains to keep the well



A NIGHT ATTACK OF APACHES UPON THE CLIFF-FORTRESS.

a well. On one side of this thin rim gapes the abyss of the well; on the other the abyss to the creek. Upon this wall — leaving scarce room to step between them and the brink of the well, and precariously clinging down the steep slope to the edge of the cliff that overhangs the creek — are the tousled ruins of a strong stone building of many rooms, the typical fort-home of the ancient Pueblos. Its walls are still, in places, six to eight feet high; and the student clearly makes out that the building was of two and three stories. It was a perfect defense to the Indians who erected it; and was not only safe itself on that commanding perch, but protected the approach to the well. This is the only town I know of that was ever builded upon a natural bridge; as some houses in this same region are probably the only ones placed under such a curiosity.

Leading from the center of this fort-house, the only easy trail descends into the well; and *it* is so steep that no foe could prosper on it in the face of any opposition. This brings us to a tiny green bench six or eight feet above the level of the dark lake, where two young sycamores and a few live-oak bushes guard a black cavity in the overhanging cliff. We look across the dark waters to the western wall, and are startled to see in its face a perfect cliff-house, perched where the eagle might build his nest. A strange aery for a home, surely! There, on a dizzy

little shelf, overhung by a huge flat rock which roofs it, stands this two-roomed type of the human dwelling in the old danger-days. From its window-hole a babe might lean out until he saw his dimpled image in the somber sheet below. Only at one end of the house, where a difficult trail comes up, is there room on the shelf for a dozen men to stand. In front, and at its north end, a goat could scarce find footing. The roof and floor and rear wall are of the solid cliff, the other three walls of stone masonry, perfect and unbroken still. A few rods along the face of the rock to the north is another cliff-dwelling not so large nor so well preserved; and farther yet is another. It is fairly appalling to look at those dizzy nests and remember that they were *homes!* What eagle-race was this whose warriors strung their bows, and whose women wove their neat cotton tunics, and whose naked babes rolled and laughed in such wild lookouts—the scowling cliff above, the deadly lake so far below! Or, rather, what grim times were those when farmers *had* to dwell thus to escape the cruel obsidian knife* and war-club of the merciless wandering savage!

But if we turn to the sycamore at our back, there is yet more of human interest. Behind the gray debris of the cliff gapes the low-arched mouth of a broad cave. It is a weird place to enter, under tons that threaten to fall at a breath; but there have been others here before us. As the eye grows wonted to the gloom, it makes out a flat surface beyond. There, forty feet back from the mouth, a strong stone wall stretches across the cave; and about in its center is one of the tiny doors that were characteristic of the Southwest when a doorway big enough to let in a whole Apache at a time was unsafe. So the fort-house balanced on the cliff-rim between two abysses and the houses nestled in crannies of the bald precipice were not enough—they must build far in the very caves! That wall shuts off a large, low, dark room. Beyond is another, darker and safer, and so on. To our left is another wall in the front of another branch of the cave; and in that wall is a little token from the dead past. When I went there for ST. NICHOLAS, in June, 1891, my flash-light failed, and I lit a dry *entraña*† to explore during the hour it would take the lens to study out part of the cave in that gloom. And suddenly the unaccustomed tears came in my eyes; for on the flinty mortar of that strange wall was a print made when that mortar was fresh adobe mud, at least five hundred years ago, maybe several thousands,—the perfect imprint of a baby's chubby hand. And of that child, whose mud autograph has lasted perhaps as long as Cæsar's fame, who may have wrought as deep impression on the history of his race as Cæsar on the world's, we know no more than that careless hand-print, nor ever shall know.

This left-hand cave is particularly full of interest, and is probably the best remaining example of this class of home-making by the so-called "Cliff-dwellers." With its numerous windings and branches, it is hundreds of feet in length; and its rooms, formed by cross-walls of masonry, extend far into the heart of the hill, and directly under the fort-house. It seems to have been fitted for the last retreat of the people in case the fortress and the cliff-houses were captured by an enemy. It was well stored with corn, whose mummied cobs are still there; and—equally important—it had abundant water. The well *seems* to have no outlet—the only token of one visible from within being a little rift in the water-mosses just in front of the caves. But in fact there is a mysterious channel far down under the cliff, whereby the waters of the lake escape to the creek. In exploring the main cave one hears the sound of running water, and presently finds a place where one may dip a drink through a hole in the limestone floor of a subterranean room. The course of this lonely little brook can be traced for some distance through the cave, below whose floor it runs. Here and there in the rooms are lava hand-mills and battered stone hammers, and other relics of the forgotten people.

Returning to the creek at the foot of the hill, and following the outer cliff up-stream a few hundred feet, we come to a very picturesque spot under a fine little precipice whose foot is guarded by stately sycamores. Here is the outlet of the subterranean stream from the well.

* The only knives in those days were sharp-edged flakes of obsidian (volcanic glass) and other stone.

† The buckhorn-cactus, which was the prehistoric candle.

From a little hole in the very base of the cliff the glad rivulet rolls out into the light of day, and tumbles heels over head down a little ledge to a pretty pool of the creek.

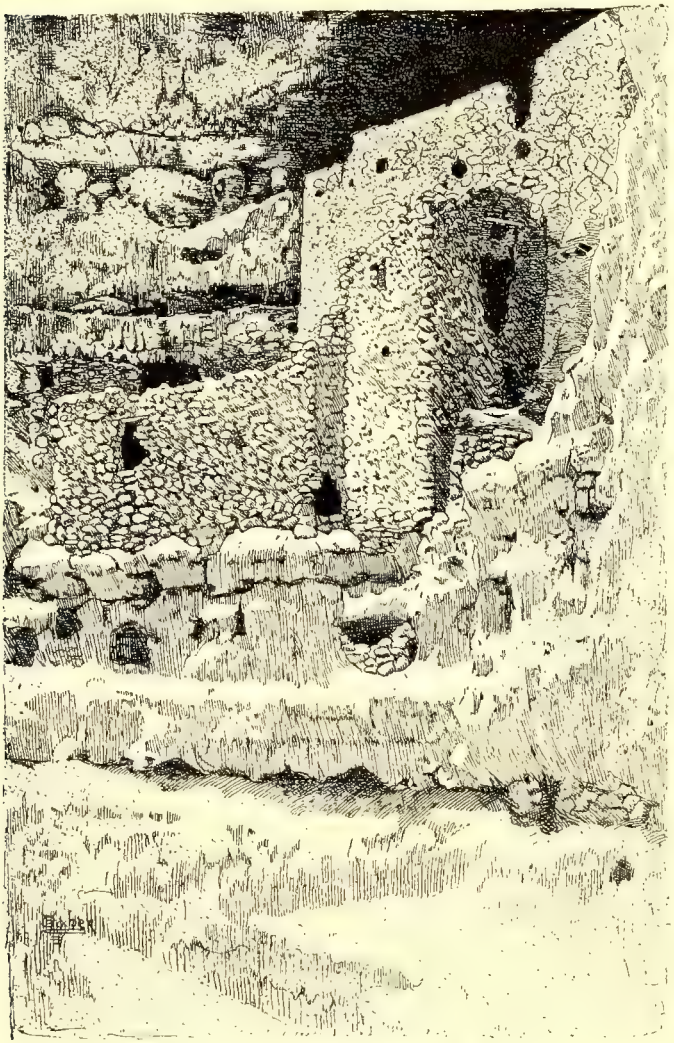
The water of the well is always warmish, and in winter a little cloud of vapor hovers over the outlet. Between the cliff and the creek is pinched an irrigating-ditch, which carries the waters of the well half a mile south to irrigate the ranch of a small farmer. Probably no other man waters his garden from so strange a source.

Somewhat more than half-way back from Montezuma's Well to Camp Verde, but off the winding road, is another curiosity, only less important, known as

"MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE."

It is the best remaining specimen of what we may call the cave-pueblo — that is, a Pueblo Indian "community-house" and fortress, built in a natural cave. The oft-pictured ruins in the Mancos cañon are insignificant beside it.

Here the tiny valley of Beaver Creek is very attractive. The long slope from the south bank lets us look far up toward the black rim of the Mogollones, and across the smiling Verde Valley to the fine range beyond. On the north bank towers a noble limestone cliff, two hundred feet high, beautifully white and beautifully eroded. In its perpendicular front, half-way up, is a huge, circular natural cavity, very much like a giant basin tilted on edge; and therein stands the noble pile of "Montezuma's Castle." A castle it truly looks, as you may see from the illustration — and a much finer ruin than many that people rush abroad to see, along the historic Rhine. The form of the successive limestone ledges upon which it is built led the aboriginal builders to give it a shape unique among its kind.

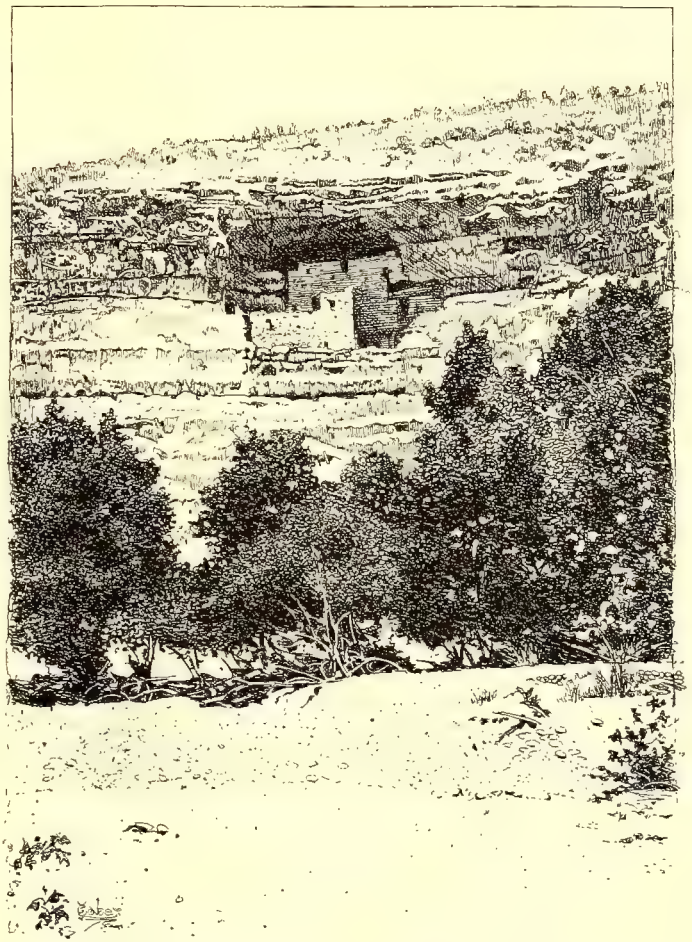


"MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE," FROM THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF.

It is one of the most pretentious of the Pueblo ruins, as it is the most imposing; though there are many hundreds that are larger.

From the clear, still stream, hemmed in by giant sycamores that have doubtless grown only since that strange, gray ruin was deserted, the foot of the cliff is some three hundred feet away. The lowest foundation of the castle is over eighty feet above the creek; and from corner-stone to crest the building towers fifty feet. It is five stories tall, over sixty feet front in its widest

part, and built in the form of a crescent. It contains twenty-five rooms of masonry; and there are, besides, many cave-chambers below and at each side of it — small natural grottos neatly walled in front and with wee doors The timbers of the castle are still in excellent preservation,— a durability impossible to wood in any other climate,— and some still bear the clear marks of the stone axes with which they were cut. The rafter-ends outside the walls were "trimmed" by burning them off close. The roofs and floors of reed thatch and adobe mud are still perfect except in two or three rooms; and traces of the last hearth-fire that cooked the last meal, dim centuries ago, are still there. Indeed, there are even a few relics of the meal itself — corn, dried cactus-pulp, and the like.



"MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE," SEEN FROM BEAVER CREEK.

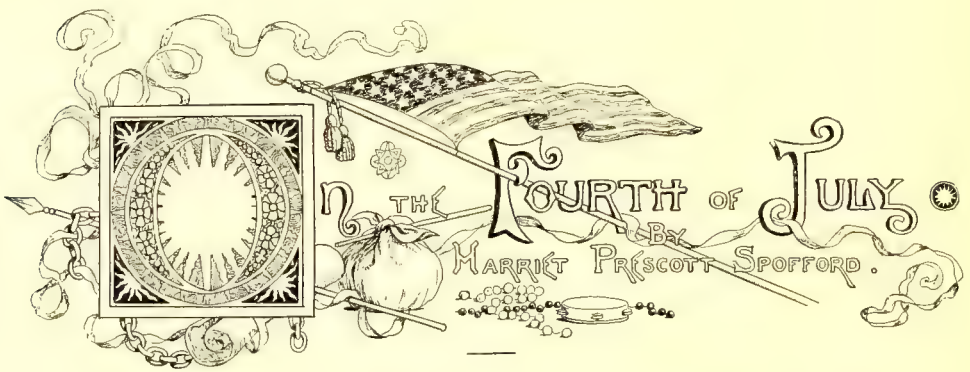
The fifth story is nowhere visible from below, since it stands far back upon the roof of the fourth and under the hanging rock. In front it has a spacious veranda, formed by the roof of the fourth story, and protected by a parapet which the picture shows with its central gateway to which a ladder once gave access. It is only the upper story which can be reached by an outside ladder — all the others were accessible only through tiny hatchways in the roofs of those below. So deep is the great uptilted bowl in which the castle stands, so overhanging the wild brow of cliff above, that the sun has never shone upon the two topmost stories

There is but one way to get to the castle; and that is by the horizontal ledges below. These rise one above the other (like a series of shelves, *not* like steps), ten to fourteen feet apart, and fairly overhang. The aborigines had first to build strong ladders, and lay them from ledge to ledge; and then up that dizzy footing they carried upon their backs the uncounted tons of stones and mortar and timbers to build that great edifice. What do you imagine an American architect would say, if called upon to plan for a stone mansion in such a place? The original ladders have long ago disappeared; and so have the modern ones once put there by a scientist at the fort. I had to climb to the castle by a crazy little frame of sycamore branches, dragging it after me from ledge to ledge, and sometimes lashing it to knobs of rock to keep it from tumbling backward down the cliff. It was a very ticklish ascent, and gave full understanding how able were the builders, and how secure they were when they had retreated to this high-perched fortress and pulled up their ladders — as they undoubtedly did every

night. A monkey could not scale the rock; and the cliff perfectly protects the castle above and on each side. Nothing short of modern weapons could possibly affect this lofty citadel.

Down in the valley at its feet — as below Montezuma's Well and the hundreds of other prehistoric dwellings in the cañon of Beaver — are still traces of the little fields and of the *acequias* * that watered them. Even in those far days the Pueblos were patient, industrious, home-loving farmers, but harassed eternally by wily and merciless savages — a fact which we have to thank for the noblest monuments in our new-old land.

* The characteristic irrigating-ditches of the Southwest.



IF in the Flowery Kingdom you had happened to be born,
Enough of flowers you might have — and every flower a thorn;
You would not, light as thistle-down, this Fourth of July morn,
Dance round with your torpedoes and your mellow mimic horn:
For you would be, poor little maid, unused to go alone,—
A prisoner whose bandaged feet no liberty have known!


CHINESE GIRL.

Oh! what is it floats above us, so dauntlessly on high,
The sunset bars, the midnight stars, a glory in the sky!
The winds are waiting on it, with rainbows, storms, and showers,
And all the sunshine of the land pours through that flag of ours!

And if, a darling of the sun, you first had seen his ray
Where far in burning heavens shine the snows of Himalay,
Where women waste their dreary lives and wear the time away
In braiding jewels for their hair the livelong summer day,
Outdoors would be a fairy-land forbidden to your eye,
The slave of the zenana, within its walls to die.


TURKISH GIRL.


CIRCASSIAN GIRL.

And if you chanced to be the child of the Circassian hills,
Where the shepherd's fluting wild the glades with music fills,

One day the thought of wandering herds and
leaping mountain rills
With longing that is but despair across your
memory thrills,—
A Turkish merchant lifts your veil and finds
that you are fair;
You are his slave, and never more will breathe
your native air.



AFRICAN GIRL.

And if where the Dark
Continent its vast
recesses hides,
Where to lose itself in
deserts the mighty
river slides,
Your home were in a
wattled hut upon
the jungle-sides —
A warrior with his spear
across the thicket glides,
And tears you from your mother's arms, and
never heeds her wail,
To sell with gold and ivory where the slave-
ship drops her sail.

Or even if you had been
born a week's sail
o'er the sea,
In that Green Island
from which snakes
were one day forced
to flee,
More like than not this
sorry day an exile
you would be,



IRISH GIRL.

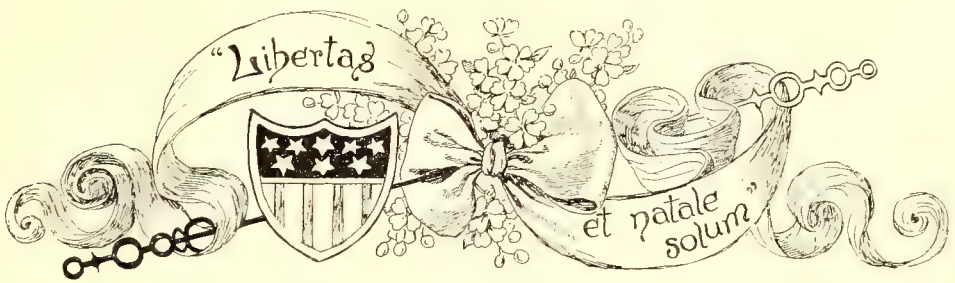
Or turned out of your cabin in the bog to
sleep, machree;
And you 'd have no country of your own till
you crossed wild leagues of foam,
And church-steps in a foreign land would be
your only home.

But here you dance, as light as if the wind's
will were your own,
Nor cramped your feet, nor dwarfed your soul
where this bright flag is blown!
No merchant weighs that heart of yours, as
heavy as a stone,
With silks and
shawls; no fetter
cuts your white
wrist to the
bone;
But to blossom and
to bourgeon
here you are as
free as flowers,
This blessed banner
overhead pos-
sesses heavenly
powers!



AMERICAN GIRL.

Oh, what is it
floats above us,
so dauntlessly
on high,
The sunset bars, the midnight stars, a glory
in the sky!
The winds are waiting on it, with rainbow,
storms, and showers,
And all the sunshine of the land gleams in
that flag of ours!



A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



My Dolly went to the Fourth of July –
I never should have allowed her –
We both were careless, Dolly and I,
And came too close to the powder.
I don't know how it happened, myself –
'Twas something about the fuses –
But Dolly and I were laid on the shelf
With blisters and bumps, and bruises.

I wasn't hurt very much, you know,
Tho' mama declared it shocked her;
My troubles were cured, long, long ago
Without once calling the doctor.
But Dolly will never again be fair
Where the horrid powder shot her,
And it frizzled and singed her golden hair
Till she's balder than Uncle Potter.

THE LITTLE BARLEY-SUGAR VENDER.

Translated by Nina M. Miel from "Le Petit Marchand de Sucre d'Orge," published in the St. Nicholas for May.

It is recess: the children joyfully escape from school and rush to the little vender, who never fails to be there when the time comes for them to be dismissed.

He is a child of ten or twelve years of age, clothed in white, with a sweet, winning face, who proudly wears his little cap, which is also white, and carries the little tray hanging from his neck.

His stock-in-trade is carefully arranged in lines on white paper; it consists of the sticks of barley-sugar so dear to French children. Some are flavored with lemon, some with orange, some with chocolate, some with caramel, and some with marshmallow; these last white and melting in the mouth, and twisted into spirals. One cent for the little ones, two for the large. It is a rare thing for the child, on starting for school, not to obtain from his mama the precious coin which will procure him this dainty dessert after his luncheon.

The little vender serves each in turn, receiving the pennies in his little box, and wrapping the end of each stick of barley-sugar with a piece of paper, so that his young customers may not get their fingers sticky.

He does not disdain to do honor to his wares by tasting one of his sticks himself. From time to time he withdraws it from his lips, crying: "Barley-sugar, barley-sugar, one cent and two cents!"

One corner of his apron is tucked up and shows his knee-breeches, his stockings, neatly pulled up, and his stout shoes; for our little dealer is obliged to make long rounds among the schools of the neighborhood where he finds his best customers, and, in the evening, to the approaches to the theaters frequented by workingmen and their families, to whom a stick of barley-sugar is a favorite treat.

It is his mother without doubt, a poor widow, who makes his humble stock at her home. On her range, always lighted, is put the mixture of water, barley, and sugar, which, after boiling for a long time, is poured into different receptacles to be flavored and pulled, then shaped into sticks which are to become cold and hard on a marble slab. His day at an end, the little barley-sugar vender, if he has had good sales, returns home, joyfully, to pour into his mother's lap the result of his day's business.



"TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON, HE STOLE A PIG AND AWAY HE RUN."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A GLAD summer welcome to you, one and all! And now, in this time of bloom and sunshine, I am moved to discourse to you familiarly upon

OUR NATIONAL FLOWER.

IT is not always July, my friends, and the firecracker cannot well be chosen as our national flower — blooming violently as it does every twelvemonth. New York State has, they say, made the goldenrod its own. The graceful mullen is rejected, I suppose, because it is naturalized, not native; besides, a national flower is needed,— not a national stalk. Therefore, is it not full time that you and I should help the nation to decide? And since it must be one thing if not another, what shall it be? That is the question.

Our country's flower should have a wide range of blooming. It should be hardy, ornamental, and with a decided air of its own — not a national air; that is another matter. It need not be large nor showy, but it should be bright and worthy of honor — above all, it should convey a sentiment to the hearts of the people.

One day the dear Little Schoolma'am, after explaining the subject, "Our National Flower," to the children of the Red School-house, asked:

"Which of you can propose a flower?"

There was a deep silence for some seconds. Then up went a little hand:

"I can, ma'am. I think it ought to be the *Yankee-doodle dandelion!*"

The little girl who said this was not making fun: she was in earnest, though all the school laughed. And, to my mind, one might do worse than propose the dandelion,— bright, sturdy, ever-present little republican that it is.

According to some historians, a spray of the scarlet thorn floated out upon the sea to greet Columbus as he neared his promised land. Brother Burroughs, I am informed, is to tell you about the thorn in this month's ST. NICHOLAS; Brother Fenn is going to picture it for you in three of its pretty varieties; and Sister Nason is to sing you a fine ballad telling how it was the "first to greet Columbus."

At all events, it may be well for you, my investigators, to look into this matter. Observe all the North American flowers you meet with; find out all you can about every plant that, so far, has been suggested as our national flower. Speak to the grown folk, ply them with questions, tell them, up and down, that this country needs a national flower, and it ought to have it. After a while they 'll select one, or my name is not Jack. And what if the scarlet thorn, with its pretty bud, its bright fruit, its defensive thorn, its strong, expressive lines,— above all, its historic welcoming of Christopher Columbus,— should prove to be the choice?

OUR NATIONAL HYMN.

I HAD intended, my good listeners, to address you awhile to-day on the important question, "Have we a National Hymn?" but my pulpit is laden with so many, many letters concerning this point, that I hardly know which to take up first. And now the dear Little Schoolma'am warns me that this is your busy month, and that — if I don't mind — she feels pretty sure you would prefer that I should wait till August. This Fourth of July will be gone by that time; but our country will very probably be here, and we shall have ample time to report a few of the views and opinions of this congregation upon this still unsettled and most urgent question — our National Hymn.

THOSE FIVE-DOLLAR HORSES.

YOUR Jack has not felt quite comfortable in his pulpit since he told you that he knew where you could buy a good, sound, live horse for five dollars. What if some eager little chap with that very sum carefully tucked under his pillow has been lying awake o' nights thinking of the day when he should become the owner of this dashing steed or a gentle pony, whichever he had decided to buy! Ah, well, the fine horse *is* for sale — many fine horses are — for five dollars, and for even a lower price; but all my boys and girls do not live in or near Australia, and it is in Australia that these equine bargains are to be found.

Hey? What does equine mean? No, you funny boy of the Red School-house, it does not mean "horses fed on quinine." Ask the Latin class, or the dictionaries. They will tell you.

Yes; in Queensland, Australia, I am told, on good authority, horses are so plentiful that they are really in the way. Ordinary animals are not worth two dollars a head, and good ones in a half-wild state overrun the colony. At auction they will not bring more than thirteen or fourteen dollars a dozen. Think of that! Thousands of horses to every single boy who desires to ride. It reminds me of the present condition of things in New Jersey — millions of mosquitos to every boy or girl who wishes to be bitten!

THE FIVE-POINTED STAR.

By Charles F. Jenkins.

It was a hot, summer day. Betty Ross, seated in a high-back chair at her front window, was industriously plying her needle. Out in Mulberry street the cobbles and the bricks in the narrow sidewalk fairly shimmered with the heat. They were used to it, though. All day the sun beat down upon them. Rising out of the Delaware in the morning, it passed from one end of the long street to the other, at last sinking to rest in the Schuylkill, beyond the town. The big maple-tree along the curbstone, however, threw a pleasant shade over the front of the little two-story house.

Despite the extreme heat there seemed to be an air of suppressed excitement in the usually quiet city; and the quick tread of passing feet, the clatter of a galloping horseman, and the heavy rumble of a loaded cart, caused Betty to pause from her work and glance into the street. Even "Powder," the big black cat who always curled up for a good long nap right after dinner, was wakeful and restless. He stood on the arm of Betty's chair, his fore feet on the window-sill, gazing up and down the street at every passer-by. Once Betty heard the sound of fife and drum, and laying her work aside she stood on the broad doorstep while a whole regiment of raw Virginia troops marched slowly up Second street, just below, on their way to join the Continental army in New Jersey.

But this reminded Betty that she must not waste her time. Ever since her husband's death, some years before, she had supported herself by taking in sewing, and now she was accounted the neatest and most skilful seamstress in all Philadelphia. With her present piece of work she was taking extra pains, and yet it must be finished by sunset. She was making shirts with wide embroidered ruffles for General Washington, who must hasten away that night to overtake the Virginia regiment, and with them join the waiting army.

And so she sewed on steadily for an hour or more. Powder had at last curled up on the cool stone of the doorstep, and was apparently fast asleep. Neighbor Samuel Smith paused at the window to wipe his perspiring brow and tell the latest news from Congress and the army. "Yes," he said, in answer to her inquiry; "Congress decided upon the flag this morning, and without any debate either"; then he passed slowly on to his home near the corner below.

Again she heard footsteps approaching. They paused at her door, and she had barely time to put aside her sewing when the tall form of General Washington himself appeared in the doorway. Very warm he was with his stiff uniform, his heavy hat, and epaulets, and all. With him were her husband's uncle, Colonel Ross, and a gentleman in citizen's clothes. Powder, aroused from his nap, took refuge under his mistress's chair.

"Betty Ross," said General Washington, noting the heads that were peeping out from the opposite windows, and the presence of a half-dozen boys in the doorway anxious to see and hear all that was going on, "we want to speak with you privately."

"Come in here, then," said Betty, leading the way through the little entry into the darkened back parlor; "we will not be disturbed here."

The gentlemen followed, Colonel Ross carefully closing the door behind him.

"Betty," said Washington, "we have decided on the flag, and we want you to make it for us. Do you think you can do it?" "I don't know whether I can, but I 'll try," said Betty. "How is it to be made?"

Washington took from his pocket a rough drawing, and explained how wide it should be and how long, the number of stripes and how they were to be arranged, and explained to her that in the upper left-hand corner there was to be a blue field with thirteen white stars.

"But why hast thou made the stars six-pointed?" asked Betty. No one knew.

At last Robert Morris, the committeeman in civilian dress, suggested that in English heraldry the star had six points.

"Yes," answered Betty with spirit, "and that is all the more reason why ours should be five-pointed."

"But, Betty, can you make a shapely five-pointed star?" asked Colonel Ross.

Hastening into the front room, she returned with her work-basket. Picking out a square piece of cambric, she deftly arranged it, one fold over another, and finally with one clip of her shears she cut off the greater portion of it. Opening out what remained she showed them a perfect star with five points. The committee were delighted with the suggestion, and it was adopted at once.

And this is said to be why the stars in our flag to-day are five-pointed, while those on our coins, following the English custom, have six points.

Betty made her flag, soon to be unfurled as the emblem of Independence and Union, with thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, and thirteen white stars arranged in a circle on the blue field in the corner. Some said the stars represented the constellation called Lyra, and were an emblem of harmony and unity; but Congress designed it to be "a new constellation."

For years Betty and her daughter made flags for the government, and Betty cut many graceful five-pointed stars with one clip of her shining shears. To this day the little girls among her descendants, just as soon as they are old enough to use a pair of scissors, receive a piece of paper,

and their mamas show them how their great-great-grandma made the star for General Washington. It was one of these little girls, now grown up, who showed me how to do it.

HOW TO MAKE THE STAR.

TAKE a square piece of paper and fold it in half; then fold it again so that it will resemble fig. I.

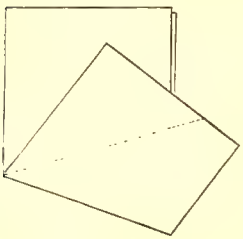


FIG. I.

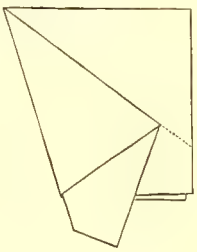


FIG. II.

Fold it again on the dotted line so that when folded it will be as in fig. II. Fold it over once more, again on the dotted line; when it should have the shape of fig. III. Then cut it as shown by the dotted line in fig. III, and you will have a symmetrical five-pointed star.

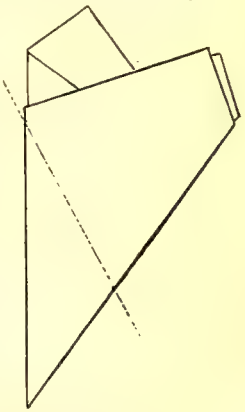


FIG. III.

Betty's little house is standing to-day. Everything else around it has changed — even the name of the street is different. Tall five-storied buildings look down on both sides — one fancies, with contempt — upon the little two-storied building with its shingled roof and dormer window. The front room where Betty sewed is now used as a store, but, with the exception of a new floor, the show-window, and the door, it is as it was a hundred years ago. May it long withstand the march of so-called progress!

DEVELOPING DRY PLATES.

BY F. E.

IN this article I shall very simply and briefly state a few of the principles that govern the use of the apparatus and chemicals employed in developing dry plates. By following the plain directions given, one may develop his own pictures with intelligent skill. But, unless the young experimenter has the patience to master the few principles of the art and science of photography, he will never make a photographer. It will be a mere matter of chance whether he gets good pictures or not. The real art and science of photography are in the intelligent use of a lens and in the development of the plate. A person who does not know why and how to vary the proportions of his chemicals under different circumstances, and who, *therefore*, sends his pictures to be developed for him, is not a photographer. He is on a level with the child who holds the end of the rein when his father drives.

We must first consider the action of light on the prepared plate, and then the uses of the few chemicals needed.

When light shines on various substances, it causes certain changes to occur in them. Some it causes to change in color. The compounds of silver, for instance, turn purple or brown or black, as you have probably seen photographic "proofs" and indelible ink do, when exposed to light.

In preparing photographic plates, the glass, paper, or celluloid is coated on one side with a mixture of fine glue and a solution of silver. This coated side is called the "film" side. The coating is done in a room lighted by the least possible quantity of red light. The mixture is called an "emulsion." These emulsions are made at different temperatures, the emulsions for the most sensitive plates being made at higher temperatures than those for slow plates. The plates will keep good for months.

When one of these plates is put into a camera, in the place of the ground glass, and the lens is uncapped before a landscape, the light that comes through the lens acts differently on different parts of the plate. The light that comes from the bright sky affects the plate much more than the small amount of light that comes from any dark, less lighted object. When the plate is taken to the dark-room and looked at after the light has acted upon it, no picture is visible. Its coating is of just the same uniform cream-color as before. But when you pour over your "exposed" plate certain photographic chemicals, whose uses are to be explained later, the plate will become black, from a deposit of silver, wherever any light has shone on it through the lens. The sky part of the picture quickly turns black; but if a man in a black coat had been standing before the lens when the plate was exposed to the light, that part of the plate where his coat should appear would not be changed at all. When the picture has been developed, we can put the plate

into a solution which will dissolve away any unchanged parts.

If we hold the developed plate up to the light, we see a picture in which everything is exactly as it is *not* in nature. A black coat, for instance, would be almost bare glass; a white sky would be black, and we should call the picture a "negative." From one negative, any number of pictures, true to nature, and called "positives," can be made. For if we put the negative, when dry, upon another plate or piece of paper coated like the first plate — film touching film — and let the light shine through the negative and upon the film of the second plate, and treat the second plate or paper with chemicals as before, the light shining through the bare glass makes the second plate black in those places below bare spaces; while the black parts of the negative, say the sky, protect the second plate, whose sky will be light, as in nature. We thus have a "positive," which may be a window-transparency, or lantern-slide, or paper picture, with lights and darks as in nature.

We might say that the "art" of photography consists in handling the plates, apparatus, and chemicals in a neat and exact way; in choosing picturesque subjects; and in placing the sitters so as to get the best picture. The "science" of photography requires such a knowledge of the actions, or, as chemists say, "reactions" of the chemicals employed, that by skilful use of these chemicals one may "save" a plate, even when the exposure was made under unfavorable conditions of light or for too long or too short a time.

Photographic chemicals may be divided into classes according to their uses:

1. Those sometimes called the developers. Among these are: pyrogallic acid, hydrochinon, and eikonogen. I recommend eikonogen to the beginner, because it is clean, powerful in its action, and not a poison.

2. The alkali group. The principal of these are: carbonate of potash, carbonate of soda, and aqua ammonia.

3. Hyposulphite of soda, commonly called "hypo," used in making the "fixing" solution.

4. Sulphite of soda, called the "restrainer."

5. Bromide of potassium, or "bromide," the "retarder."

The developers put strength into the blacks of a picture or make it "intense." One must always use a little alkali with them. The alkali group are called accelerators because they hurry, so to speak, the action of Group 1. If you have had very poor light or very little light for your picture, you use a large proportion of alkali. The solutions, mixed together, of one or more members of Group 1 with one or more members of Group 2 are called "developers." "Hypo" is the chemical which dissolves away the portions of the emulsion not needed, and therefore "fixes" the parts needed. It is frequently used for plates in a solution of ten parts of water to one of hypo.

Sulphite of soda is used to prevent the members of Group 1 from wasting their work, or from being affected by the air. There is, therefore, a difference between its work and the work done by the bromide, which is that of a retarder, not of a restrainer.

Bromide is used to prevent too rapid action of the members of Group 1 in case the light were allowed to shine too long on the plate through the lens. A plate that is left too long exposed under the action of the light is said to be "over-exposed." When the light has not acted long enough on a plate it is said to be "under-exposed." By using a little more alkali than usual, *carefully*, we may often save a plate; but sometimes, if too much is used or it is used when there is no need for it, the plate will turn gray all over, and we get no picture at all. The plate is then said to be "fogged." It may be "fogged" from over-exposure, from improper use of the chemicals, or from the use of poor chemicals.

An under-exposed plate is deficient in detail and is weak in contrast. An over-exposed plate is full of detail; every minute figure in the pattern of a dress and every branch and leaf of a tree may show, but there is no contrast, and the sky appears hardly darker than anything else.

If you will keep a note-book in which to record facts connected with the exposure and development of each plate, you will not *need* to use more than the first half-dozen of your plates in experimenting.

Your eikonogen must be kept dry and cold and in the dark. The sulphite of soda and carbonate of potash must be in bottles tightly corked; they will spoil if more than a little air is allowed to enter the bottles. You can make up your solutions as follows:

Solution A. Take of sulphite of soda crystals 1½ ounces, or of granular sulphite of soda ¾ of an ounce. Dissolve this in 12 ounces of hot water. When this is cold, add ¼ ounce eikonogen. This gives you 10 grains of eikonogen to the ounce of water.

Solution B. Carbonate of potash 3 drachms (180 grains), and add of water enough to give about 10 grains to the ounce of water. Put in a measuring-glass 3 ounces of A and 1 of B. This is a "normal developer." If your plate should be over-exposed take less B; if under-exposed take a little more of B than a normal exposure requires.

Take your plate-holder into the dark-room, and arrange your red or yellow light. In the dark-room you must have running water, or at least a pitcher of water, and a pail to pour the waste water into. Dust the exposed plate and put it into your developing-tray. Flow your four ounces of mixed developer quickly over the surface of the plate so as to cover it completely, and gently rock the tray to prevent specks or air-bubbles from resting on the plate.

If the exposure was right, the picture will very soon begin to appear, and will grow gradually in strength, keeping good contrast. Keep the tray covered as much as possible, and do not bring it near the light often. One cannot give any exact rule as to time; you can soon tell about it by the gradual and steady growth of the picture. After some minutes it will appear to sink into the film, and you will begin to see the picture on the back of the plate. Wash the plate, and put it into the tray of hypo solution. In a few minutes, the cream-

white of the unaffected part of the plate will be dissolved away, and the plate is said to be "fixed." It is a good plan to lay the plate face down in the hypo, provided the plate can be lifted a little at one end, so that the film does not touch the tray. Then wash the plate thoroughly. If there is no running water, change the water in the dish four or five times, letting the plate stay in fifteen minutes at a time.

Your developing- and hypo-trays should each be marked, and never used for anything but its special chemicals. Especially must you avoid getting a single drop of hypo into your developing-tray; it may spoil the picture, and often spoils the dish too.

Use fresh hypo every day; the developers will last much longer.

If your picture comes up before ten seconds, it was probably over-exposed, and may fog and be spoiled, unless you can check it quickly enough. Pour the solution off from the plate, and fill the tray with water; weaken your developer with water, add a few drops of bromide, pour the water off from the plate, and try again.

If the plate were under-exposed, it would come very slowly. When you have found, by noticing the way in which you needed to vary the proportions of your chemicals, whether or not the exposure was right, expose another plate, and change the length of the exposure, if necessary. This second exposure must be made under the same conditions of light. Your first picture ought to be taken in the middle of a sunny day between ten o'clock and two. Do not let the sun shine into your lens. Keep your camera steady, when exposing. If necessary put it on a bench and *sit* on it, while you expose your plate.

When your plate is washed, set it up on edge to dry. Do not attempt to make a print from it until it is entirely dry.

One cannot expect to treat the whole subject of developing in this brief paper, but a careful worker can make very fair pictures with such simple directions as I have given.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscript cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every morning that I expect you I come down to breakfast early, so as to get the first glimpse of your exciting story, "Tom Paulding"; and though I do not often have time to read it before school, it is always the first thing when I come home. I am also greatly interested in your kind friend "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," whose stories I love dearly.

You are always so nice when you come to us, but later in the month you always look rather soiled on account of the little hands that finger you, for our house is full of boys, and small ones, too.

I have a very good friend who comes to my house for supper, and we usually work your puzzles out together in the evening. I am a little girl, living in New York, quite far up-town; and I am also

Your interested reader, EMMA T——.

NAVY YARD, BOSTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for four years, and I often see a letter from an army or a navy girl; and as I was born in a Navy Yard — Mare Island — and have always lived in one, I thought I must write, too.

I will tell you something about this Boston Navy Yard, where all the children have such good times. My papa has command of the barracks in which, at the time I am writing this letter, we have quarters, although we expect to have moved away by the time you print this letter if you think it good enough for the "Letter-box." Right in front of the barracks is the parade-ground, where the soldiers drill and where we play croquet and tennis. Then comes the cannon park where there are about seven hundred and fifty cannon, and the ball park where are little pyramids of cannon-balls, and where we have fine times playing tag and other games. And there is a stand where the band from the "Wabash" plays three afternoons in the week, and every one goes out and promenades up and down to hear it. So we have lots of fun.

There are about one hundred and eighty men in these barracks, and they have about twenty bugle-calls a day, from reveille, or "Can't get 'm up," at 6 A. M., to "taps," at 9:30. Calls for drill and guard-mounting at 8, meal-calls, calls for forenoon drills and recalls; color-mounting at 8 and haul down colors at sunset, or retreat and sick-calls, etc. The meal-calls sound like "Soup-e, soup-e, without a single bean; pork-e, pork-e, without a streak of lean; coffee, coffee, meanest ever seen." The cavalry-call sounds like "Go down to the stable as quick as you can and get the poor horse some corn." At drill, just after guard-mounting, they play "The Muffin Man."

Your loving reader, GERTRUDE ALMY H——.

TABRIZ, PERSIA, ASIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if I am the only reader of you here in Persia.

I think boys of my age can find this country easily if they have studied geography. It is governed by the Shah. He is a good king for this country.

My mama teaches me some of my studies. I am studying Persian, Turkish, and Syriac. In this part of

the country they all speak Turkish. I am studying French, too. My brother, who is four years younger than I, is studying Armenian.

We have a large pond in our yard. It is frozen over all the winter. I have a pair of skates. I think a good many of your readers think that Persia is a very hot country. It is in some parts of the country. But here it is cold; we live in the northern part, which is the same as ancient Media.

We have a white donkey; we ride him a great deal.

Your interested reader, ALLEN O. W——.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you only four months. When I was nine years old my papa took me to Niagara Falls. The falls come down with such force that fine spray fills the air. I also have been to Washington and Mauch Chunk. I rode up Mount Pisgah over the gravity railroad, and had a beautiful view of the country for miles from the summit of this mountain. From there we rode up to a quiet little mining-town among the mountains where we saw the burning coal-mine.

While in Washington we went up in the top of the Washington Monument, nearly five hundred and fifty-six feet from the ground. I have lived in three different cities: Philadelphia, Rahway, N. J., and now live in Wilmington, Del., and think I like it the best. This is a great manufacturing city, and has a population of about sixty-two thousand.

I was very much interested in the "Admiral's Caravan," and also like your "Letter-box."

Your appreciative friend, EUGENE C. H——.

DIAMOND, ARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been here three years. My native home is Indiana. I came through Illinois as we came here. I think it a fine country — the beautiful prairie stretches away as far as eye can see. We have the finest mineral springs here one ever saw. I think we raise the finest fruit in the world. In the lower lands of Arkansas people raise cotton, mostly. I don't expect the children in cities and in the northern States ever saw any growing. I think it beautiful, with the bolls of cotton hanging down, and as white as snow.

Your new friend, INES MCM——.

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As it is raining very hard, and my lessons are prepared, I am going to write you a short letter.

I have been taking you about three years, and my happiest moments are spent in reading you. I am acquainted with one of your writers, Miss A. M. Ewell. I spent two very pleasant weeks at her home in Prince William County, Va. I enjoy her stories very much. It is getting dark, so I must close.

Your faithful reader, GRACE H——.

FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is an army-post in southern Arizona, about fourteen miles from Mexico. Our nearest town is Tombstone. The post is just at the mouth of a cañon of the Huachuca (pronounced Wachuca) mountains. We are five thousand two hundred feet above the sea, and the climate is splendid. Lovely storms come down the mountains, but we never have rainy days. There are cavalry and infantry at the post, and an Indian company. One of the Indians died recently, and he had a regular military funeral; his coffin was on a caisson with a flag over it, and the band played. It must have seemed queer to the other Indians. On Washington's Birthday we had two picnics. Some of the little children rode on burros and went a short distance up the cañon. The burros go so slowly they would not have had much time for a picnic if they had gone far. The rest of us got a dump-cart from the quartermaster, and a big white mule they call "Whitewings," and went up to the springs, about three miles up the cañon. We had lots of fun climbing over rocks and gathering water-cresses. Then we had lunch. Coming home was more fun than anything else. Whitewings tried to trot all the way home. Going down hills we went bumping along until we all felt sick. After we came home our pictures were taken.

Yours sincerely, EUGENIA B——.

FOOTVILLE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the April number of your charming magazine you spoke of that kite as being a monster; it was rather large, but another boy and I built a kite last summer that beat that one "all hollow." The boards were one-half inch thick by two inches wide; very heavy brown paper was used for covering, which was fastened on by lapping over the outside string and sewing.

When finished, it was about eight feet high, and when it was lying on its side I could just comfortably reach to the place where the cross-string was fastened to the cross-stick; and I am thirteen years old, and four feet nine inches tall. We built it for a storekeeper who had plenty of string. For a tail we had four or five pairs of pants, an old hammock, and twenty-five or thirty feet of old rope. It took two boys to start it, and when it had got up where there was a good breeze it took its turn pulling, and we could not have held it much longer had not a man helped us. At its full height it had six balls of wool-twine, and also enough other twine to have reached two blocks. In regard to tails, I think that rags are better than paper, for they are not so apt to get tangled should anything happen to the kite.

RAY P——.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I read every month, with so much pleasure, the letters from your bright boys and girls in all parts of the world, and thought perhaps one from me might find room. I call myself an American, for I was born in New York fourteen years ago, but my father is a Dutch artist, and we live in Paris.

I would like to describe my last summer's trip to Brittany. Last July we went for a month to Quimperlé, a little town of about four thousand inhabitants. It is situated in a charming valley, often called the "Arcadie of Finistère," its quaint old houses leaning in all sorts of angles, with sunken mud floors, on which the babies, pigs, and chickens play together; and at the little half-doors the old people sit to smoke and gossip after their day's work.

Three rivers meet in the town, and the old moss-grown bridges offer many *motifs* or hints to the artists who were the first to find these out-of-the-way corners.

We drove then to Pont-Aven, over such a wonderful road, kept, like all the post-roads in France, in perfect repair.

Pont-Aven is not so pretty as Quimperlé, but has quite a colony of artists of all nations. We spent our two months there very pleasantly, with trips to the sea and to "pardons," which occur every Sunday at one or the other of the many churches.

Perhaps not all your little friends know just what a Breton pardon is. Early in the morning crowds of country carts, loaded with peasant women dressed in snowy caps and collars, and looking like so many strange birds, were seen driving toward the church, which this time was on the estate of a marquis, and beautifully placed

in a woody valley opening out to a stream. At eleven o'clock they formed a procession of priests, boys carrying banners, and girls in white, headed by such music as they could obtain.

As the church was too small to hold them all, several hundred kneeled out on the hillside during mass, and a few old beggars dragged themselves around the church on their knees, asking alms.

After mass the business of the day begins,— the men drinking cider and gossiping, while the young folks walk about among the booths buying pretty favors.

A few of them found their way through the wood to an old fountain which is supposed to be sacred; and the Bretons believe that it cures all diseases. Poor old men afflicted with rheumatism poured the water carefully into their sabots, down their sleeves, aiding each other in pouring it down the back of their necks; mothers washed their sick babies in the pool below.

After the pardons, the peasants' weddings are interesting. It is a very poor wedding, indeed, in which there are not two hundred invited guests. The wedding feast is served in the covered market, the sides of which are hung with large linen sheets, and just behind where the bride stands it is dotted with flowers.

The bridal party appear, headed by their traditional bagpipes, and then begins the feast; afterward comes two hours' feasting on dishes of pork, beef, and greens, hard and heavy Breton cakes, and black bread, all washed down with great draughts of cider.

Then the pipers, mounted high upon barrels, begin their, to our ears, piercing music. The dance is a sort of gavotte, slow, and long in duration, with only now and then a rest for more cider.

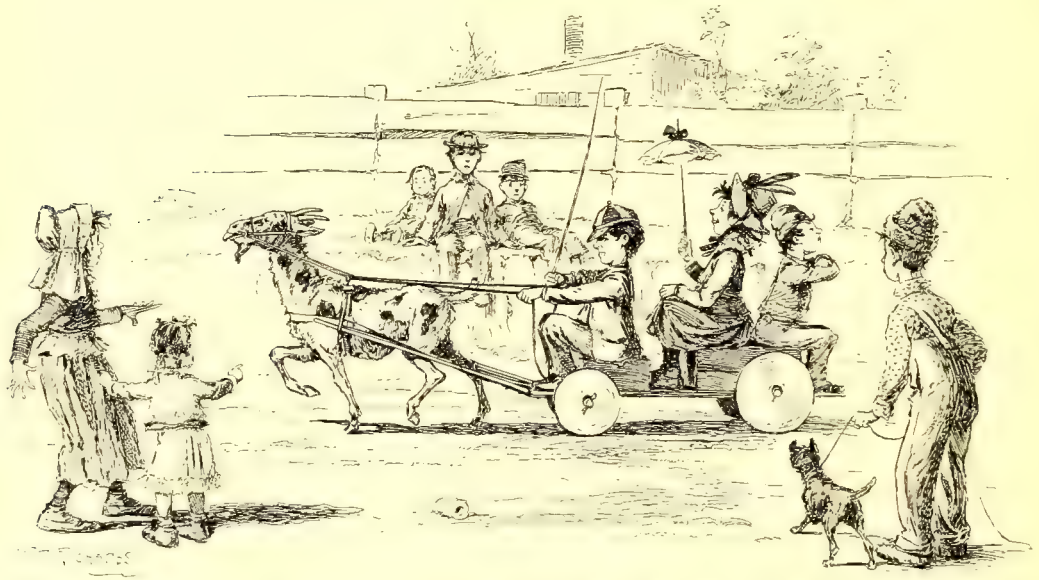
As they dance in sabots, it is not very graceful, and from the sad, smileless faces I think it more of a duty than a pleasure. It is kept up for three days, and the couple who dance longest are the heroes of the hour!

I mean to be an artist, and as soon as my school work is over I shall begin hard studio work.

Your friend and reader,

AVIS H——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: C. G. M., N. A., Elfreda S., Charlotte C., Louis D., Ellinor D. W., Clara K., Winifred M. A., Stewart R., H. M. S., Emma L. C., Harold M. B., Nellie M. A., F. D. C., Grace A. L., Lewis A., Edith M. B., Harry B. H., Elsie B. B., Saidee P. M., Bertha B., Mathilde F. and Sue H., Maud and Lily, Lucetta G. B., Ellen M. B., Hattie D. L., John B., Jr., Paul Jerome W., Eleanor M. W., Thos. M. P., Jr., Ethel F., Estelle M. S., Edith A. G. E., Lyman K., Lyndego, Persen M. B., Ormie S. P., Harry R., Veva A., Ethel B., Elise C., Elsa H., Edward S., "Little Iowan," Lenore S., Alice W., Hazel J. H., George F. P., Ella K., Edith M. B., Elizabeth W., Helen T., Herbert E. S., Helen, Sarah L., Louise M. P., Clare, Bessie C., Francis, Geo. Aug. H., Eliza G. F., Julia B. F., Blanche W., M. Y., Ernestine P., Frank B., S. Annie W., Miriam C., Dora May G., D. E. T., Annie F. G., Helen E., Madeline L. S., Eleanor M. B. and Bessy M. K., Thos. L. E., Arthur N. H., May W., Julia R. C., Grace M. H., Bessie B., Henry B. S., Bessie M. G., Russell P., Helen L. H., Alice G. H., Hazel M. H., Pearl H., Robin G. H., Kate C. W., Solange N. J., Louise H. H., Isabel S. T., B. Gage L., E. D. P., Allie S. D., Burnadene S., "Junie," Mabel S., Edith P. B., Willy G. T. G., Daisy A., Harold E. C., Coleman M., Ada E. T., A. Louise T.



"UH HUH! WOULD YE LOOK AT THE STYLE THE O'ROURKES IS A-PUTTIN' ON, AN' ALL 'CAUSE THEIR FATHER 'S BEEN MADE A POLICEMAN!"

THE RIDDLE-BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

A LETTER PUZZLE. Begin at C in "actual."

Calm weather in June
Sets the corn in tune.

SYNCOPATIONS. Bunker Hill. 1. Ga-b-le. 2. Br-u-it. 3. Ti-n-es. 4. As-k-er. 5. Dr-e-am. 6. Cu-r-es. 7. Ap-h-is. 8. Lo-i-re. 9. So-l-ar 10. Do-l-or.—— ANAGRAM. Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Cades. 2. Towel. 3. Newel. 4. Renew. 5. Roger.

A BIRD PUZZLE. Vacation. 1. Vireo. 2. Albatross. 3. Chickadee. 4. Avocet. 5. Turkey. 6. Ibis. 7. Owl. 8. Night-hawk.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 10, Sebastopol; from 11 to 20, Montebello. Cross-words: 1. Sediment. 2. Semitone. 3. Subduing. 4. Adjacent. 5. Disabled. 6. Stage-box. 7. Outreach. 8. Spicular. 9. Spousals. 10. Stiletto.

CHARADE. Lark-spur.

DIAMOND. 1. J. 2. Sup. 3. Sapid. 4. Jupiter. 5. Pithy. 6 Dey. 7. R.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, John Richardson; finals, Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Judean. 2. Occasional. 3. Hidalgo. 4. Narcotic. 5. Raven. 6. I. 7. Continual. 8. Heroism. 9. Amphora. 10. Rough. 11. Diana. 12. Spur. 13. Orb. 14. Neuralgia

A DICKENS ACROSTIC. Initials, Matthew Bagnet. Cross-words: 1. Mark (Tapley). 2. Akershem (Miss Sophronia). 3. Traddles (Tommy). 4. Tilly (Slowboy). 5. Heep (Uriah). 6. Edward (Dorrit). 7. Weller. 8. Bagstock (Joey). 9. Agnes (Wickfield). 10. Gamp (Sairy). 11. Nell. 12. Emma. 13. Todgers (Mrs.).

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Second row, Gaberlunzie. Cross-words: 1. Agate. 2. Satan. 3. Obese. 4. Cedar. 5. Crisp. 6. Blink. 7. Dusky. 8. Indue. 9. Azure. 10. Niece. 11. Gelid.

GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Order. 2. Rhine. 3. Divan. 4. Enact. 5. Rents. II. 1. Aster. 2. Scale. 3. Taken. 4. Elect. 5. Rents. III. 1. Rents. 2. Ewart. 3. Naoir. 4. Tribe. 5. Strew. IV. 1. Strew 2. Touch. 3. Ruble. 4. Éclat. 5. Whets. V. 1. Strew. 2. Tiara. 3. Razor. 4. Erode 5. Wares.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from "The Peterkins"—Maude E. Palmer—Paul Reese—Chester B. S—"The McG's."—Alice Mildred Blanke and Co.—Josephine Sherwood—E. M. G.—Mama and Jamie—"Uncle Mung"—Ida Carleton Thallon—"Guion Line and Acme Slate"—Gertrude L.—Hubert L. Bingay.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from C. Chester, 1—Grace Irene S, 1—Grace Isabel, 1—C. Chester, 1—Elaine S., 4—"Two Crane Sisters," 1—Emily B. B., 1—Agnes M. B., 1—Theodore A. J. Ladner, 2—S. M. G. I. M. G., 1—Naje Rheatan, 2—Winifred M. Mattingly, 1—Jas. Henry, 1—Minerva Camp, 1—Jan and Dick, 1—M. B. Foster, 1—Bessie White, 2—Charlotte and Daisy, 1—Ruth F. Graves, 1—Mary L. Thomson, 1—Lillian Reser, 1—The F. C. C., 1—Ida B. Graves, 1—Academie B., 2—"Only I," 1—Gwendolen Reid, 3—F. G., 1—Grace Louise Holaday, 9—K. and S. Reed and R. Hale, 1—Florence E. Bannister, 2—A. M. J. and A. J. J., 1—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Fannie G., 1—Ruth M. Mason, 2—Margaret Eddy, 2—Harold Short, 1—L. O. E., 11—Louis Don, 2—Lelia Rightor, 1—"Star," 1—Nellie L. Howes, 9—May C. Francis, 4—Olive Gale, 2—"Gugga," 2—Lena Quinn, 1—Lionel and Marion, 10—Laura M. Zinser, 5—Helen S. Coates, 3—Marian W. Low, 1—Rosalind Mitchell, 2—Nan and Grace, 5—Ethel et Cie, 5—Mama and Charlie, 4—Charles H. Munch, 2—Nellie Archer 2—Ida, Alice, and Allie, 12—M. T. B., 2—"May and '79," 5—Jo and I, 10—Jessie Chapman, 3—"Leather-Stocking," 12—"Florentia," 7—"We Girls," 8—Rosalie Bloomingdale, 12—"The Partners," 9—"Three of One Kind," 3—Violet and Dora Hereford, 6—"Three Blind Mice," 2—Sarah and Susan Lucas, 1—Anna A. Crane, 2—Polly, 1—Esmé Beauchamp, 4.

DOUBLE PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the first and second rows of letters (reading downward) will each spell a word often heard in July.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Bright in color. 2. A puzzle. 3. Waning. 4. An eelbuck. 5. A fabulous animal. 6. Indolent. 7. Involving some secret meaning.

"EFFESSEFF."

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE.

My *first*, it "hath charms" among arts, you will find;
My *second* word means to make one, or to bind;
My *third*, an enchantress who sang by the shore;
My *fourth* is what newspapers have by the score;
My *last* word is what on the altar is burned—
Its obsolete meaning is "tax," I have learned.

HENRY W. L.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS.

I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small lizard. 2. To reverberate. 3. A small bird.

Primals, unaccustomed; finals, the quantity of ten barrels of flour; primals and finals connected, a philosopher.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. To stain. 2. Lethargy. 3. To commence. 4. To care for.

Primals, an inhabitant of a certain European country; finals, to set on shore; primals and finals connected, a country of Europe. "JONNIE THUN."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Pertaining to vegetable mold. 2. A feminine name. 3. Fatigues. 4. A pliable strip of leather. 5. A wicked city of ancient times.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. A pronoun. 3. To entangle. 4. The flower-de-luce. 5. Vehicles. 6. An illustrious man. 7. Dejected. 8. A river of Italy. 9. In rhomboid. B.

RIDDLE.

ONCE of an animal I formed a part,
Yet in that life had neither head nor heart;
But dead, I'm cured, by man I am made whole;
An understanding have, and boast a soul.

But brief the triumph; for I'm now brought lower
Than in the sphere I had adorned before.
Perfidious man! Who then his arts will trust?
Blackens my character, treads me in the dust.

Yet I forgive—to him my soul devote,
And save him from all trials,—near, remote,
From desert sands and winter's icy sleet,—
Nothing my kindly purpose can defeat. C. L. M.

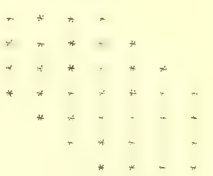


NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-nine letters, and am a sentence from a speech by Robert C. Winthrop.

My 21–16–3–33 is a tropical fruit. My 27–10–18–20–24 is an occurrence. My 6–38–35 is a sprite. My 26–31–1–14–11 is to vex. My 8–29–22–36–15 is to cook. My 28–19–32–7–5–23 are kindnesses done or granted. My 17–25–34–39–13 is to loiter. My 4–30–12–9–2–37 is to stop. O. S. D.

A HEXAGON.



1. ACORNS. 2. A Scriptural proper name. 3. Disgraced. 4. A gage used by a mason. 5. To recount. 6. To prevent by fear. 7. To designate. C. D.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the Latin term for a bookworm.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pains. 2. To gather after a reaper. 3. The outer covering of a flower. 4. To cause to fit. 5. A musical instrument. 6. A collision. 7. To linger. 8. To broil on a gridiron. 9. A cavalry sword. 10 Poets. 11. To treat with injustice. 12. To ramble. 13. The outer husk or bract of a spikelet. 14. A precious stone carved in relief. C.

PI.

HET nus shang clam ta messmur sopie;
Het ethar elis hatbed in grimmshine onon,
Ta erst rofm lal ehr cleerhuf sineo,
Wiht thare-grinsst tenilsly ni nute.
Eht item, woh atubilufe dan read,
Wenh realy strufi binge ot shlub,
Dan eht lufl agafeel fo eht yare
Yawss ore hemt wiht a shelgrenit shuh.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain three letters, and the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, spells a title given to Christian II., a cruel king of Denmark and Sweden.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A beverage. 2. An exclamation. 3. Distress. 4. A unit. 5. To increase. 6. Metal. 7. Since. 8. One who entertains hatred against another. 9. To attempt to escape. 10. Consumed. 11. A word used in the motto of the Prince of Wales. 12. A snare. 13. To seize by a sudden grasp. 14. A short-legged and stout variety of horse. 15. To vibrate harshly. 16. The goddess of revenge. 17. The flat part of a grate at the side, where things are placed to be kept warm. C.

ANAGRAM.

A DISTINGUISHED literary woman:

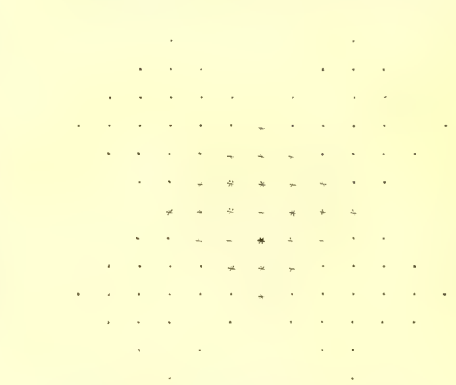
SHE WROTE. A TRIBE CHEER.

DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE.

ACROSS: 1. A kiln. 2. The part sung by the lowest female voices. 3. A loud, continuous noise. 4. Withered.

DOWNWARD: 1. Impels. 2. The agave. 3. To bespangle. 4. A large, round molding on the base of a column. "XELIS."

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In parades. 2. Encountered. 3. The daughter of Æetes. 4. Those who make a display of their knowledge. 5. Rigid. 6. Consumed. 7. In parades.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In parades. 2. A Scriptural name. 3. One who notes. 4. Established. 5. Leased again. 6. Three fifths of to prevent. 7. In parades.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In parades. 2. Part of the head. 3. Finished. 4. Burdened. 5. A number of men who relieve others in carrying on some work. 6. The governor of Algiers. 7. In parades.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In parades. 2. To obstruct. 3. Made into bundles. 4. Issued suddenly. 5. To govern. 6. A cave. 7. In parades.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In parades. 2. An affirmative answer. 3. To sing as the Swiss mountaineers. 4. Drawn. 5. Denominations. 6. One half of a task. 7. In parades. G. F.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER AND THE CHILDREN.

"HE WOULD SPIN THEM YARNS WHILE THEIR EYES GREW BIG AS HIS STORIES EXPANDED." (SEE PAGE 745.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIX. AUGUST, 1892. No. 10.

"MIDSHIPMAN," THE CAT.

By JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

THIS is a true story about a real cat who, for aught I know, is still alive and following the sea for a living. I hope to be excused if I use the pronouns "who" and "he" instead of "which" and "it," in speaking of this particular cat; because although I know very well that the grammars all tell us that "he" and "who" apply to persons, while "it" and "which" apply to things, yet this cat of mine always seemed to us who knew him to be so much like a human being, that I find it unsatisfactory to speak of him in any other way. There are some animals of whom you prefer to say "he," just as there are persons whom you sometimes feel like calling "it."

The way we met this cat was after this fashion: It was back somewhere in the seventies, and a party of us were cruising east from Boston in the little schooner-yacht "Eyvor." We had dropped into Marblehead for a day and a night, and some of the boys had gone ashore in the tender. As they landed on the wharf, they found a group of small boys running sticks into a woodpile, evidently on a hunt for something inside.

"What have you in there?" asked one of the yachtsman.

"Nothin' but a cat," said the boys.

"Well, what are you doing to him?"

"Oh, pokin' him up! When he comes out we 'll rock him," was the answer, in good Marblehead dialect.

"Well, don't do it any more. What 's the use of tormenting a poor cat? Why don't you take somebody of your size?"

The boys slowly moved off, a little ashamed and a little afraid of the big yachtsman who spoke; and when they were well out of sight the yachtsmen went on, too, and thought no more about the cat they had befriended. But when they had wandered about the tangled streets of the town for a little while, and paid the visits which all good yachtsmen pay, to the grocery and the post-office and the apothecary's soda-fountain, they returned to the wharf and found their boat. And behold, there in the stern-sheets sat the little gray-and-white cat of the woodpile! He had crawled out of his retreat and made straight for the boat of his champions. He seemed in no wise disturbed or disposed to move when they jumped on board, nor did he show anything but pleasure when they stroked and patted him. But when one of the boys started to put him ashore, the plucky little fellow showed his claws; and no sooner was he set on his feet at the edge of the wharf than he

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turned about and jumped straight back into the boat.

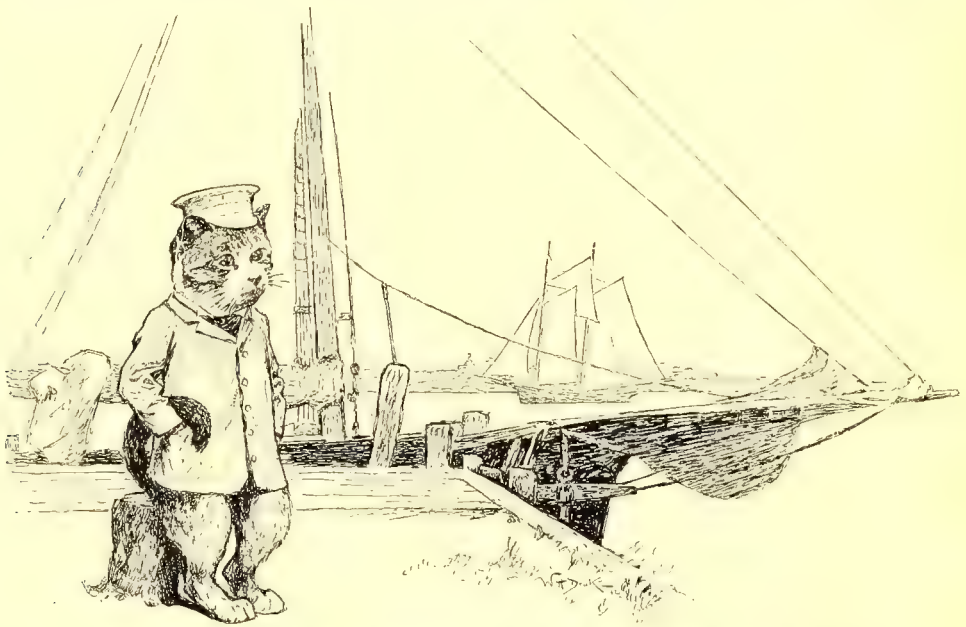
"He wants to go yachting," said one of the party, whom we called "The Bos'n."

"Ye might as wal take the cat," said a grizzly old fisherman standing on the wharf; "he does n't belong to anybody, and ef he stays here the boys 'll worry him t' death."

"Let 's take him aboard," said the yachtsmen. "It 's good luck to have a cat on board ship."

Whether it was good luck to the ship or not, it was very clear that pussy saw it meant good luck to him, and curled himself down in the bottom of the boat, with a look that meant business. Evidently he had thought the matter all over and made up his mind that this was the sort of people he wanted to live with; and, being a Marblehead cat, it made no difference to him whether they lived afloat or ashore; he was going where they went, whether they wanted him or not. He had heard the conversation from his place in the woodpile, and had decided to show his gratitude by going to sea with these protectors of his. By casting in his lot with theirs he was paying them the highest compliment of which a cat is capable. It would have been the height of impoliteness not to recognize his distinguished appreciation. So he was allowed to remain in the boat, and was taken off to the yacht.

Upon his arrival there, a council was held, and it was unanimously decided that the cat should be received as a member of the crew; and as we were a company of amateur sailors, sailing our own boat, each man having his particular duties, it was decided that the cat should be appointed midshipman, and should be named after his position. So he was at once and ever after known as "Middy." Everybody took a great interest in him, and he took an impartial interest in everybody — though there were two people on board to whom he made himself particularly agreeable. One was the quiet, kindly professor, the captain of the Eyvor; the other was Charlie, our cook and only hired hand. Middy, you see, had a seaman's true instinct as to the official persons with whom it was his interest to stand well.



"BEING A MARBLEHEAD CAT IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE TO HIM WHETHER HE LIVED AFLOAT OR ASHORE"

It was surprising to see how quickly Middy made himself at home. He acted as if he had always been at sea. He was never seasick, no matter how rough it was or how uncomfortable any of the rest of us were. He roamed wherever he wanted to, all over the boat. At meal-times he came to the table with the rest, sat up on a valise and lapped his milk and took

what bits of food were given him, as if he had eaten that way all his life. When the sails were hoisted it was his especial joke to jump upon the main-gaff and be hoisted with it; and once he stayed on his perch till the sail was at the mast-head. One of us had to go aloft and bring him down. When we had come to anchor and everything was snug for the night, he would come on deck and scamper out on the main-boom, and race from there to the bowsprit end as fast as he could gallop, then climb, monkey-fashion, half-way up the masts, and drop back to the deck or dive down into the cabin and run riot among the berths.



"HE WAS HOISTED WITH THE MAIN-GAFF."

One day, as we were jogging along under a pleasant southwest wind, and everybody was



"AT MEAL-TIMES HE SAT UP ON A VALISE."

lounging and dozing after dinner, we heard the Bos'n call out, "Stop that, you fellows!" and a moment after, "I tell you, quit!—or I'll come up and make you!"

We opened our lazy eyes to see what was the matter, and there sat the Bos'n, down in the cabin, close to the companionway, the tassel of his knitted cap coming nearly up to the combings of the hatch; and on the deck outside sat Middy, digging his claws into the tempting yarn, and occasionally going deep enough to scratch the Bos'n's scalp. When night came and we were all settled down in bed, it was Middy's almost invariable custom to go the rounds of all the berths, to see if we were properly tucked in, and to end his inspection by jumping into the captain's bed, treading himself a comfortable nest there among the blankets, and curling himself down to sleep. It was his own idea to select the captain's berth as the only proper place in which to turn in.

But the most interesting trait in Middy's character did not appear until he had been a week or so on board. Then he gave us a surprise. It was when we were lying in Camden harbor. Everybody was going ashore to take a tramp among the hills, and Charlie, the cook, was coming too, to row the boat back to the yacht.

Middy discovered that he was somehow "getting left." Being a prompt and very decided cat, it did not take him long to make up his mind what to do. He ran to the low rail of the yacht, put his forepaws on it, and gave us a long, anxious look. Then as the boat was shoved off he raised his voice in a plaintive mew. We waved him a good-by, chaffed him pleasantly, and told him to mind the anchor, and have dinner ready when we got back.

That was too much for his temper. As quick



"HE SELECTED THE CAPTAIN'S BERTH."

as a flash he had dived overboard, and was swimming like a water-spaniel, after the dinghy!

That was the strangest thing we had ever seen in all our lives! We were quite used to elephants that could play at see-saw, and horses that could fire cannon, to learned pigs and to educated dogs; but a cat that of his own accord would take to the water like a full-blooded Newfoundland was a little beyond anything we had ever heard of. Of course the boat was stopped, and Middy was taken aboard drenched and shivering, but perfectly happy to be once more with the crew. He had been ignored and slighted; but he had insisted on his rights, and as soon as they were recognized he was quite contented.

Of course, after that we were quite prepared for anything that Middy might do. And yet he always managed to surprise us by his bold and



"STOP THAT, YOU FELLOWS!"

independent behavior. Perhaps his most brilliant performance was a visit he paid a few days after his swim in Camden harbor.

We were lying becalmed in a lull of the wind off the entrance to Southwest Harbor. Near us, perhaps a cable's-length away, lay another small yacht, a schooner hailing from Lynn. As we drifted along on the tide, we noticed that Middy was growing very restless; and presently we found him running along the rail and looking eagerly toward the other yacht. What did he see—or smell—over there which interested him? It could not be the dinner, for they were not then cooking. Did he recognize



"MIDDY WAS TAKEN ABOARD."

any of his old chums from Marblehead? Perhaps there were some cat friends of his on the other craft. Ah, that was it! There they were on the deck, playing and frisking together,—two kittens! Middy had spied them, and was longing to take a nearer look. He ran up and down the deck, mewing and snuffing the air. He stood up in his favorite position when on lookout, with his forepaws on the rail. Then, before we realized what he was doing, he had plunged overboard again, and was making for the other boat as fast as he could swim! He had attracted the attention of her company, and no sooner did he come up alongside than they prepared to welcome him. A fender was lowered, and when Middy saw it he swam toward it, caught it with his forepaws, clambered along it to the gunwale, and in a twinkling was over the side and on the deck scraping acquaintance with the strange kittens.

How they received him I hardly know, for by that time our boat was alongside to claim the runaway. And we were quite of the mind of the skipper of the "Winnie L.," who said, as he handed our bold midshipman over the side, "Well, that beats all *my* going a-fishing!"

Only a day or two later Middy was very disobedient when we were washing decks one morning. He trotted about in the wet till his feet were drenched, and then retired to dry them on the white spreads of the berths below. That was quite too much for the captain's pa-

tience. Middy was summoned aft, and, after a sound rating, was hustled into the dinghy which was moored astern, and shoved off to the full length of her painter. The punishment was a severe one for Middy, who could bear anything better than exile from his beloved shipmates. So of course he began to exercise his ingenious little brain to see how he could escape. Well under the overhang of the



"THEY PREPARED TO WELCOME HIM."

yacht he spied, just about four inches out of water, a little shoulder of the rudder. That was enough for him. He did not stop to think whether he would be any better off there. It was a part of the yacht, and that was home. So overboard he went, swam for the rudder, scrambled on to it, and began howling piteously to be taken on deck again; and, being a spoiled and much-indulged cat, he was soon rescued from his uncomfortable roosting-place and restored to favor.

I suppose I shall tax your powers of belief if I tell you many more of Middy's doings. But truly he was a strange cat, and you may as well be patient, for you will not soon hear of his equal. The captain was much given to rifle-practice, and used to love to go ashore and shoot at a mark. On one of his trips he allowed Middy to accompany him, for the simple reason, I suppose, that Middy decided to go, and got on board the dinghy when the captain did. Once ashore, the marksman selected a fine large rock as a rest for his rifle, and opened fire upon his target. At the first shot or two Middy seemed a little surprised, but showed no disposition to run away. After the first few rounds, however, he seemed to have made up his mind that since the captain was making all that racket it must be entirely right and proper, and nothing about which a cat need bother his head in the least. So, as if to show how entirely he confided in the captain's judgment and good intentions, that imperturbable cat calmly lay down, curled up, and went to sleep in the shade of the rock over which the captain's rifle was blazing and cracking about once in two minutes. If anybody was ever acquainted with a cooler or more self-possessed cat I should be pleased to hear the particulars.

I wish that this chronicle could be confined to nothing but our shipmate's feats of daring and nerve. But, unfortunately, he was not always blameless in his conduct. When he got hungry he was apt to forget his position as midshipman, and to behave just like any cat with an empty stomach. Or perhaps he may have done just what any hungry midshipman would under the circumstances; I do not quite know what a midshipman does under all circumstances and so I can not say. But here is one of this cat midshipman's exploits. One afternoon, on our way home, we were working along with a head wind and sea toward Wood Island, a haven for many of the small yachts between Portland



"MIDDY CURLED UP AND WENT TO SLEEP."

and the Shoals. The wind was light and we were a little late in making port. But as we were all agreed that it would be pleasanter to postpone our dinner till we were at anchor, the cook was told to keep things warm and wait till we were inside the port before he set the table. Now, his main dish that day was to be a fine piece of baked fish; and, unfortunately, it was nearly done when we gave orders to hold back the dinner. So he had closed the drafts of his little stove, left the door of the oven open, and turned into his bunk for a quiet doze,—a thing which every good sailor does on all possible occasions; for a seafaring life is very uncertain in the matter of sleep, and one never quite knows when he will lose some, nor how much he will lose. So it is well to lay in a good stock of it whenever you can.



"MIDDY CAME FLYING UP THE COMPANIONWAY — FOLLOWED BY A VOLLEY OF SHOES AND SPOONS AND PIECES OF COAL"

It seems that Middy was on watch, and when he saw Charlie fast asleep he undertook to secure a little early dinner for himself. He evidently reasoned with himself that it was very uncertain when we should have dinner and he 'd better get his while he could. He quietly slipped down to the stove, walked coolly up to the oven, and began to help himself to baked haddock.

He must have missed his aim or made some mistake in his management of the business, and, by some lucky chance for the rest of us, waked the cook. For, the first we knew, Middy came flying up the cabin companionway, followed by a volley of shoes and spoons and pieces of coal, while we could hear Charlie, who was rather given to unseemly language when he was excited, using the strongest words in his dictionary about "that thief of a cat!"

"What 's the matter?" we all shouted at once.

"Matter enough, sir!" growled Charlie. "That little cat 's eaten up half the fish! It 's a chance if you get any dinner to-night, sir."

You may be very sure that Middy got a sound wigging for that trick, but I am afraid the captain forgot to deprive him of his rations as he threatened. He was much too kind-hearted.

The very next evening Middy startled us again by a most remarkable display of coolness and courage. After a weary thrash to windward all day, under a provokingly light breeze, we found ourselves under the lee of the little promontory at Cape Neddick, where we cast anchor for the night. Our supply of water had run very low, and so, just after sunset, two of the party rowed ashore in the tender to replenish our water-keg, and by special permission Middy went with them.

It took some time to find a well, and by the time the jugs were filled it had grown quite dark. In launching the boat for the return to the yacht, by some ill-luck a breaker caught her and threw her back upon the beach. There she capsized and spilled out the boys, together with their precious cargo. In the confusion of the moment, and the hurry of setting matters to rights, Middy was entirely forgotten, and when the boat again was launched, nobody thought to look for the cat. This time everything went well, and in a few minutes the yacht was sighted through the dusk. Then somebody happened to think of Middy! He was nowhere to be seen. Neither man remembered anything about him after the capsize. There was consternation in the hearts of those unlucky wights. To lose Middy was almost like losing one of the crew.

But it was too late and too dark to go back and risk another landing on the beach. There was nothing to be done but to leave poor Middy to his fate, or at least to wait until morning before searching for him.

But just as the prow of the boat bumped against the fender on the yacht's quarter, out from under the stern-sheets came a wet, bedrag-

gled, shivering cat, who leaped on board the yacht and hurried below into the warm cabin. In that moist adventure in the surf, Middy had taken care of himself, rescued himself from a watery grave, got on board the boat as soon as she was ready, and sheltered himself in the warmest corner. All this he had done without the least outcry, and without asking any help whatever. His self-reliance and courage were extraordinary.

Well, the pleasant month of cruising drew to a close, and it became a question what should be done with Middy. We could not think of turning him adrift in the cold world, although we had no fears but that so bright and plucky a cat would make a living anywhere. But we wanted to watch over his fortunes, and perhaps take him on the next cruise with us when he should have become a more settled and dignified Thomas. Finally, it was decided that he should be boarded for the winter with an artist, Miss Susan H——, a friend of one of our party. She wanted a studio-cat, and would be particularly pleased to receive so accomplished and traveled a character as Middy. So when the yacht was moored to the little wharf at Annisquam, where she always ended her cruises, and we were packed and ready for our journey to Boston, Middy was tucked into a basket and taken to the train. He bore the confinement with the same good sense which had marked all his life with us, though I think his feelings were hurt at the lack of confidence we showed in him. And, in truth, we were a little ashamed of it ourselves, and when once we were on the cars somebody suggested that he be released from his prison just to see how he would behave. We might have known he would do himself credit. For when he had looked over his surroundings, peeped above the back of the seat at the passengers, taken a good look at the conductor, and counted the rest of the party to see that none of us was missing, Middy snuggled down upon the seat, laid his head upon the captain's knee and slept all the way to Boston.

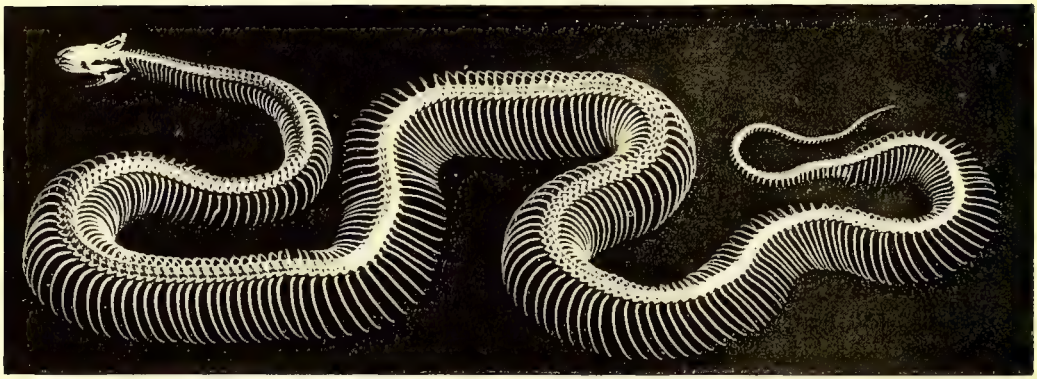
That was the last time I ever saw Middy. He was taken to his new boarding-place in Boylston street, where he lived very pleasantly for a few months, and made many friends by his pleasing manners and unruffled temper. But I suppose he found it a little dull in Boston. He was not quite at home in his esthetic surroundings. I have always believed he sighed for the freedom of a sailor's life. He loved to sit by the open window when the wind was east, and seemed to be dreaming of far-away scenes. One day he disappeared. No trace of him was ever found. A great many things may have happened to him. But I never could get rid of the feeling that he went down to the wharves and the ships and the sailors, trying to find his old friends, looking everywhere for the stanch little Eyvor; and, not finding her, I am convinced that he shipped on some East Indiaman and is now a sailor cat on the high seas.



"A SAILOR CAT ON THE HIGH SEAS."

SOMETHING ABOUT SNAKES.

By Margaret W. Leighton.



SKELETON OF AN INDIAN PYTHON. (PHOTOGRAPHED BY PERMISSION FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D. C.)

Have you ever thought what hidden beauties there are in the beings most shunned by man? Professor Huxley says, "The vertebra of a snake is the most beautiful piece of anatomy I ever saw." The movement of a snake, in the water or on land, is very wonderful and a mysterious sight to the unfortunate man whose limited acquaintance with nature has not enabled him to solve the riddle. He says, "Here is a creature with neither legs, nor wings, nor fins, and yet it moves with even more swiftness and grace than most animals which possess these means of getting about." How is it that this can be? We will look for a moment at the skeleton. We see that it consists merely of the skull, the backbone, and the ribs. The vertebræ are joined by exquisite ball-and-socket joints, and two ribs are attached to each vertebra, one on each side. Probably you have noticed that the under side of a snake's body is covered with crosswise plates, which scientific men call scuta. Now, instead of having the ribs attached to a breastbone, like the mammals and lizards, the snake has them attached to the scuta, so that, as Miss Hopley says in her valuable book on Ophidians, the snake, instead of having no legs, really has two for each foot.

There are fifteen species found in Massachusetts. Two of them, the banded rattlesnake and the copperhead, are venomous; but I think that, at least in the eastern portion, the copperhead has become extinct. Rattlesnakes are found in the Blue Hills, which is probably as near Boston as one will be likely to see them. The common black-snake, *Bascanion constrictor*, whose species name, *constrictor*, comes from its mode of killing its prey, constricting or binding them,—in other words, hugging them to death,—is our largest snake, often reaching a length of six feet and over. Near my home I found a perfect skin of this snake, five feet and two inches long. The black-snake often lives in stone walls, and is fond of climbing into a tree overhanging the water. Here it wraps a few folds about the branches, and watches its



A SNAKE'S RIB.

chance to snap up any nice little frog which hops by, a bird, if one alights near enough, or perhaps a field-mouse scampering along. This

snake has a great deal of curiosity, and is said to follow men and beasts long distances; but it retreats instantly if turned upon. It is harmless, and should you by chance disturb or tread upon it, the worst it would do would probably be to wrap a few folds about your legs, or stick out its tongue, or possibly give you a slight bite.

One of the handsomest of our snakes is the checkered adder, chicken-snake, or thunder-and-lightning snake, as it is variously styled. The title of chicken-snake comes from its alleged fondness for sucking eggs. The accusation may or may not be true; but I found one in a half torpid condition, one early spring day, in a hen-house.

You may have seen the striped or garter-snakes of which two species inhabit Massachusetts, the smaller being called the swift garter-snake. The larger one is at home alike on land and water. I have often seen them catching grasshoppers; and here I must stop a moment to tell you of the strange way this snake has of eating. When he catches a grasshopper or little frog, he opens his jaws so wide that they are actually out of joint. Having taken his food into his mouth, he readjusts the jaws, holds the animal for some time, so that it may become thoroughly moistened, and then, with a mighty gulp, swallows it. The handsomest snake in my collection is a garter-snake brought to me, by a friend, from Canada, where they grow larger and finer than in New England.

Next in size to the racer, or black-snake, comes the red-bellied water-snake. He is a rough-looking fellow, owing to each of his scales having a little keel or ridge in the middle.

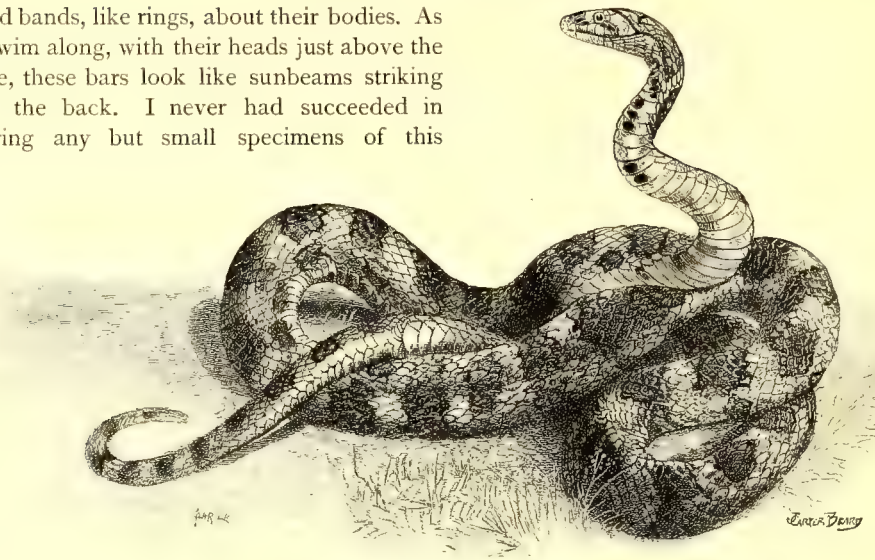
One warm still day in April I was walking along the shores of a small pond, hoping I should see some signs of the snakes waking from their long winter's nap. Suddenly I stopped. Could those enormous gray-black coils about the roots of that little oak-tree be the body of a snake? I touched them with the handle of my long net; instantly the creature thrust forth a wicked-looking head. How wicked were those fixed, glittering eyes! I stood spellbound, experiencing at once the over-powering fear, mistaken for fascination, which snakes are said to cause in all other living creatures. Here was a snake, with neither fangs nor poison-sacs, which did not constrict, and yet I felt that he had the power to kill me instantly, should he choose to do so.



THE BLACK-SNAKE.

I have since come to the conclusion that this reptile was the grandfather of the tribe of red-bellied water-snakes which inhabit that pond. They are very numerous hereabouts, and the young and half-grown ones have beautiful light-

colored bands, like rings, about their bodies. As they swim along, with their heads just above the surface, these bars look like sunbeams striking across the back. I never had succeeded in capturing any but small specimens of this



THE THUNDER-AND-LIGHTNING SNAKE.

snake, and, as I wanted a good one, with the bright-red color on the under side of the body, which is not attained until he has grown quite large, I started out with my can, net, and thick gantlet glove, determined to secure a large one if I could.

In the middle of the pond were the remnants of an old raft. I counted five snakes and two turtles sunning themselves thereon. "I'll have one of those before I go home!" I said to myself. I threw some stones, hitting the raft and scattering its occupants into the water. I waited a long time after this, watching a snake snap up little frogs, and all at once it occurred to me that possibly I myself might make use of a frog for bait. I saw a dead one floating near the bank. Only a few feet out was a large flat rock. I managed to reach this dry-shod, and,



THE RED-BELLIED WATER-SNAKE.



A RATTLESNAKE COILED.

stooping, dropped my frog gently into the water. My heart thrilled as I saw a little dark head coming toward the bait. I lay flat on the rock and held my gloved hand ready. Nearer

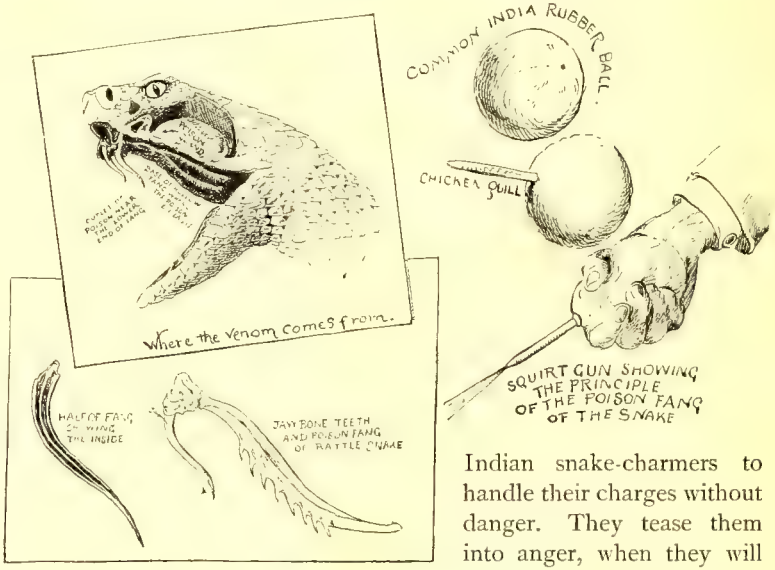
he came and nearer, and when he seemed to be within reach I made a quick plunge to my elbow—only some weeds were clutched tight between my fingers. Another hour of long, patient waiting, and the coveted prize came once more to the surface. This time I brought him up in triumph, twisting and writhing.

My only rattlesnake was caught alive by a young girl who had that summer killed eleven on her farm in California. This snake has five rattles, which, if we believe they denote the age, will show that he is five years old. Darwin believed that the rattle, besides being used as a warning to keep off the snakes' enemies, sometimes is employed to call their mates.

The heads of most of the venomous snakes, including the "rattlers" bulge just beyond the neck. Without exception they have fangs, either always erect, or raised and laid back at will. These fangs are long, sharp-pointed teeth, with a hollow groove running their entire length. At the root of each fang is a little bag of poison. When the snake bites, the motion presses the poison-sac, and its contents flows down through the hollow in the tooth into the puncture or wound. The harmless little forked tongue is often spoken of by the uninformed as the snake's "stinger." Now, there is no propriety in the name, as the poisonous snakes do not sting, but *bite*, their victims. There is no creature, even if brought from foreign countries where "rattlers" do not exist, but will halt and tremble at the first warning sound of the rattle.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, with others, has been making experiments with the venom of different serpents. He has found that, aside from its poisonous qualities, it contains living germs, which have the power of increasing enormously fast. So, you see, when an animal is bitten, these tiny bits of life, entering with the poison, cause harmful action to begin almost at once. Dr. Mitchell has found that the nervous center controlling the act of striking seems to be in the spinal cord, for if he cut off a snake's head, and then pinched its tail, the stump of its neck turned back, and would have struck his hand had he been bold enough to hold it still.

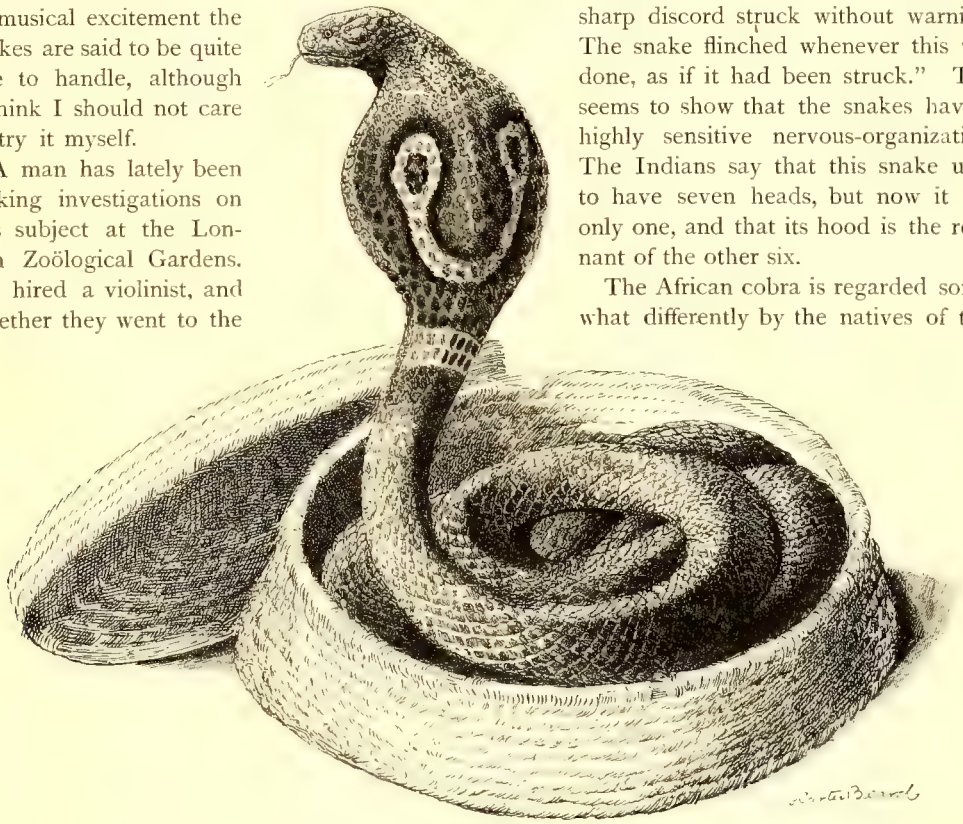
When a snake has bitten several times, the poison is quite exhausted for the time being, rendering the animal comparatively harmless. It is said to be this fact which enables the Indian snake-charmers to handle their charges without danger. They tease them into anger, when they will readily bite a stick or bundle of rags, and so exhaust their venom. Perhaps it will be well here to say a few words more in regard to snake-charmers. Many kinds of serpents, especially the hooded cobra of India, are thought to be affected by music. In capturing them for exhibition, the Indian takes his bagpipe, and, stationing himself near an old well or ruin, begins to play. A cobra is almost certain to make its appearance soon, for they are very numerous in that country. They are held in sacred reverence, the little children calling them "Uncle," and setting saucers of milk for them to drink; and they are looked upon as guardian angels. Should one be killed the slayer would suffer death in punish-



ment. As the music of the bagpipe rises and falls, the snake seems to sway slowly to and fro, and, all unconscious, is seized by the musician's confederate. In this state of musical excitement the snakes are said to be quite safe to handle, although I think I should not care to try it myself.

A man has lately been making investigations on this subject at the London Zoölogical Gardens. He hired a violinist, and together they went to the serpents' quarters. He says: "We selected for our serenade a large yellow Indian cobra, which was lying coiled up asleep on the gravel at the bottom of his cage. At the first note of the violin the snake instantly raised its head, and fixed its bright yellow eye with a set gaze on the little door at the back of the cage, whence the sound came. The music then became gradually louder, and the snake raised itself in traditional attitude, on its tail, and spread its hood, slowly oscillating from one side to the other, as the violin played in waltz-time. There was a most strangely interested look in the cobra's eye and attitude at this time, and the slightest change in the volume or character of the music was met by an instantaneous change in the movement or poise of the snake. At the *tremolo* it puffed its body out; the violin suddenly produced the sound of bagpipes, which greatly excited the snake; . . . soft minor chords were then played and a sudden sharp discord struck without warning. The snake flinched whenever this was done, as if it had been struck." This seems to show that the snakes have a highly sensitive nervous-organization. The Indians say that this snake used to have seven heads, but now it has only one, and that its hood is the remnant of the other six.

The African cobra is regarded somewhat differently by the natives of that country, who, once a year, kill a cobra-de-capello and hang its skin to the branch of a tree, tail downward. Then all the children born during the past year are brought out and made to touch the skin. This, their parents think, puts them under the serpent's protection. The cobra-de-capello divides with the horned viper of Africa the questionable honor of being the "worm of Nile," to whose venomous tooth Cleopatra's death was due.



THE HOODED COBRA.

The Kafirs use the venom of this snake's cousin, the puff-adder, to poison their arrows; and when they have any small quantity left they swallow it, having a theory that it will protect them from the bad effects of future bites.

The Snake Tribe of the Punjab say that the

bites of snakes do not hurt them; and if they find a dead serpent, they dress it in clothes and give it a superb funeral.

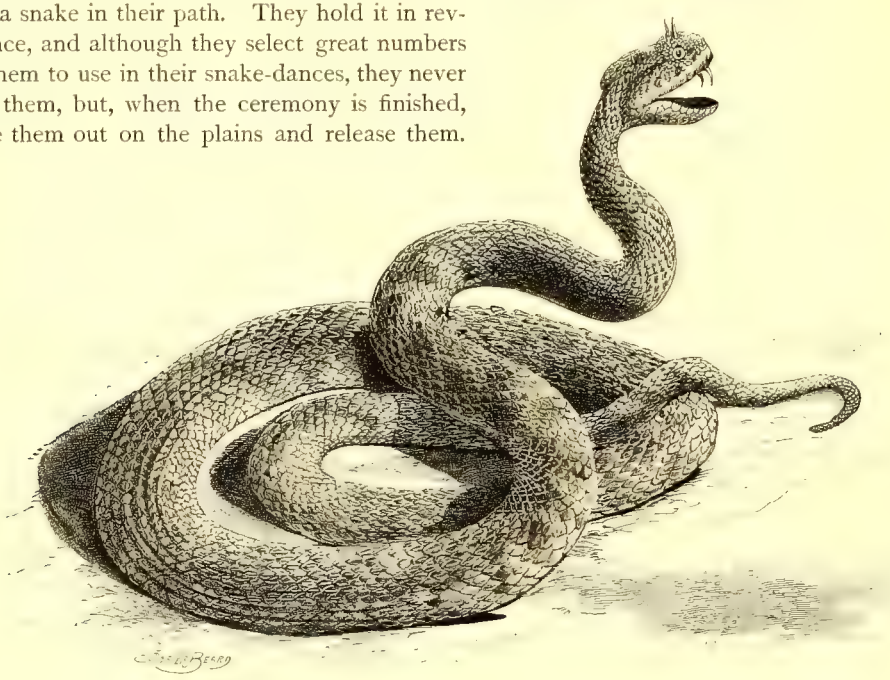
Some one has discovered that the leaves of a bitter aromatic plant, *Aristolochia Indica*, if bruised into a pulp, mixed with a little water, and swallowed, will often cure the bite of the Indian cobra. It has been known to cure even when the victim showed no sign of life save warmth of the body; but the most general remedy is the snake-stone. Professor Faraday has found this to be made of charred bone. It is applied to a bite, and when it drops off of its own accord, the patient is said to be out of danger. These stones are used also in Mexico.

Our own North American Indians will not kill a snake in their path. They hold it in reverence, and although they select great numbers of them to use in their snake-dances, they never kill them, but, when the ceremony is finished, take them out on the plains and release them.

fine, sharp, and pointing backward; so you see it would be very hard for a small animal, once caught, to escape after these teeth have fastened on him. If any teeth are broken or injured, they are replaced by new ones.

Snakes shed their teeth, now and then, as they shed their skins. Many of our wild birds use the snake-skins in nest-building.

In the fall, when the leaves begin to turn, and before the first frost comes, our snakes collect in numbers, from three or four to a dozen or more, roll themselves in balls, in a hole in the ground or in a hollow tree, and there they remain in a state of hibernation, or deep sleep, through the winter. They can live for a long time without food.



THE HORNED VIPER.

Some Zuñi Indians from New Mexico, with whom I became acquainted, refused to repeat their folklore out of doors for fear the rattlesnakes would hear.

A few words, now, as to the habits of snakes in general. All snakes, poisonous or otherwise, with the exception of the *Anodon* family, have two rows of teeth on the roof of the mouth,

One day, as I was putting a snake I had caught into a can that I carried for the purpose, a lady, hunting for botanical specimens, stopped and regarded me some moments in silence. Then she asked me what I was going to do with it. I answered, "Preserve it." Upon which she asked, "Do they make good preserves?"

TOM PAULDING.

(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

By Brander Matthews.

[Begun in the November number.]

Chapter XVIII.

MAKING READY.



R. RAPALLO reported to Tom that the title to the vacant block was still in dispute.

"There 's no knowing," he said, "when that lawsuit will be settled. It has been going on for seventeen years now, and everybody interested in it has come to hate everybody else; and so they persist in fighting like the 'Kilkenny cats.'"

"Then we can't get permission to look for the two thousand guineas?" Tom asked, anxiously.

"We shall have to do without permission," Uncle Dick replied. "And I suppose that we shall be trespassers when we go into that vacant block to dig up your great-grandfather's gold."

"It is n't our fault that our money is there," said Tom.

"No," his uncle responded. "It is n't our fault, and it is n't the fault of the first owner of the money; whereas if the first owner of the land had exercised proper care over it, he would have refused to harbor on it the body of a thief laden with stolen goods."

"When we find the gold," Tom asked, "do you think the bags in which it was tied will still be there, or will they have rotted away?"

"I should n't wonder if the bags would be gone," Mr. Rapallo replied.

"That 's what I thought," Tom continued; "and so I have bought some bagging. It 's coarse, but it 's very strong — and I don't think we need care about the looks —"

"If the gold looks all right," Uncle Dick interrupted, "I don't think it will matter what we put it in."

"I 've asked Polly to make me four bags, just the same number the money was in when my great-grandfather had it," said Tom. "Of course, I did n't tell her what I wanted them for; I don't believe in trusting women with secrets. Do you, Uncle Dick?"

Mr. Rapallo smiled. "As I 've told you before," he answered, "the best way to keep your secret safe is to keep it all to yourself. That 's one reason I have n't told you yet how I propose to get the water for our hydraulic mining. But come out with me on Saturday afternoon, and I will show you how I mean to manage it."

Since his return from his journey, Mr. Rapallo had settled down into his old way of life at his sister's house. He was still irregular and erratic in his comings and goings. When he went out in the morning, the household never knew when he would return. Some days he seemed to have little or nothing to do, and on the other days he was apparently full of engagements. Knowing that Tom was free from his duties only on Saturday afternoon, he arranged to have that time free.

About three o'clock on the Saturday before Decoration Day, he and Tom walked over to the vacant block where the stepping-stones were, for a final examination before they should attempt to find the buried treasure.

The vacant block was of dimensions common enough in New York. It was about two hundred feet wide from street to street, and nearly a thousand feet long from avenue to avenue. The stepping-stones were on the northern side of the block about one third way from the eastern end; and over them projected the tongue of made land which had been filled in mainly with builder's rubbish. The original level of the ground sloped sharply from the east to the

west, as the brook had coursed briskly along, hastening away to the Hudson River.

Mr. Rapallo and Tom were pleased to find, what they had never noted before, perhaps because the entrance to it was overrun with brambles, that a culvert had been left to carry off the waters of the brook, which must, then, have been flowing, when the avenue on the western end of the block had been carried across, high in the air above the original level of the land thereabouts.

The brook, still easily to be traced by the stunted willows that once lined its bank, had dried up years before Tom and his uncle tramped along its bed; but the culvert had survived the stream.

"It is a piece of good fortune," said Mr. Rapallo, "that the old outlet of the stream is still here. It will serve to take away the water; and now we need not fear that we shall not have fall enough to carry off the waste we shall wash out of the bank."

"But where are you going to get the water?" asked Tom.

"Come and see," his uncle answered, leading the way from the sunken lots up the bank to the street level.

The stepping-stones were perhaps three hundred feet from the northeast corner of the block, and the tongue of land above them projected perhaps fifty or sixty feet into the hollow sunken lot.

Mr. Rapallo took Tom along the sidewalk of the street which bounded the block on the south, and they followed it until they came opposite the stepping-stones.

"Here," he said, laying his hand on a sort of iron post which rose from the sidewalk at the edge of the gutter, "what is this?"

"That 's a hydrant," replied Tom; "that 's to supply water to the engines when there 's a fire."

"Then why should n't it supply us with the water we need?" his uncle asked.

"Well," Tom hesitated a moment, "I suppose it would, perhaps. I don't see why it should n't. But how are you going to get a key to turn it on?"

"I 've got it already," Mr. Rapallo answered, taking the key from his pocket.

"Oh!" cried Tom. "But how are you going to get hose to fit this hydrant, and to reach 'way across the block here?"

"I 've ordered that," Uncle Dick replied. "I saw that you had done all the thinking over this problem and had worked it out for yourself, so I determined to help you all I could. I was n't going to see you fail for want of a little aid when you needed it most."

"Uncle Dick, I —" began Tom.

"I know all about it," said his uncle, checking Tom's thanks with a kindly pat on the shoulder. "You need n't say another word."

"But —" the boy began again.

"But me no buts," laughed Mr. Rapallo, "or I will not tell you anything about the hose I have ordered. There will be one section about forty feet long, like fire-engine hose, and made to fit this hydrant. Then I shall have perhaps a hundred and twenty-five feet of ordinary garden hose, with a valve and joint so that we can fasten it to the end of the larger hose."

"Won't the difference in size hinder us?" Tom inquired.

"I think not," his uncle answered. "The reduction in the section of the tube through which the water is delivered ought to increase the force of the current as it leaves the nozle — and that is just what we want. The one thing that I am afraid of is that the common or garden hose won't be able to stand the strain put on it. But we shall have to take our chances as to that."

"Is the hose ready?" asked Tom.

"It is to be delivered at the house to-night," Mr. Rapallo replied.

"But then Polly will want to know what it is," Tom suggested promptly.

"And I shall not tell her," Uncle Dick declared; "at least, I shall tell her only that it is something for me."

"Well," Tom continued, "I suppose that she won't dare to ask you too many questions. But she 'll be wild to know what it is."

On their way home Tom asked his uncle what time he thought would be the best to begin work on Decoration Day morning.

"The sooner the better," Mr. Rapallo replied.

"Before breakfast?" Tom inquired.

"Before daybreak!" his uncle answered; "that is to say, it ought to be light enough for us to work soon after four o'clock, as the sun rises at half-past four."

"Oh!" said Tom, feeling that here was an added new experience for him, as he had never in his life been out of the house before six o'clock in the morning.

"We must get our work done before anybody is stirring about," Mr. Rapallo explained. "That 's our only chance of doing what we have to do without fear of interruption. We don't want to have a crowd about us when we are playing the hose on that pile of earth there; and I think that hydraulic mining in the streets of New York is novelty enough to draw a crowd pretty quickly, even in this part of the city. Fortunately, there is hardly a house near enough to the place where we are going to mine to make it likely that we shall disturb any one so early in the morning. Besides, we sha'n't make much noise."

"It 's a good thing that there is n't a station of the elevated railroad on either of the streets that go past the place," Tom remarked. "There are people coming and going to the stations at all hours of the night, so Cissy tells me. His house is just by a station."

"I do not think any one is likely to see us at work unless he suspects what we are up to," said Uncle Dick. "By the way, is there any danger from that inquisitive boy you used to call Corkscrew?"

"No," Tom answered. "I don't believe Corkscrew Lott will be up at half-past four—or at half-past six either."

"I hope we shall have our job done before six," said Mr. Rapallo.

"Of course," Tom continued, "Corkscrew would get up overnight if he thought he could pry out anything. But I don't believe that he will bother us this time, because he is kept abed with a sprained ankle."

"Then we need not worry about him," Uncle Dick remarked.

"I heard that he was better this morning," Tom added doubtfully. "Perhaps he 'll be out by Decoration Day."

"I do not believe that there is much chance of this Corkscrew's bothering us; and if he does, why—there will be time enough to attend to him then," Mr. Rapallo replied.

And when the time came, Uncle Dick was able to attend to him.

On Monday, Tom told Cissy Smith and Harry Zachary that all was ready to begin work the next morning. Decoration Day came on a Tuesday that year.

"Shucks!" cried Cissy, "that lets me out. Father will want to know where I 'm going, if I try to get out of the house 'in the morning by the bright light,' as you want me to."

"And my mother would never let me go," said Harry Zachary; "at least not without asking awkward questions."

"I told Uncle Dick that I did n't believe you two fellows could get off; and he said he 'd settle that."

"Father would settle me," Cissy declared, "if he caught me at it."

"Uncle Dick is going to ask Dr. Smith if you can't spend to-night with me so that we can all go off on an expedition with him in the morning."

"Then I guess it 'll be all right," Cissy admitted. "My father sets store by your uncle. He knew him out in Denver, you know, and he thinks a lot of him."

"And how about me?" asked Harry Zachary.

"Uncle Dick 's fixed that too," Tom explained. "He 's going to get my mother to write to your mother inviting you over to our house to spend the night."

"I reckon that 'll do it," responded Harry.

"Uncle Dick 's going to take Cissy into his room; and you are to sleep with me, Harry," said Tom.

"I don't believe we shall sleep much," Cissy declared; "we shall be too excited to sleep."

"Napoleon used to slumber soundly before his biggest and bloodiest battles," Harry Zachary remarked reflectively; "and I reckon it 's a good habit to get into."

As it happened, the boys went to bed far earlier than they had expected. Mr. Rapallo succeeded in arranging with Dr. Smith that Cissy should be left in his charge for one night, and Mrs. Zachary intrusted her son to Mrs. Paulding—to whom Uncle Dick gave no reason for the invitation other than that he was go-

ing to take the three boys out on an expedition, and that they would see the sun rise.

When Polly heard this, she wanted to go too. But Mr. Rapallo tactfully suggested a variety of reasons why she should not join the party; and some one of them must have struck the little girl as adequate, for she did not renew her request.

After supper — during which meal it had been very difficult for the three boys to refrain from discussing the subject they were all thinking about — Mr. Rapallo gave them each a coil of hose, and they set out for the vacant block. There was more hose than could conveniently be carried at once by the four of them. So they took about half of it the evening before, and left it in the open air, half hidden under the bushes. There was no moon, and Mr. Rapallo thought that it would be perfectly safe to trust the hose at night in a place where nobody was likely to go.

When they had returned to the house it was barely eight o'clock, but Uncle Dick promptly sent the boys off to bed; — or rather, he led the way himself, answering their protests by the assertion that they would need all the sleep they could get. He declared that he was not going to have his workmen too sleepy to see what they were about in the morning.

He set them the example himself, and all four were sound asleep before nine o'clock.

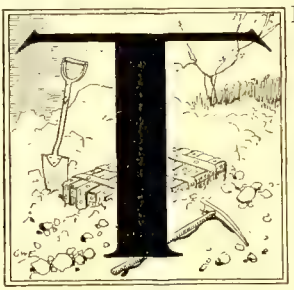
They had had nearly seven hours' slumber when Mr. Rapallo roused them. In the gray dawn — which struck them as being colder and darker than they had expected — the boys dressed themselves hastily. They gladly ate the bread and butter that Uncle Dick had ready for them; and each drank a glass or two of milk.

Then they crept softly down-stairs and out into the garden. Mr. Rapallo divided the rest of the hose among them, and took as his own load three light spades and a pickax.

Thus the procession set out. Tom's heart had already begun to beat with alternating hopes and doubts; he was in haste to get at the work and to find the buried treasure as soon as might be. Cissy Smith and Harry Zachary had a boyish delight in the pleasantly romantic flavor of the adventure. To them it was as if they were knights-errant going to a rescue, or scouts setting out on a scalp-hunt, or, perhaps, pirates making ready for a sea-fight against a Spanish galleon laden with doubloons. Harry Zachary's imagination was the more active; but in his own way Cissy Smith took quite as much enjoyment in the situation.

Chapter XIX.

Jeffrey Kerr's Booty.



THEY walked on as the gray dawn was breaking with a faint, rosy tinge in the eastern sky. Two abreast, they bore with them the implements of their new craft. Tied in a bundle and slung over his shoulder, Tom had also the bags in which to put the buried treasure.

When they had come to the vacant block, they set down part of the hose on the sidewalk. The rest they carried with them down the steep sides of the lot.

The first thing Tom and Mr. Rapallo did was to make sure that the things which had been brought overnight were still there. Apparently no one had touched these; probably no one had even seen them.

"Now, boys," cried Uncle Dick, "I 'll go to work and get the hose ready, while you dig me a trench to carry off the water and the waste it will wash down."

The stepping-stones crossed what had been the middle of a wide pool into which the brook had broadened. A little below, the ground sloped away sharply. As Tom believed that the remains of Jeffrey Kerr lay at the bottom of the pool, covered with sand, it was needful to remove not only the later rubbish, shot down from the street when the projecting tongue of land was made out into the block, but also to get a fall of water sufficient to carry off the sand at the bottom of the pool.

Fortunately, this was not a difficult task. By digging a trench a foot wide around a rock which had retarded the stream, and by carry-

ing it along less than twenty feet, the natural declivity of the ground would then bear the water off to the open culvert at the end of the block.

Mr. Rapallo consulted with the boys as to the best course of this little trench. Then he roughly traced its path with the point of the pick, loosening the earth here and there where it seemed more than ordinarily compact. They set to work with the spades he had brought, while he went over to make ready the hose. The sections of common kind were first unrolled and stretched out across the block from the point of attack toward the hydrant. He screwed them firmly together. Then he went up to the hydrant and fastened to it the section of heavier hose, to the lower end of which was affixed a screw-joint to receive the end of the garden hose. By the aid of this, Mr. Rapallo joined the two kinds; and he had then a flexible tube more than a hundred and fifty feet long, with the hydrant at one end and a broad nozle at the other.

When he had thus prepared the hose for its work, he went over to the trench to see how the boys were getting on. By this time the sun had risen and was visible, a dull-red ball glowing in the east and slowly climbing the sky.



"THUS THE PROCESSION SET OUT."

"Are you all ready?" cried Tom, as his uncle came up.

"I can turn on the water now if you have the trench done," was the answer.

The boys had followed the line Mr. Rapallo had traced, and, working with the eagerness and enthusiastic strength of youth, they had dug a ditch both broader and deeper than he had declared to be necessary.

"That 's excellent," said Uncle Dick, when he saw what they had done. "It could n't be better."

"Shall we knock off now?" asked Cissy.

"You need n't do anything more to the trench," Mr. Rapallo answered. "That is just right. Gather up the spades and take them out of the way of the water."

Then as they drew back he explained what he proposed next. What they needed to do was to lay bare the original surface of the pool by the stepping-stones. To do that they would have to wash out a hole in the bank at least twenty feet broad, perhaps fifteen high, and certainly ten feet deep.

"Can you do that with the hose?" asked Cissy, doubtfully.

"I think so," Mr. Rapallo answered. "Luckily we shall have a strong head of water. Owing to the work on the new aqueduct, part of the supply for this portion of the city has been shut off below us for three or four days, so that hereabouts there is a very full pressure. What I 'm most in doubt about is whether this small hose will stand it. We might as well find out as soon as possible. Tom, you can take this key and turn on the hydrant up there."

Tom hastily grasped the key, and sprang away across the open space. In a minute he had climbed to the street and turned on the water.

Mr. Rapallo seized the hose by the long brass nozle and stood pointing it firmly toward the bank of earth before him. As Tom opened the valve of the hydrant, the long line of hose stiffened and filled out. There was a whishing of air out of the nozle as the water rushed into the flexible tube. At the juncture of the larger hose with the smaller the joint was not tight, and a fine spray filled the air.

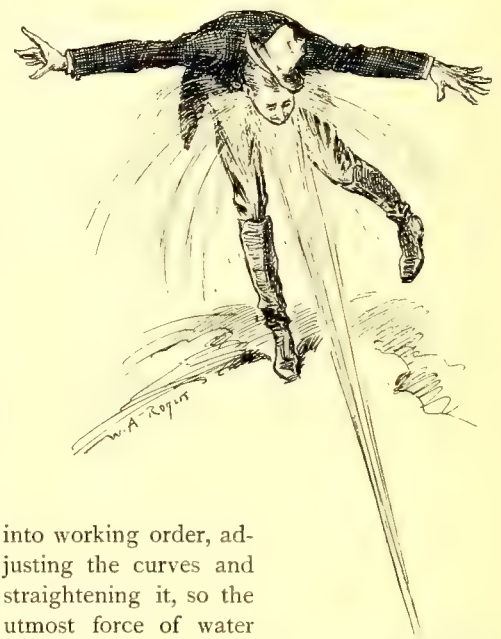
"Let 's see if you can tighten that," cried Mr. Rapallo to Cissy, who ran back at once and succeeded in nearly stopping the leak.

Then the smaller hose distended to the utmost. But Mr. Rapallo's fears were groundless, for it was stanch and stood the strain.

It seemed but a second after Tom had turned the handle of the hydrant that a stout stream of water gushed solidly from the end of the pipe and curved in a powerful arch toward the bank before them.

Uncle Dick turned the stream upon the lower end of the trench the boys had dug, and in a minute he had washed it out to double its former capacity.

On his way back Tom joined Cissy and assisted him to tighten the valve which united the two kinds of hose. Harry Zachary had been helping Mr. Rapallo to get the end of the tube into working order, adjusting the curves and straightening it, so the utmost force of water might be available.



"IN A SECOND, CORKSCREW WAS SOAKED THROUGH." (SEE PAGE 744.)

When he had washed out their trench, Mr. Rapallo raised the nozle and carefully directed the stream full at the center of the bank before him, striking it at what had been the level of the ground before the filling in. The water plunged into the soft earth, and in less than five minutes it had washed out a large cave five or six feet deep.

Then Uncle Dick brought the force of the current again into the ditch which had partly filled up. The stream, adroitly applied first at the lower end, swept out the trench as if a giant were at work on it with a huge broom.

Turning the water again on the bank of earth, Mr. Rapallo loosened the overhanging roof of the cavern he had first made, and it fell in soft heaps as the stream bored its way into the mound of earth. The hose removed the dirt faster than a dozen men could have shov-

eled it away; and a little attention now and then served to spread the washed out stuff over the lower part of the vacant block, leaving open a channel by which the water could make its escape to the culvert.

Minute by minute the cavity in the tongue of made land grew larger and larger, and the rubbish dumped there — ashes, builder's dirt, even old bits of brick and odds and ends of broken plaster — seemed to melt away under the impact of the curving current of water.

The sun slowly rose, and its early rays fell on this bending fountain, which sparkled as if it were a string of diamonds. As yet not a single passer had disturbed them at their work. But now and again the rattle of an early milk-cart could be heard in the morning quiet.

Once, when the bulk of the earth to be removed was nearly gone, Harry Zachary tapped Mr. Rapallo on the shoulder and pointed to the avenue on the west of them. Uncle Dick turned off the flow at once and in the silence they heard the wagon of a market-gardener come rumbling toward them. Mr. Rapallo raised his hand, and they all sheltered themselves hastily under the shadow of the bank until the intruder had passed on out of hearing.

As Uncle Dick turned on the water again he said, "We 've been very lucky, so far. But as soon as we get this first job done I think we had better put out sentinels."

In a few minutes more the heap of dirt was washed away and the original level of the ground was laid bare up to the edge of the tall rock by the side of which Tom hoped to find his great-grandfather's guineas.

Uncle Dick thoroughly cleaned out the trench again and then turned off the stream.

"Now, Tom," he said, "here we 've got down to the surface of the soil as it used to be. We are now standing on what was the bottom of the brook before it dried up. Where had we best begin on this?"

"Here," Tom answered, pointing to the base of the tall rock. "At least it seems to me that if a man tried to cross on those stepping-stones there, and got washed off by the brook, his body would be carried into the pool there, and then it would be rolled over and over and nearer and nearer to that rock."

"Well," Uncle Dick returned, "I think that 's the place, myself. But we must clear away here so that the water can get in its fine work."

He took the pickax and loosened a few stones and pried them out. The boys opened another trench leading down to the first ditch.

When this was done, Mr. Rapallo said, "We shall know in ten minutes now whether Tom has located his mine properly, or whether the claim is to be abandoned."

Tom was excited, and his voice shook as he answered, "Go ahead, Uncle Dick; the sooner I know the better."

"I think we ought to have outposts," Mr. Rapallo declared. "Cissy, will you keep your eyes open for any one approaching from the south or east? Harry, you take charge of the north side and the west. Tom, stay with me."

This last admonition was hardly necessary, as it would have been difficult to make Tom move a step just then.
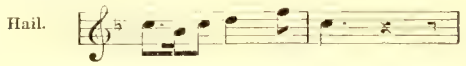
Cissy went back to the left of the group and looked about him. Harry withdrew a little to the right. But the fascination of expectancy was upon them both, and they kept a most negligent watch. They had eyes only for the stream of water, as Mr. Rapallo turned it on again and as it tore its way into the compact sand which had formed the bottom of the brook. Only now and again did they recall their appointed duties, and then they would give but a hasty glance around.

The current of water washed out the edge of the bottom of the pool, and Mr. Rapallo was able to expose a depth of fully five feet, into which the stream was steadily eating its way.

As the open space approached nearer and nearer to the tall rock at the base of which Tom hoped to find the buried treasure, his heart began to beat, and he pressed forward in his eagerness to be the first to see whatever might have been hidden in the sand of the brook.

When about two yards remained between the tall rock and the widening breach made by the water, he thought he caught sight of something white. With a cry he sprang forward, and just at that moment the stream washed away the sand which had concealed the bones of a human foot and leg.

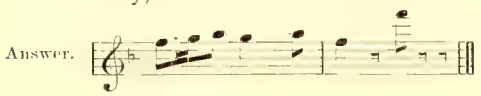
At that moment there came a whistle from Cissy Smith:



In a second, as it seemed, this was followed by a second warning from Harry Zachary:



Involuntarily, Tom whistled the answer:



Then he looked at Cissy, who was pointing to the figure of a man standing on the sidewalk behind them, within a yard of the hydrant.

Mr. Rapallo looked also, and then waved his hand. The man waved back.

"That 's all right," said Uncle Dick.

Something in the man's gesture seemed familiar to Tom as he saw it indistinctly in the growing light of the morning.

"Is n't that the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall?" he asked.

"Yes," his uncle replied. "And is n't that your friend Corkscrew?" he continued, indicating a tall figure in high boots who was then advancing out on the tongue of made land before them.

This was the stranger Harry Zachary had seen when it was too late. As this visitor came to the edge of the hollow which they had washed out, they knew that it was Corkscrew Lott.

"What 's he doing here?" Tom wondered. "I thought he was in bed with a sprained foot."

"I 'll send him to bed again with a shock of surprise," said Mr. Rapallo, raising the nozle again and turning on the stream.

As it gushed forth, Uncle Dick aimed it full and square at Corkscrew, and it took the intruder first in the chest and then in the face. In a second he was soaked through. He turned and twisted and staggered back, but Mr. Rapallo never relented. The full stream was kept steadily on the inquisitive visitor until the tall boy crawled out on the sidewalk and started home on a full run.

As soon as he was out of sight, Tom cried to Mr. Rapallo, "Turn it on the place where it was before, Uncle Dick; I think I saw a bone there!"

"I thought I saw it, too," Mr. Rapallo replied, as the full head of water began searching again in the sand.

Tom ran forward as far as he could, and in a moment he gave a cry of joy; for the water was uncovering a human skeleton, and among the bones he had caught a glitter of gold.

(To be continued.)



A CURIOUS TANDEM

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



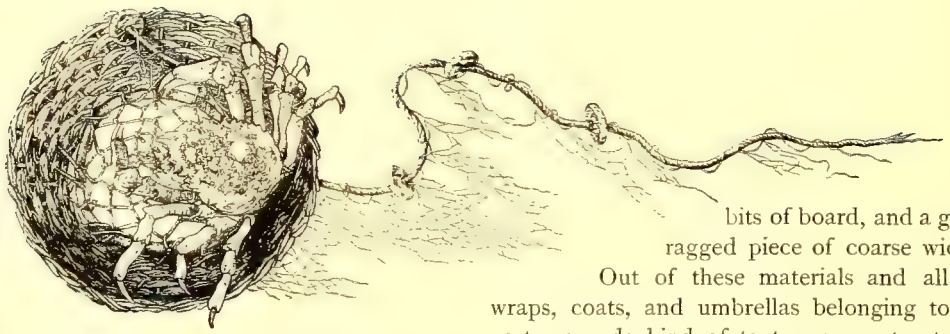
We slipped thro' the gate this afternoon
When Bridget forgot to latch it ;
A cricket fiddled a queer little tune,
And we hurried along to catch it.
I wish we'd stayed in the yard and played,
For we've wandered and turned and crossed
Up and down all over the town,
Till Dolly is 'fraid we're lost.



I wish I'd minded mama just right,
And thought of her smiles and kisses,
For if we were forced to spend the night
In any such place as this is,
My Dolly would die – and so should I –
But the only plan I see
Is just to stay till they come this way
And find my Dolly and me.

A QUIET BEACH.

By W. A. Rogers.



"I DON'T want to see de yelephant; fere does the sand-diggin's begin?"

That was what Bobby said as he toddled over endless plank-walks, catching occasional glimpses of the sea between merry-go-rounds dancing-platforms, and bathing-pavilions.

It was a desire to please this disappointed little lad that led to the discovery of the quiet beach; a place of pure delight to old-fashioned folks and little children who can see in an unbroken stretch of shining sand a pathway of infinite wonders.

No doubt the people who like the din and bustle of the great resorts would find this quiet beach unendurably stupid; but to those who had eyes to see and ears to hear there was entertainment in plenty.

It would be more generous, perhaps, to go into particulars and state just what train or boat these good people took when they journeyed to their delectable strip of sand. There are other old-fashioned people who would like to know where such a place of quietude could be found near the bustling city. But the risk of having this one haven of rest destroyed is too great to be taken lightly. It must suffice, then, to describe what these good people did and what they saw after they got there.

The first necessity of the party was a shelter from the sun. A little "beach-combing" resulted in the finding of many bamboo poles, bits of board, and a great, ragged piece of coarse wicker. Out of these materials and all the wraps, coats, and umbrellas belonging to the party, a rude kind of tent was constructed.

The children were informed in a very impressive manner by their father that the pieces of wicker had floated there from some great fortification where, in the shape of a basket filled with sand, it had formed part of a breastwork. But Hannah, the old colored nurse,



said it looked "mighty like de wicker dey use to pack dates wif." Whether it had formed a part of our harbor defenses or not was a matter of great moment until the family dog, a tiny creature, was observed attacking a belated horseshoe-crab that had been left ashore by the retreating tide.

Hannah got the children into their bathing-suits as soon as the shelter was completed, and Mr. Eugene (so Hannah called their uncle) ap-



"WAITING FOR A BIG WAVE TO TUMBLE THEM ALL OVER."

peared at the door of an abandoned fishing-shanty, ready to take the youngsters into the water.

It was a pretty sight to see the little people clinging to a great barrel-hoop, their uncle in the center, waiting for a big wave to tumble them all over.

A little way up the beach stood a lighthouse. There the children soon made acquaintance with the keeper, a jolly, old, brown son of the surf, who always wore a pair of oilskin trousers, were it fair or foul. Sometimes he would get the youngsters into an old boat that lay half sunken in the sand, and then he would sit and spin them yarns about wrecks and pirates, and the mighty sea-serpent, while their eyes got big as his stories expanded.

When the sun was high a gentle breeze sprang up, and soon, like butterflies flitting over the waves, a fleet of canoes came sailing in close to the shore. Their skippers gazed curiously at the strange tent on the beach, evidently having taken it for the camp of some roving canoeman. Then they sheered off and flitted away again.

By and by a short little man carrying a square basket and a rod and reel came down the beach, and carefully selecting his ground rolled an old keg from a pile of drift, set it up on end and sat down on it. Then he jointed his rod, took some soft clams from his basket, baited his hooks, and with a mighty whirl of the rod cast his line far out into the low, curling breakers.



"A STRANDED SCHOOL OF WOODEN DOLLS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

The youngsters soon made his acquaintance also, and he showed them where to look for delicate little mussels, and told the boys how to cook them, so that to the contents of the hamper were added roast mussels cooked on a piece of an old sheet-iron trunk over a fire of drift-wood.

The older folks found the conglomerate canopy of umbrellas and things a great addition to their comfort during the heat of the day, but the youngsters in their bathing-trunks and big hats reveled in the sunshine, and constantly made new discoveries.



"AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION WALKED A NUN."

First it was a stranded school of wooden dolls. There were hundreds of the tiny weather-beaten idols. Bobby said Santa Claus must have been wrecked there. A big wooden sabot was the next find, and the children never tired searching for its mate.

Toward evening a strange, dark, moving line appeared on the beach to the westward. It soon resolved itself into a file of little boys, each carrying a towel and bathing-trunks over his arm.

At the head of the procession walked a nun, her sad, calm face almost hidden in the shadow of her black bonnet.

There were nearly a hundred boys in line, and they moved along at a quiet pace toward a row of old weather-beaten bath-houses hidden in a cedar-grove.



The sad-faced nun sat down by the sea and opened a tiny black book to read while the boys donned their trunks in the bath-houses.

But the book slipped from her hands, and she sat looking out over the waves. Soon, from the cedar-grove the boys came trooping out, scampering over the sand and shouting with delight. But none as yet went into the surf, and it was a question to our little party how they were to bathe safely.

The sister picked up her little black book and arose; as she did so the scampering boys once more formed in line, this time holding hands and facing the sea. As the sister raised her



THE BLIND BEACH-COMBER. (SEE PAGE 750.)

hand the little fellows with a shout, rushed into the surf, still holding tightly to each other's hands; while the good sister walked up and down the line to see that no adventurous youngster got beyond his depth. When the bath was over she gave them half an hour's freedom on the beach.

This gave Bobby a chance to fraternize with them, and he found out that none of them had fathers or mothers; that this sister was very kind to them, but some of the others were not, and that they did not have ice-cream for dinner on Sundays.

When their half-hour was up, they put on their orphans' clothes and trotted off in line behind the sister, each boy with a very damp pair of trunks over his right arm.

Our party was in no hurry to leave the beach, but watched the sun go down until it shone on the far-distant sails of a fleet of yachts returning from a cruise, and finally touched only the uppermost sail of a square-rigged merchantman far out toward Sandy Hook.

Then the moon rose, and every one said a stroll up the beach by moonlight would be delightful. Soon they came upon an old



"IT WAS AN OLD MAN BAKING CLAMS IN THE TIRE OF A WAGON-WHEEL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



"ARMINTY"

man walking slowly in a zigzag course toward them.

In his hand he carried a stout hickory stick, which he continually poked into the drift as he followed the high-tide mark. He stooped occasionally to pick up some object and drop it into the pocket of his bedraggled linen coat.

There was something uncanny in the old man's actions that kept the whole party looking at him in silence. When he drew near they saw that he was blind; and as he passed by with wide open and stony eyes, entirely unconscious of their presence, there was such an eager, greedy look upon his sightless face that a queer little feeling of horror came over every one. The old colored nurse heaved a sigh as she whispered:

"Dat was a fust warnin'; two more, an' poor old Hannah's time hab come!"

The passing of the blind man, and the gathering darkness, made the beach seem a very mysterious pathway; the stunted pines, torn and twisted by many a battle with the sea, looked to the children strangely like the dragons in their Japanese fairy books, and by and by, when they saw a little ring of fire ahead of them, and an old man with a long, white beard dancing over it, they thought they had surely entered in at the gates of Hobgoblin land.

But it was only an old man baking clams in the tire of a wagon-wheel.

"I 'm expectin' a big party down in a one-horse wagon, an' I 'm gettin' ready for it. Them 's my bathin'-houses," the old man said, pointing to what looked like a pile of old lumber and driftwood. "My house is just back of them trees. Ye can go in and set down. Arminty 's got sody an' ginger-ale, and sangiches if you want 'em."

So they went in and sat with Arminty awhile, and as something seemed to have happened to the "large party who were to come in the one-horse wagon," and it had failed to put in an appearance, they went out on the beach again and enjoyed the old man's clambake.

This was the end of that day on the quiet beach; for the old man with the white beard hitched up his horses to a crazy old four-seated wagon and took his guests to a station on a railway that shall be nameless, and in an hour they were at home in rather an old-fashioned quarter of New York.



TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

By Lieut. R. H. Fletcher.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter XVII.

It was the evening of the third day after Christmas. Mildred was sitting in the library reading one of the books her mother had given her. Major Fairleigh was sitting in his easy-chair; his hands were clasped behind his head, and he was idly looking at the fire. Mrs. Fairleigh, on the other side of the fireplace, was at work on some sewing, from which she every now and then raised her eyes to glance at her husband. At last Major Fairleigh took his hands down, while his head dropped wearily back against the chair, and he sighed. But happening at the same moment to catch his wife's anxious look, he tried to turn the sigh into a smile, and immediately said, with an attempt at cheerfulness:

"I wonder how Mildred would like to go."

"Go where, Papa?" asked Mildred, looking up from her book.

"To California," replied her father.

"To California!" exclaimed Mildred, opening her eyes very wide. "With you?"

"Yes," said her father.

"And mama?"

"We could scarcely go anywhere without mama, could we?" asked her father.

"Oh," cried Mildred, clasping her hands, "I should like it ever so much!"

Then Mrs. Fairleigh arose and going over to her husband's side, knelt down by his chair, and putting her hand on his shoulder, said:

"Do you mean it, Will? Will you go?"

"As I have before remarked, madam," said the Major, lightly, "I don't see the necessity of it, myself; but as you seem to have set your heart on traveling, I suppose that you will have to be gratified. So you may begin your preparations as soon as you like."

Mildred, who had been standing in front of her father and mother all this time, looking and listening eagerly, did not altogether understand what was meant, but she understood enough to know that they were going to travel. And she burst forth eagerly with the question:

"When are we going, Papa — to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, sweetheart?" said her father, smiling. "Well, hardly. It will take us rather longer than that to get ready."

"It won't take me longer than a week, Will," said Mrs. Fairleigh. "I can get ready easily in a week."

"You are as bad as Mildred," said the Major, smiling at her. "However, we will call it a week if you like. We will start a week from to-day."

To say that Mildred was excited at this sudden announcement but partly expresses her state of mind. She did not know that the greatest events in our life generally occur most unexpectedly, and I do not suppose that it would have made any difference if she had known it. For to Mildred it seemed as though the world had all at once opened out before her; and she was filled with wonder and expectation, and, it must be confessed, some misgiving of what might lie beyond the safe shelter of her home. It was long before she could get to sleep that night; and the following morning, when she awoke, it was with a confused notion that something had happened — that some change had come over her life; but that it was really so wonderful a thing as a journey across the continent she could scarcely realize. A dreadful doubt arose in her mind that she had dreamed it all. But when she went down to the breakfast-room her mother assured her that the plan was no dream, but a reality.

Then Mildred felt that she must tell the news to somebody, and so, after breakfast, having obtained her mother's permission, she ran over to Leslie's house with the wonderful tidings.

Charlie was not at home; but Mildred had every reason to feel satisfied with the effect her words created on Leslie. Her friend listened with open eyes and mouth and then broke forth into all sorts of exclamations. But they were exclamations of regret rather than astonishment. For to Leslie it did not seem so astounding a thing for any one to start for California at a week's notice — or at a day's notice, for that matter. She was accustomed to such sudden "changes of station" in the army. But she did honestly regret losing Mildred.

When Charlie came in a few minutes later and heard the news, he did not say much, but he made it plain that he decidedly disapproved of the whole proceeding. It was rather hard, he said, just as they were all getting to know each other; — particularly hard, of course, for Leslie, he added, because there was no one she was so intimate with as Mildred. Mildred was not quite certain about this in her own mind, but she accepted Charlie's assurance in the spirit in which it was meant, and said that she would be very sorry, indeed, to leave them both.

"You don't know how long you will be gone, I suppose?" said Charlie.

"No," said Mildred. "I think we shall stay as long as it does papa good."

"Of course," said Charlie, trying to look more cheerful. "I expect it will do him lots of good, too; I 'm sure I hope it will. And when you do come back we will get up another play. Shall we?"

"Yes," said Mildred, laughing a little; "I 'm ready."

"Although," said Charlie, lapsing into gloom again, "like as not we won't be here when you come back. Pa 's liable to be ordered off at any moment. That 's the worst of being in the army, — just when you make friends you always have to leave them."

"Maybe pa will be ordered to California," suggested Leslie, by way of comfort. "Don't you know, Charlie, there 's some talk of the regiment's going to California?"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Charlie; "but they are always talking about the regiment's going somewhere. And at any rate, even if it did move, like as not I 'd have to go to boarding-school; and you would n't see Mildred out there, either."

Charlie's gloomy view of the subject was rather depressing for Mildred. In fact, when the time came, a few days later, for Mildred to go around and really say farewell to all of her friends, she did not find it a cheerful task. They all seemed to think California such a long way off, and the chances of her ever returning so very uncertain, that on the whole Mildred was glad when it was over.

Occupied in these and other preparations for her departure, the week slipped by so quickly that Mildred was quite startled when she awoke one morning and realized that it was her last day at home. And a trying day it proved to be. She had said good-by to the dear old attic, and to her dolls (all except Marie, whom she was going to take with her), and to Miss Betsy, the cat, and to the garden and the empty stable, and to all the loved, familiar places and objects, a dozen times. The trunks were all packed and there was little to do to occupy her mind, and that little the servants would not let her do. Both Amanda and Eliza went around with red eyes, and fairly overwhelmed Mildred with kindness. In fact, the moment Amanda had been told of the Major's decision, she had invited Mildred to make herself at home in the kitchen, and was continually cooking her some little tart or biscuit, just as if she was an invalid herself and needed delicacies; while Eliza insisted on waiting on her to such an extent that it was almost embarrassing, besides making Mildred uncomfortably sorry for having ever been ill-tempered with either of them. When at last dinner-time came, every one sat down and made a pretense of eating; for although Amanda had fairly outdone herself in making this last dinner a good one, no one had any appetite. It was a great relief when eight o'clock, the hour set for departure, arrived. Just before that time a huge transfer-wagon drove up and stopped before the house with a rattle and bang. There was a flashing of lanterns, a great upheaval of trunks on men's shoulders, and then another rattle and bang, and wagon and trunks disappeared in the darkness. After that the carriage, driven by Eliza's husband, was announced. Then the servants

gathered in the hall, and amid sobs from Eliza and tremulous good wishes and blessings from old Amanda, the final good-bys were said. Major Fairleigh was assisted into the carriage by his friend the surgeon, who had come to see them off, Mrs. Fairleigh and Mildred followed, the door was slammed to, and away they rumbled through the lamp-lit streets to the depot.



"THE SCENE WAS ALWAYS CHANGING."

Here, after the silence of the streets all seemed noise and tumult. Hurrying travelers and their friends, porters wheeling huge trucks heaped high with trunks, and train-men giving orders, made a scene of the greatest confusion. How they ever disentangled themselves from this throng, Mildred did not know; but, clinging closely to her mother's side, she at last found herself in the quiet of a Pullman car. Then the doctor took hasty leave, and the train glided slowly out of the depot. Faster and faster it swung along to an iron tune of its own making; the street-lights grew scarce, and farther apart, and finally disappeared altogether; the row of lights on Long Bridge dwindled out of sight and, last of all, the crown of lights on the mighty dome of the Capitol vanished, and with it the last trace of Washington and home.

Chapter XVIII.

It is not my intention to tell all of Mildred's experiences on that overland journey. In fact, I could not begin to tell all the surprising sights, the funny sights, the pretty, the tiresome, the startling, and the stupid sights that swept before her eyes like a panorama — a panorama set to the music of the untiring wheels singing

their iron song to the answering rails from sunrise to sunset, and from darkness to dawn. The scene was always changing, and as the train whirled on and on, it seemed to Mildred that they had passed so many farm-houses and cities, trees, villages, and rivers, that there could not be any more left to pass; but there always were. No matter if she sat for hours gazing out of the window in the daytime, or woke up in the night and peeped out at the side of the curtain, there was always a farm-house, or trees, or a village flitting by. Everything in the world was being left behind,—that is, everything except the telegraph-poles, for they always kept hurrying along by the side of the train, just as though they had charge of the scenery and were showing it to Mildred. Mildred began to feel quite a friendship for the telegraph-poles because they had come all the way from Washington with her. Then they were such dauntless fellows! Scaling the mountains, skipping down into the valleys, jumping rivers, and balancing themselves on trestles,—nothing ever stopped them. In fair weather or foul, there they were, dancing along to the hammering chorus of the iron song. That was a wonderful tune, too, that song of the flying wheels. It set itself to any words that Mildred pleased. When she was light-hearted it caroled cheerily, and when she grew tired it changed into a lullaby and soothed her to sleep. In fact, she grew so used to being sung to that when the train stopped at night at some water-tank or way-station, the silence often awoke her, and she did not go to sleep again until the train once more began its murmur along the rails.

When they crossed the Missouri River, at Omaha, it seemed as though the stock of farm-houses and cities, trees and rivers, had at last been almost used up, for they became very scarce, and in their place stretched the great level prairie with nothing on it but dry grass and prairie-dog mounds. The towns at which the train stopped were far apart; and some of them were no more than a single street of one-story frame-houses, set down on the open plain, with no trees or flowers about them — only rough men with slouch-hats and big spurs, and coils of rope at their saddles, who stood leaning against their shaggy ponies watching the train as it came in. Her father said that they were out West now, and that these were "cow-boys."

At one of these stations Mildred saw some queer-looking people crouching on the platform, all huddled up in blankets with nothing but their heads showing. Their faces were dark like Eliza's, but their hair was long and black, and they had very high cheek-bones and Roman noses. Her father said they were Indians.

Mildred wondered why the people were not afraid of them; but no one seemed to be. She did not like to ask her father too many questions, as the doctor had told them at starting that he must be kept as quiet as possible. But after they had traveled further west, and Mildred had become used to seeing the Indians, she learned that they were tame Indians who lived near the stations; and that the wild Indians, like the buffaloes, were no longer seen on the line of the railroad; for which Mildred was not sorry. Sometimes they stopped at stations where there were soldiers, who interested Mildred more than did the Indians; for was not her father a soldier? Then, too, these were the plains that Charlie and Leslie, whose father was also a soldier, had talked about so often.

One night Mildred went to sleep after a good-night look at the prairies, and awoke in the morning to find herself in the mountains. The snow lay deep upon the ground, and the dark pine-trees arose out of it, bearing little white scraps upon their stiff limbs. Then, every once in a while, the glaring sunlight reflected from the snow outside was shut out, as the train entered what seemed to Mildred a tunnel. But she learned that these were snow-sheds built to keep the snow from drifting on the track and stopping trains altogether. One of the passengers pointed out a place where a party of emigrants had frozen to death in the snow, many years previously, before the railroad was built. It seemed very queer to Mildred to see how bitterly cold and desolate it was outside and how easy it would be to starve and freeze to death in those solitudes, and yet, at the same time, how warm and pleasant and homelike it was in the car.

But this contrast was nothing compared to one that presented itself, a day or two later,

when the train began swinging down the western slope of the Sierras. In twelve hours they had left behind snow and rock, frost and pine-trees, and were gliding along in a pretty valley where the grass was green and the birds were chirping and the flowers blooming, all as though it was June, instead of January. In fact it was just as though they had ridden from winter into summer. Only the telegraph-poles and the iron song of the hammering wheels remained to remind the travelers of their home in the far-off East. And this was California.

Chapter XIX.

It was toward the close of the seventh day of their journey that Mildred, with her father and mother, arrived in Oakland, on San Francisco Bay. At the Sixteenth Street station a gentleman came into their car and, after speaking to the conductor, walked up to where they were sitting and said to Mildred's papa, "Major Fairleigh, I believe."

The Major instantly sat up (for he had been reclining with his head on a pillow) and, holding out his hand, exclaimed, "Why, Kenilworth! is this you? I 'm glad to see you. This is very kind of you, indeed! You received my letter, then?"

The gentleman returned the greeting and, at the same time laying his hand gently on the Major's shoulder, said, "Don't disturb yourself, Will. Yes, I received your letter just in time to meet you."

Then Major Fairleigh said to his wife, "Mary, you remember my cousin, John Kenilworth?"

"I am glad to meet you once more, Mr. Kenilworth," said Mrs. Fairleigh, giving him her hand. "It is a long time since we have seen each other."

"Not since the war," he replied. "And this, I presume," he continued, turning to Mildred, "is the baby."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fairleigh, smiling, "this is the baby."

And Mildred, who had been shyly looking at the stranger all this time,— this stranger who had seemed so far away when he had sent her oranges at Christmas-time,— came forward and shook hands with him in acknowledgment of the introduction.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man with dark hair and beard and dark eyes, and his face was browned by the sun, all except a white streak on his forehead where his hat shaded it. He did not talk much, but when the little party arrived at the Oakland mole, where they had to change cars for the huge ferry-boat that was to take them across the bay to San Francisco, he quietly took charge of everything. Mildred particularly liked the way he helped her father, just as though it was only because he was glad to be with him again, and not because he really needed assistance. Then, after he had seen her father and mother comfortably seated in the cabin, this new Cousin John took Mildred out on deck and showed her the lights of San Francisco twinkling through the haze and smoke on the opposite shore. He pointed out the "Golden Gate," and a great steamship coming in, which, he said, was the China steamer. It made Mildred feel very far away from home to think that out there in the purple twilight was the Pacific Ocean, and that close at hand was a steamship that had just come from China.

The immense harbor was filled with odd-looking ships,— foreign men-of-war, merchantmen, quaint little fishing-boats with red sails, great Chinese junks such as she remembered having seen in her geography, and all sorts of queer craft. Then, too, although the sun had set, the sky and the water and the distant hills were all softly colored and tinted; it was like a picture, a strange though beautiful picture.

It did not take long to cross the bay, and very soon they were rattling over the cobble-stones of San Francisco, on their way to the hotel. And here again Mildred found something to wonder at; for they drove through an arched way and into a large courtyard; and in this court were palm-trees, broad-leaved bananas and glossy, dark orange-trees, set around in big, green boxes; while opening out upon the court was a large dining-room, in which could be seen ladies and gentlemen at dinner. Altogether it was a cheerful sight for tired travelers. Mr. Kenilworth had engaged rooms for them, and they found the gas lighted and fires in the grates, and great bowls of *La France* roses to

greet them,—a true California welcome. When Cousin John took his leave, his ears must have burned, so many pleasant things were said of him. Mildred, who, as has been before remarked, did not make friends quickly, especially sounded his praises. "I think he is just as nice as he can be!" she said.



"THE IMMENSE HARBOR WAS FILLED WITH ODD-LOOKING SHIPS."

The next morning Major Fairleigh was so worn out by his journey that he could not leave his bed. Of course Mrs. Fairleigh was very anxious about him, and when Mr. Kenilworth came she asked him to deliver the letter of introduction which Dr. Strong, their army-surgeon in Washington, had given them to a certain Dr. Merton who lived in San Francisco. Now this Dr. Merton was a physician who was very well known, not only on the Pacific coast but in the East as well, for his skill and wisdom. In fact, Dr. Strong had said that he knew of no one whose opinion of Major Fairleigh's case he would rather have than Dr. Merton's.

Naturally, then, Mrs. Fairleigh was eager to meet this celebrated physician on whose words so much depended. He arrived at last,—a little gray-haired man with thoughtful eyes and slim white hands. Mildred, who had overheard from time to time enough to impress her with his importance, looked at him with awe as he passed into her father's room, but was rather disappointed that he was not bigger.

The doctor returned soon, saying cheerfully that Major Fairleigh was more in need of rest than of anything else at present, and that he would call again. He came the following morning and found the patient better, and prescribed a ride for the next day. They all went on that ride, Cousin John with his strong arms and quiet manner helping the Major. They drove through the park and out to the beach, where Mildred for the first time saw the Pacific stretching away to the horizon, and beyond,—to the shores of China and India, and the islands of the Southern Sea. They stopped at the Cliff House to rest, and, sitting on the veranda which overhung the surf, watched the seals swimming in the water and writhing over the rocks, with their ceaseless yelping and barking. Then they drove back through the park in the bright warm air with the blue sky overhead, and green lawns and gorgeous flowers around them—it was very hard to believe that this was the month of January.

Each day after this Major Fairleigh grew a little better. At the end of a week the doctor said that he was strong enough to go to the southern part of the State, where he would not

be confined to the hotel as he was in the city, but could be out of doors all day long. Cousin John wanted them to go home with him, promising them unlimited fresh air and all the comforts possible; but, unfortunately, his home was in the north and the doctor did not think the climate quite suitable.

"Indeed," said the doctor, "if you could take a sea voyage, to the Islands, that would help you more than anything."

"I rather fancy a sea voyage, myself," said the Major.

"Then by all means let us go," said Mrs. Fairleigh.

"Well," said the doctor, "think it over."

Chapter XX.

The morning following this discussion, Mildred was sitting by the window watching the stream of people and vehicles passing by on the street below, and wishing that Leslie or Charlie might be with her to see the strange sights.

The Chinese, or "Chinamen," as every one called them, especially amused her. She had seen one or two Chinese before, on rare occasions, at the legation in Washington; but here in San Francisco they were so common that no one noticed them. There were Chinese laundrymen trotting along with big baskets of clothes on their shoulders, and Chinese peddlers with pairs of huge baskets slung to a pole across their backs, and Chinese house-servants in white blouses with their queues hanging down from their shaven heads. And while Mildred was looking out of the window she saw a Chinese woman dressed in a loose gown of glossy black, with wide sleeves, a pair of purple trousers tied at the ankles, and on her feet dark Chinese shoes with very thick white soles, so that she had to shuffle along to keep them on. Her face was painted and her black hair trussed out with gold sticks. She held a child by the hand, a walking bundle of crimson and yellow clothes, with a gaudy round cap on its shaven little head, and red paint on its cheeks. They had stopped to buy a pomegranate from an Italian fruit-vender, and Mildred was wishing that she might see the funny little baby closer, when her mother came in and stood by her side.

Mrs. Fairleigh smiled when Mildred pointed out the Chinese woman and child, but was evidently thinking of something else. Presently she said:

"Mildred, dear, how would you like to go with Cousin John to his home in Arcata, for a little while?"

"With you and papa, Mama?" said Mildred, looking up quickly.

"No, dear," said her mother; "by yourself. Papa has almost made up his mind to take a sea voyage to the Hawaiian Islands," she continued. "The doctor thinks that it is best, and as we came out here to try and make papa well, I am very anxious to do just as the doctor says. Now, as we shall not be gone more than two months, Cousin John has been kind enough to ask us to let you visit him."

"Oh, Mama!" said Mildred, looking up at her mother, while the tears came slowly into her eyes, "I don't want to do that! I don't want to go away from you!"



"THEY HAD STOPPED TO BUY A POMEGRANATE FROM AN ITALIAN FRUIT-VENDER."

"Don't you, dear?" said her mother, sitting down by Mildred's side and putting her arms around her; "I was in hopes that perhaps you would like to go. It is for so short a time; and Cousin John has quite an affection for you, and you like him so much, and he says that he will do all that he can to make it pleasant for you. He has a ranch not very far from his home in Arcata, and you can go there with him and have a pony to ride, and see all the horses and cows and sheep. His housekeeper, who is an elderly relative of his, will take good care of you."

"But why can't I go with you and papa?" asked Mildred. "I would so much rather."

"And I would much rather have you, dear," said her mother; "but it is a very expensive trip, and we are spending a great deal of money; more than we can afford. In fact, papa was inclined to give up the idea of taking this sea voyage on that account, but I told him that I thought you would be willing to stay with Cousin John, and persuaded him not to abandon the voyage; because, of course, your staying would make a great difference."

Mildred was silent for a few moments looking out of the window, though she saw nothing through the blur of tears; at last she said:

"Then papa wants me to stay?"

"Papa says that you are to do as you like," said her mother.

There was another short silence, finally broken by Mildred's throwing her arms around her mother's neck and bursting into tears.

"Oh, Mama," she sobbed, "I can't! I don't want to! Do let me go with you, please do, Mama!"

"There, there, dear heart!" said her mother, laying her cheek against Mildred's head; "we are not going to force you to stay. Come, come, let us talk of it sensibly, and then if you make up your mind that you would rather not stay, why then you need not."

These assurances and sundry little caresses gradually quieted Mildred, until, looking up with an attempt at a smile through her tears, she said apologetically:

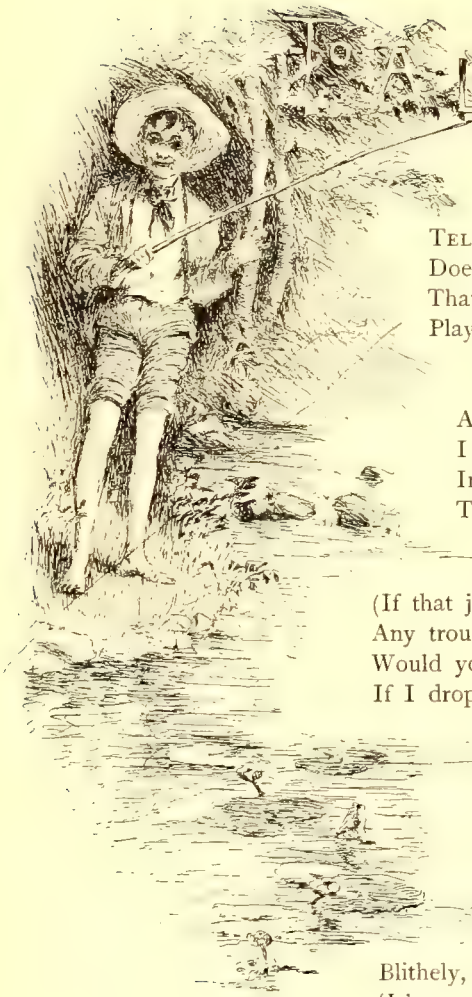
"You know, Mama, that I never have been away from you in all my life, and to have you and papa go across the ocean and leave me here all alone where I don't know anybody, it—it—" and here the thought once more so nearly overcame her that she had to stop and swallow the lump in her throat before she could add, "it made me cry."

"Of course, sweetheart," said her mother, consolingly; "I understand. And I am sure that it is very natural that the idea should startle you at first. But if I were you I would think about it a little before I quite made up my mind. And when you come to look at it I don't think that you will find it such a very dreadful thing. When I was your age I went to boarding-school and was away from home for five or six months at a time; and though I cried at first, I soon got used to it. There are times, you know, when we have to sacrifice our own wishes for our own good, or the good of others. That is what we call duty. And believe me, dear, there is no satisfaction equal to that which comes from having bravely done our duty. I remember a certain little girl who used to take great pride in hearing how her ancestors in ancient times were gallant men and women who did what they thought was right, no matter what it cost them. And I remember, too, how anxious that little girl was lest she should never have a chance to show how courageous she could be in time of trial. Do you remember?"

Mildred nodded her head, but without looking up.

"And I told you then," continued her mother, "that while perhaps opportunities to show heroism in war or sudden danger were fortunately rare, life was only too full of trials that needed a brave heart. And these are the ones, overcome alone and in silence, that are hardest to bear; and victory over them deserves the most praise."

(To be continued.)



LITTLE TROUT

by Charles Henry Webb.

TELL me, tell me, little trout,
Does your mother know you 're out—
That you 're truant from your school,
Playing hookey in this pool?

As you see, my little trout,
I desire to draw you out.
In the brook noise so abounds
That I cannot catch your sounds.

(If that joke he do but see,
Any trout should tickled be.)
Would you take the point so fine,
If I dropped you just a line?

Don't they teach it in these creeks
That when one above you speaks,
First, before a sole replies,
It is meet that you should rise?

Blithely, as becomes a trout
(I 'm not angling for a pout),
Quickly take things on the fly,
For I 've other fish to fry.

Thank you, thank you, little trout,
Schools are in but you are out:
School and pool alike forgot—
This is hookey—is it not?



HOW SHIPS TALK TO EACH OTHER.

By Charles William Kennedy.
(*Formerly Commander S. S. "Germanic."*)

A long trail of smoke issuing from the funnel of a tender about a quarter of a mile off attracted my attention, and I knew that my passengers had left the landing-stage at Liverpool, and would very soon be on board the steamer.

Leaving the wheel-house, where I happened to be standing at the time, I hurried below to the main-deck, and taking my station in a convenient place to receive them, I awaited their coming.

The tender rapidly approached, and in a few moments glided smoothly alongside. Ropes were thrown to us, and after everything had been made secure the gang-plank was run out, and without further delay the passengers proceeded to come on board.

Among the first to appear was a family consisting of a gentleman and his wife, five boys, and two maids. The gentleman and lady saluted me with a pleasant bow and smile, and I immediately recognized them as Mr. and Mrs. Quincy, from Philadelphia. A few weeks before, they had crossed with me from New York to Liverpool for the purpose of bringing home their five sons, who for nearly two years had been living in Germany.

I immediately went forward to receive and greet them. After the usual salutations were over, Mr. Quincy turned, and, waving his hand in the direction of the lads, said in a tone of fatherly pride:

"Captain, all these are my boys. William, the eldest, George, Harry, Jack, and here is our baby, Tom," taking hold of a little fellow of about six years, who had shrunk back behind one of his big brothers, and pulling him forward.

The faces of all wore a bright, intelligent expression, and, as each one advanced and extended his hand to me in an easy, gentlemanly manner, I saw at a glance that they were boys of whom any parents might be proud.

After a few words of conversation, the family left me, going aft to their rooms.

For the first three days the weather was wet and disagreeable; so much so that I saw but little of the passengers, and that only at meals. Even then very few were able to appear at the table. The saloon seemed almost deserted.

On the morning of the fourth day the sun came out, and the weather was glorious. Steamer-chairs appeared in all directions, and very soon after breakfast each had its occupant. The deck was full of life and animation.

Ladies and gentlemen were walking about, children were running this way and that, followed by their nurses, and all enjoying the first fine day we had had since leaving Liverpool.

I had come out of my chart-room and was standing forward under the bridge, taking a look at the horizon, when I felt a slight tug from behind, and at the same moment heard a clear, boyish shout, "Captain! Captain!"

"What do you want with me?" I exclaimed, turning quickly round to see who was at the end of my coat-tail.

There stood the two youngest members of the Quincy family, Jack and Tom, their faces shining with eagerness and their eyes flashing with excitement as they fastened them intently on me.

"Say, Captain, may Tom and I go up on the bridge?" asked Jack.

"Oh! it 's you, is it, boys?" said I, recognizing them at once. "Do you think you little fellows can take care of yourselves alone? It 's pretty rough this morning," I continued, somewhat sternly, and purposely evading their question.

"Oh, yes; I can take care of myself and Tom, too!" replied Jack, as if he had been to sea all his life. "But may we, Captain?" he added, not in the least abashed or disheartened.

"Humph!" I ejaculated; "I don't suppose either of you boys knows how to read! Do you?" looking from one to the other.

"Why, of course, I can read," replied Jack, a little indignantly. "What made you think I could n't?"

"Come with me, and you shall soon find out."

Giving a hand to each boy, I led them to the wheel-house, and pointed out to them the notice posted at the foot of the ladder.

"Now let me hear you read that," said I to Jack, as I lifted him up that he might see more plainly.

Very slowly and carefully he read the following words, "Passengers are not allowed on the bridge."

"Oh!" exclaimed both the little fellows in a tone of great disappointment, as I set Jack again on his feet.

A shadow of deep despair settled upon their round faces, as they saw their happy anticipations rapidly vanishing.

"But we are such *little* passengers!" said Tom, looking wistfully up to me.

How was it possible to resist such an argument as that! I could n't do it. Stooping down and lowering my voice to a confidential tone, I said:

"Now, boys, if I take you on the bridge you must keep it a profound secret; for, if I took up there all the little boys who cross the ocean with me, I should n't have any time to look after my ship, you know."

The clouds disappeared, and the sun shone out even brighter than before, as both promised faithfully that they would not "tell."

"Only papa and mama; we may tell them, Captain?" eagerly exclaimed Tom.

"Oh, yes; never keep anything from your father and mother, if you want to be good boys," I replied.

Bidding them wait for a moment, I went into the chart-room to make a memorandum. I heard their voices under the port, and now and then a suppressed little laugh, as they stood waiting for me. As soon as I had finished my work I went out and met them.

Just opposite the wheel-house door I hesitated a moment. There was quite a sea on, and I feared that it was too much for the little fellows. They were standing very quietly by my side, watching my every movement, and actually trembling with delight. I could not make up my mind to disappoint them a second time, and so decided to gratify them.

Taking Tom in my arms, I carried him halfway up the ladder, and, setting him down, told him to cling to the rail and go ahead. Then I went down for Jack. He did not require any assistance, but ran nimbly up by himself, I following closely behind.

From our post of observation, the great steamer could be seen her entire length from bow to stern. Masts and rigging stood out in bold relief, while the huge smoke-stacks, sending out thick columns of smoke, seemed higher and bigger than ever before.

Not a word escaped the lips of the two boys, as they gazed fore and aft, above and below.

They seemed to be struck dumb by the novelty of the scene.

Turning around, they looked toward the horizon. As far as the eye could reach not a sail was to be seen. Nothing lay before them but the great ocean and our own vessel.

"Hold on tight, or you 'll get something you won't like," cautioned I, as the ship gave a lurch and the boys staggered to one side.

"Oh, it 's nice up here; it 's fun!" said Tom at last, catching his breath as he spoke. "I wish I could stay here all day with you, Captain."

"So do I," echoed Jack.

"You would n't, if a big wave should come and wet you all over, and perhaps carry you off," I replied, smiling at their enthusiasm.

Just then a heavy sea broke against the ship, covering her with spray, and giving the two boys a taste of what they might expect if they remained "all day," as Tom said.

Little Tom's face turned white; whether from fright or seasickness I could not quite decide. Taking him again in my arms, I told the boys that we would better go on deck, where it was safer, and bade Jack follow me, which he did, clinging more tightly to the rail than before.

When the boys found themselves safe on their feet, they turned and with shining faces thanked me for taking them on the bridge "where the big passengers could n't go"; and then ran away as fast as their little legs and the motion of the ship would allow, to tell their father and mother, as Tom had before suggested.

A day or two after this little event, I stood near the wheel-house door enjoying a quiet smoke, when I heard a loud clattering of boyish feet along the deck. Looking aft I saw Tom and Jack rushing toward me in a state of great excitement.

"Oh, Captain!" shouted both together before they had fairly reached me. "There 's a steamer ahead of us, and we are going by her pretty soon!"

"Is there?" I inquired, taking my pipe from my mouth and putting it away. "We 'll go and have a look at her."

The usual commotion caused by the appearance of a strange vessel on the voyage was already apparent among the passengers on deck, and the very same old questions were being asked one of another: "What steamer is it?" "Where is she bound?" "What line does she belong to?"

Going into the chart-room, I took my glass from its place, and, followed by the boys, who were close behind, went out and stood under the end of the bridge. Raising the glass to my eyes, I scrutinized her closely, trying to make her out.

"What steamer is it, Captain? Can you see?" asked Jack, standing on the tips of his toes and peering over the rail, while Tom was steadying himself by clinging to my coat.

From the end of the gaff four flags were flying in the wind, and I saw that she wished to communicate with us.

"Let 's go and find out, boys," I replied, putting my glass in my pocket. "She is telling us who she is, and she wants us to do something for her."

"Telling us who she is!" echoed Jack, a slight tone of contempt in his voice. "Ships can't talk, Captain!"

"Can't they?" said I. "Don't be so sure, my boy! Ships can make their wants known as well as you and Tom can. Deaf-and-dumb people don't talk, but for all that they have a language of their own; and so do ships."

"But how do they do it? How is it?" asked Jack eagerly, looking up into my face to see if I was really in earnest.

"We 'll soon know all about it if we go aft, on the whaleback," said I, hurrying along in that direction, the boys jumping and running by my side.

"The whaleback!" exclaimed Jack, opening his bright black eyes at the mention of this hitherto unknown part of the ship. "Why, what 's that, Captain? Where is it?"

"Come along with me, and you 'll see," I answered, smiling at the two eager faces upturned to mine. "I shall make good sailors of you youngsters yet before we get to New York."

The boys laughed, and Jack ran on ahead.

"Look out! Hold fast to the rail and don't fall off!" I called out to the lad, as he stepped on the narrow foot-bridge leading from the saloon-deck to the one beyond.

"I won't fall!" he shouted, allowing his

hand to slide smoothly along the rail as he ran swiftly across.

Little Tom clung to me as I led him safely over. Picking our way carefully among coils of rope and other sailing-gear, we were soon standing on the extreme end of the stern where the officer was signaling.

"Here we are, boys, on the whaleback," said I; "but never mind that now. We must look sharp if we want to find out what the steamer is saying."

We had by this time nearly overtaken the stranger, and could plainly distinguish her signals as they floated from the peak.

"Do you see those four flags flying from the gaff-end?" said I to Jack.

"Yes, sir; I see the flags, but I don't know where the gaff-end is," replied the little fellow, standing on tiptoe to obtain a better view.

"Never mind, if you only see the flags," said I. "That 's the principal thing. Now, look closely, and you will see that they are fastened on a rope, one below the other, and that no two are alike. Each one of those flags represents a letter — just the same as when you are reading a book, you know that A is A, and B is B. There are four, and we must read from the top downward. Keep still, Tom. Don't cling to me, for I can't steady my glass if you do."

Tom immediately released his hold, and I turned my attention to the signals.

Looking steadily at the flags, I saw what letters they represented, and read them aloud to the boys.

"They are J, Q, H, V. Now, we must look in the signal-book to find out what steamer has that signal given to her. We cannot stop now, for she is going to say something else to us, and we can find out the name afterward."

"Oh, Captain!" shouted Tom, "there go some flags up on our ship! What are they for?"

"Those are our letters, and will tell her who we are. They are N, V, B, Q," I replied.

"They have drawn down those on the other steamer, and are running up some more," exclaimed Jack, dancing about in great excitement.

"Yes; now they are going to ask us a question, and we must look carefully, and not make any blunders," said I, raising my glass to my eyes as I spoke.

"There are only three flags this time, Captain. What does that mean?" asked Jack, turning around and watching me closely.

"In a moment I will tell you," said I, examining the signals carefully. "They are P, D, S. Now, my officer who is signaling will know just what that means. Yes, he has hauled down the ship's letters and run up his reply. That is a long, pointed flag, called a pennant, and means, 'Yes, I will.'"

"There is another flag all by itself, and they are pulling it up and down on the rope. What is that for, Captain?" shouted Tom, still watching the strange steamer.

"That flag is the ensign; and by lowering and raising it they are saying, 'I have no more to ask. Thank you very much. Good-by.'"

"Does it mean all that?" cried Jack, opening wide his large black eyes.

"It means all that," I answered, laughing at the expression of amazement on the boys' faces.

The steamer being now some distance astern, the signals were hauled down and put away.

"Now, boys," said I, "come with me to the chart-room, and I will show you the signal-book. We shall find out there all we want to know."

In the gayest spirits, both boys left me and ran ahead.

As we approached the wheel-house I saw the two elder brothers of Jack and Tom standing near the door, watching the steamer now almost out of sight.

"Oh, Will!" shouted Jack to the elder of the two, a lad of about seventeen, "the Captain is going to show us the signal-book, and tell us all about the signals."

"Is that so?" said Will, turning round and smiling.

Thinking that the subject might be interesting to the larger as well as to the smaller boys, I invited the lads to come in also; which invitation they both accepted with evident pleasure.

Sitting down on a camp-stool, I took out my signal-book and laid it on the desk. Jack stood on one side of me, Tom on the other, both

leaning on their elbows; while the two elder boys sat on the sofa at my left, where they also could easily see.

Opening the book, I turned to the list of registered vessels, comprising nearly seventeen thousand, each having her own allotted signal,



SIGNALING AT SEA.

and soon ascertained to what ship the letters J, Q, H, V belonged.

"That ship, boys," said I, "is the 'Tynemouth Castle,' and she is from North Shields, England." Then, referring to the code, I found that the letters P, D, S signified, "Report me to Lloyd's Agent," and explained that this meant, "Report passing me to the New York agent in charge of such matters."

"I suppose, Captain," said Will Quincy, "that the code is similar to those used in cabling; is n't it?"

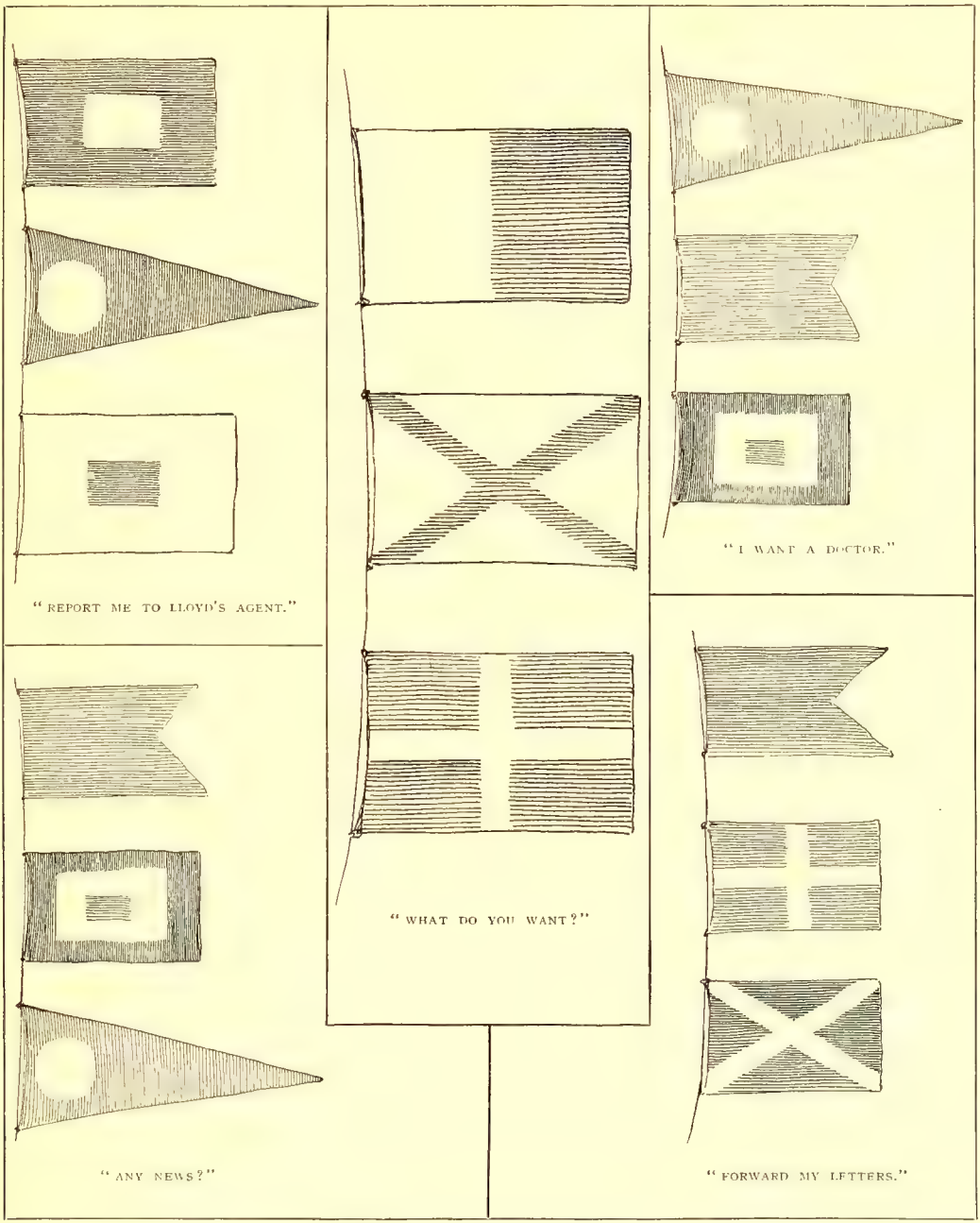
"Yes, with the exception that the letters used in signaling do not form words, being all consonants. In cabling, certain words are adopted, each bearing the signification of a long sentence; whereas in signaling the combination is of two, three, and four consonants, making it impossible to spell a word. Why this is so, I cannot tell. You will see, by looking over the signal-book, what a long code has been arranged. Almost any question you 'd think of can be asked and answered. We can notify a vessel within signaling distance that we are sinking; or, we can invite the captain to come and take dinner with us; just as we happen to feel."

The boys were laughing at this when George interrupted them. "Captain," said he, "how is it done at night? Flags cannot be seen in the dark."

"No; you are right," I replied. "When a ship is in danger, rockets are used at night, and bonfires also are kindled, so that the attention of a passing vessel is attracted by the light. Then the latter throws up certain rockets which indicate that assistance will be sent as soon as possible."

"When you have once learned the flags, it is n't so very difficult after all; is it, Captain?" said Will, smiling.

"It is like everything else, my lad," said I,



A FEW OF THE SIGNALS USED AT SEA.

closing the book of signals and putting it away, "It all seems to be very easy after you once know it."

"Now, Jack," I continued, as the boys rose from their seats, and prepared to leave, "you won't ever say after this that ships can't talk, will you?"

"No, indeed, Captain," said the little fellow, earnestly. "But I did n't know any better then, you know, and now I do."

"WHAT NEWS?"—IN MID-OCEAN.

By H. D. Smith.
(*Captain U. S. Revenue Cutter Service.*)

Sighting a vessel at sea is always an event carrying with it a certain amount of interest, curiosity, and excitement, shared alike by the grave officer and the careless boy or apprentice. The little speck silhouetted against the clear-cut horizon, gradually assuming shape and familiar proportions, with an occasional gleam of snow-white canvas glinting in the sun's rays, rivets the attention of all hands, breaks the dull monotony of a long voyage and awakens tender yearnings and longings for news from home.

No incident of the sea voyage is more interesting than that of the meeting of ships and their conversation with signals. No prettier marine picture may be found than two vessels covered with spotless canvas towering aloft, swelling majestically to the favoring gale, passing each other on opposite tacks, with numerous gaily colored and oddly shaped flags fluttering from the masthead.

An exciting incident of signaling at sea was experienced by the writer when making a homeward-bound voyage on one of the far-famed "tea-clippers."

The ship had touched at Anjer Point for the purpose of replenishing the stock of fresh provisions; and the news received at that trading-place was startling, to say the least, and evidently had considerable effect upon the "old man," who thoughtfully paced the deck. The captain of a merchant vessel is always called the "old man," though he may be the youngest man on board.

Our commander had good reason for reflection over the news he had received. He was in command of one the finest vessels afloat, a craft of over 2000 tons burden, and with a cargo of tea and silk under her hatches valued at more than $250,000; the clipper herself must have been worth a small fortune.

On shore, beneath the wide-spreading branches of the celebrated banyan tree, where Armenians, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Hindoos, Persians, Tatars, Bornese, Sumatrans, Javanese, and Europeans jostled one another, our captain had learned that the dreaded "Alabama" was already in the China Sea, and had left her mark as she swept onward in quest of peaceful and defenseless merchant vessels. The fine ships "Amanda," "Contest," and "Winged Racer" had fallen victims to Semmes and his crew. There was no telling where the slippery cruiser might turn up next.

"Give me a cracking breeze," remarked the captain to his chief mate, as he glanced proudly at the lofty and tapering spars of his gallant craft, "and I 'll bid defiance to all the Confederate crafts afloat! I can't remain here. Every day lost is so many dollars out of the owner's pockets. Hit or miss, I shall make a break for the Cape, and I have faith enough in the clipper to believe her good luck will stand by her."

The captain's will was law, and half an hour afterward the ship, under a cloud of canvas, was skimming over the surface of the water, with the highlands of Sumatra rapidly blending into the roseate hues of a gorgeous sunset.

The run to the Cape, the haunt of the "Flying Dutchman," was quickly made, and there was little rest for officers or crew. A vigilant lookout was constantly maintained from aloft. Braces and bowlines, tacks and sheets, were constantly under the surveillance of the officer of the watch, while the "old man" might be seen pacing the deck at all hours, night and day.

Early one morning the mate was startled by the cry from aloft, "Black smoke ahead, sir! A big steamer standing to the southward."

The captain was called, and in a trice bounced on deck, where, applying the glass to his eye, he took a long look at the stranger who had pushed so suddenly out of the early mist hanging low upon the horizon.

Whatever her character, we had but little

chance of escape, if she had rifled guns. Many a glance of apprehension was directed toward the somber hull and pair of sloping smoke-stacks with the twisting smoke trending far astern.

"Show him our colors, sir! Bend on the ensign; we may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. If that fellow is a rebel, the sooner we know it the better!" exclaimed the captain somewhat excitedly to the mate.

It was close upon six bells (seven o'clock) when the steamer revealed her nationality.

We fairly yelled as the blood-red cross of St. George danced up aloft from the steamer's signal-halyards. She was evidently a troop-ship bound for the Cape, a trifle out of her course, but we did not stop to consider that.

She was too far distant to speak, but in obedience to a gesture from the captain, the mate emptied a bag of gaily colored signals on deck; and the boys were called aft to man the halyards and lend a hand to bend on the magic flags. Upward fluttered the party-colored bits of bunting, glasses were leveled, and breathless expectancy marked the sunburnt features of the clipper's crew; for the inquiry flying from our mizzenroyalmast was, "What news of the American War?"

The flash of foam cast up by the huge propeller greeted our straining vision, the great steamer glided onward, but no responsive signals gladdened the anxious hearts of those yearning to hear news from home.

With a passionate exclamation of disappointment the captain closed the joints of his long glass with a savage snap, saying, as he turned away, "He has n't our code. It 's no use."

"Look at that!" suddenly exclaimed the mate, pointing. "What is he going to do?"

"He is coming about," shouted the captain, his bronzed features fairly paling. "Can it be possible he has played us a trick, and is the Alabama? Stand by, all hands, for ——"

A deep blast of the steam-whistle rumbled over the flashing waters, followed by a number of quick toots as the steamer ranged to leeward; then an expanse of white canvas was lowered over the side.

Glasses were directed upon that bright patch amidships, upon which dark lines could be discerned with the naked eye. The glass showed these were letters.

"I have it!" shouted the captain, leaping excitedly into the rigging. "Spread the news fore and aft! It says, 'The American conflict is over! Davis a fugitive'—and what 's that? Heavens, no—yes—'*Lincoln is killed!*'"

"Strike the colors half-mast, sir," continued the captain to the mate, in a subdued tone. Then he added, "Hoist the signal, 'Thank you,' to the steamer."

At that moment the rich, full tones of a regimental band were wafted across the heaving swells, and many an eye glistened with emotion as the well-known strains of "Hail Columbia" were faintly heard. The steamer slowly fell off, and resumed her course, while, as if actuated by one impulse, officers and men sprang into the weather-rigging, giving three times three and waving their hats in return for the kindness of the courteous Englishman. The Stars and Stripes were dipped three times, the hoarse whistle rang out in return, the "Meteor flag" slowly and majestically returned the salute, and the greeting in mid-ocean was over.

"The commander of that craft is a gentleman—every inch of him!" was the admiring remark of the mate as he glanced astern at the fast-fading troop-ship.

"We are brothers after all," answered the captain, "and have the same customs and speak the same language. It strengthens one's faith in human nature, an act like that. But the President—can it be?" and shaking his head mournfully, he turned and went below.

There was deep mourning throughout the ship, for our delight in victory and peace was at first overcome by the sorrowful tidings of the death of the beloved President. There was no other news until we hove to for a pilot off Barnegat, and he brought a file of papers which gave us full news of the surrender at Appomattox, and told how the great Lincoln had been assassinated.



A FISHING TRIP TO BARNEGAT.

By John Whitehead.



TWO brothers, one twelve and the other fourteen years old, sat one afternoon in their room in a house in New York city. The younger was reading, the elder was disentangling some snarled fishing-lines. No statesman unraveling some knotty problem of statecraft could have frowned more fiercely, or have busied himself more devotedly.

When he had cleared the tangle he looked up at his younger brother, and, after a sigh of relief, said:

"I say, Jack, let 's go fishing!"

"A first-rate idea! But where shall we go?"

"Well, I 've thought of asking mother to let us go with Uncle John on one of his trips to Barnegat Bay. He 's down-stairs now. It can't do any harm to try it. Let 's go and settle it right away."

Down they ran, like the mouse when the clock struck one.

They found their uncle John talking with their mother in the sitting-room. The mother's cheerful and pleasant expression seemed habitual, and proved that she was happy in her home and proud of her boys. Her face brightened as they came in.

Jack spoke at once:

"Oh, Uncle John, we 're so glad you are here! We 've been talking of a splendid plan, but we need your help. Will you promise to give it?"

"Not quite so fast, youngster," replied their uncle. He had a rather stern expression, was black-browed, and wore a full beard. But forbidding as he might seem to strangers, it was evident, as he glanced at the bright faces of his nephews, that it would require little coaxing to enlist his sympathy and aid in any reasonable plan they might propose.

"Come, Jack," said he, "I see that Will also has something to say. As he is the elder, let him tell me the plan to which I am at once to say yes."

"Well, Uncle," said Will, "you have often told us of your fishing-excursions in Barnegat Bay, and this morning we were talking them over, and Jack said now that school was ended, and we had both done well,—you said so yourself,—you might be willing to take us with you to your famous fishing-grounds."

Both boys looked at their mother, evidently fearing that she might oppose the plan. She seemed to avoid their questioning eyes, and, repressing a smile, waited for their uncle's reply.

He pretended to be very stern.

"You imagine, then, because it is your vaca-

tion, that I have nothing to do? Do you know what your 'few days' means? Do you think I can abandon my business, engage old Captain John, and ruin myself in buying fishing-tackle and provisions for two hungry boys with appetites sharpened by the salt air? You must think that money grows on trees!"

Uncle John, with a smile to their mother, continued: "Well, what do you say to this absurd idea? Do you think I should be burdened with them during my holiday? and would you be willing to intrust two such madcaps to me for a few days?"

Now it so happened that she and Uncle John had been discussing the very plan that was now independently proposed by the boys.

"Indeed," said she, seriously, "the boys have fairly earned a good vacation by their last term's work. Perhaps during the hot summer days a trip on the salt water, with the excitement of fishing and your good care, would bring them back better able to stand the depressing heat of the summer."

"Suppose they fall overboard, run fish-hooks through their fingers, or otherwise disport themselves so that I can return to you only two dilapidated remnants of the boys I took away, will you agree to forgive me?"

Jack saw signs of success in this last speech, and burst in:

"Oh! take us this once, Uncle John; we won't give you any trouble; we 'll be as good as kittens. We always keep our promises; mother will tell you so!"

"'Always' is a long word, my dear," said their mother, playfully.

"Now, Mother," said Will, jumping up, "let bygones be bygones. If you only say so, I 'm sure Uncle John will take us!" and he went and stood by her side. She put her arm around him, saying:

"Well, John, what do you say?"

"I suppose I must. It will be a great trial to my nerves" (the boys laughed at the idea of Uncle John having any nerves), "but it is good discipline." Then, after an exaggerated sigh, he said:

"When shall we go, boys?"

"To-morrow, of course!" said Jack, excitedly.

"To-morrow, you young rascal! — why, I have got to see Captain John Anderson and secure him and his boat."

"Write out a telegram and I 'll go down to the office and send it," said the younger boy.

"That 's business," said Uncle John; "and as I suppose I am in for it, I may as well begin at once; so here goes!"

Sitting down, he wrote the telegram, which the boys eagerly seized and they were starting off with it when their uncle called out:

"Hold on! One of you go, the other must stay behind; we 've something else to do besides sending telegrams."

So off started Jack with the precious paper, and Uncle John turned to Will.

"What lines and hooks have you?"

"Why, you told us that Captain John provided all the tackle."

"You 're right, boy, so he does, so he does. But then, where are the provisions?" said their uncle, with pretended anxiety.

"But," said Will, "I have you there again, Uncle; you said Captain John provided all the eatables, cooked the meals himself, and that he gave you 'pretty good fare, considering everything.'"

"So he does," said the uncle, again convicted out of his own mouth.

So it was settled, and the boys anxiously awaited the reply from Point Pleasant, where Captain John lived.

In the afternoon it came, and, to the delight of the boys, the captain answered that he would be ready at any time. Neither Will nor Jack knew what was in the message sent by their uncle, but the truth is that he and Captain John had already had some correspondence and fully understood each other. The uncle announced by his telegram simply that he and his nephews would be on hand the next morning by the earliest train.

Bright and early the boys were ready; and when Uncle John put in his appearance two more joyous youths could not be found in the great city of New York. Uncle John was an especial favorite of theirs; they had tried him many times, and he had never been found wanting.

It was a bright and beautiful day in June. They made their way down the city, reached

the slip, and were soon on board the good steamer, "Jesse Hoyt." It is quite uncertain which was the happier of the group of three, the uncle or the two boys. Jack was the noisiest, for Will expressed his pleasure only by his sparkling eyes and heightened color, and an occasional burst of enthusiasm; the uncle had little to say. He was proud of his nephews and did not hesitate to show his pride; his eyes rested on them lovingly and admiringly.

The time was so pleasantly occupied by their uncle's cheerful, interesting conversation, that they were quite astonished when they approached Sandy Hook, and were told that here they were to land and to proceed by rail for the rest of their trip until they met Captain John.

They had never been on this route and everything was new to them. At Sandy Hook they took the cars which were there ready to receive passengers. As they sped along their eyes opened wider and wider at the new scenes: the ocean spreading out before them, the houses upon the beach with their surroundings of fresh green grass, shrubs, trees, and flowers springing apparently from the dry sand; Shrewsbury River, upon which floated pleasure-boats with their white sails and gay-parties; and Seabright, with its group of quaint fishermen's huts, clustered together, apparently without order.

As they approached Long Branch their admiration gave place to wonder. But little time was given them to view these various objects, as they passed so rapidly. When they reached Elberon their uncle pointed out to them the house occupied by President Garfield during his last illness. Indeed, he did not fail to direct their attention to every object of interest.

Bayhead was gained at last, and as they neared the platform Uncle John looked for the captain. When the train stopped, the trio sprang to the ground; and there stood a tall, gaunt, rough-bearded man, seamed and grizzled by the hardships of many years' exposure on the salt water. But in his face there lingered the kindest expression, and out of his deep-sunk eyes there beamed the good nature of the warmest of hearts. Uncle John at once extended his hand and said:

"Well, Captain, here we are; here are these boys of mine. Do you think we can give them a ducking before we get through with them?"

The captain was a man of few words, but those who knew him would have known from his glance at them that he had taken the youngsters under his particular care.

"Well," he said, "your telegram gave me short notice; yet I think I have made all the necessary arrangements. Come along; let 's see."

So they gathered up their baggage and left the platform, the rough captain leading the way. He and Uncle John walked demurely on, chatting about old times, but the boys were too full of life to repress themselves. They looked around, however, to take their bearings, as the captain would have said, and saw upon the east side of the railroad track a collection of houses, modern and tasteful in their architecture. The boys wished to know who lived in these pleasant dwellings, and were told that Bayhead was a resort for literary people, and that several professors of Princeton College lived there during the summer.

As the party passed toward the boat which was to take them out to the "Kate," the boys noticed that Bayhead was situated at the head of a narrow, irregular strip of sand stretching southward as far as the eye could reach between the bay and the ocean. The bay began at that point, and extended to the south toward Cape May. Indeed the captain said that at one time he himself had sailed, in a little catboat which he owned, almost to Cape May; the bay was an open sheet of water as far as the Great Inlet; below it was much broken up with comparatively large islands, but even then it could be navigated by small vessels.

"Captain, is the water salt?" Will asked.

"Why, of course."

"Well, how does the salt water get there?"

"From the Atlantic through Barnegat Inlet."

While the captain had been talking with the boys, the whole party had stopped; but now they began to walk toward the water. A small boat lay rocking by the edge of the bank, and the captain rowed them out to the Kate, which was anchored a little distance from the shore. The boys quickly sprang on board, and soon began a thorough examination of what was to be their home for several days. They

found it to be a schooner of recent make, comfortable in all its appointments, and fitted up so that it could pleasantly accommodate eight to ten passengers. What pleased the boys more than anything else about it was the tiny kitchen, wherein was a stove in full blast, with pots and pans and all the implements necessary for cooking a dinner. But the boys were impatient to be off; the sight of the rods and tackle which lay on the deck increased their impatience to be on the fishing-ground.



EMBARKING FOR THE "KATE."

The captain weighed anchor, set his sails, and the vessel was soon gliding down the bay. So much attention had been paid in the building of the Kate to the comfort of the passengers that her speed was not great; but the boys were delighted with the gentle motion.

"How do you tell where the channel runs, captain?"

"Well, I tell that in different ways; sometimes I take an object which I know to be in a certain position with reference to the channel, and I am guided by that. But I have no great necessity to notice landmarks, for I have traveled over this bay so often that I know all the ins and outs of the course, crooked as it is."

Just at this moment a lad suddenly emerged from the cabin, the captain went below, and the small boy took the captain's place. Soon an appetizing odor made its way from the cabin; and then the kindly face of the captain showed itself and he announced in the briefest manner possible: "Dinner!"

The boys' appetites had been increased by the salt-water breezes, so they joyfully heard this pithy speech of the captain. Jack called out to his uncle, who was in the bow of the boat:

"Uncle John, dinner is ready and we 're hungry!"

The uncle had been standing for a long time motionless, with his arms folded, looking into the water and watching the gliding of the Kate. He started at the sound of the boy's

voice, rejoined his nephews, and together they passed down into the cabin. Uncle John was obliged to bend his head, but the boys got in without any difficulty. They had wondered where the table was to come from, and where it was to be set. They found a perfect dinner-table extended from the center of the cabin, formed by the raising of two swinging leaves, which had before rested quietly against a small partition which divided the cabin, but was only two or three feet high from the floor. On this table was spread the dinner. It was well served and well cooked, and the boys found it excellent. It was mostly sea-food; fish, oysters, and clams being the principal dishes. At one end of the table was a large piece of corned beef. The boys instantly determined that they would have none of that.

They knew that the fish and shell-fish must be fresh from the water, and that they must be good; and they were good. Such fish, such oysters, such clams, they had never tasted before. The captain had stood high in their estimation, but now he was raised a point higher, and they regarded him as the very paragon of skippers.

To their complete astonishment, after the substantials were disposed of, the captain brought on pudding and pie; and, to cap the climax, gave them some good coffee. They thought that if they were to be treated in this manner every day, their cup of happiness would be brimming over. It was almost too much for Jack. Several times he was half inclined to rush out on deck to give three cheers for Captain John.

After the dinner was over, the captain resumed his place at the tiller, and the small boy took his place in the cabin, to eat his dinner and afterward to clear away the dishes. If the supply of eatables had not been bountiful and the boys merciful, it is somewhat doubtful whether the cabin-boy might not have gone hungry. Then the captain took his pipe and began to smoke, and the boys seated themselves, one on each side of him, and begged hard for some story of his experience. The captain was not much of a hand at story-telling; still, he managed to thrill their young hearts with one story in particular of how he had been shipwrecked, and cast on a barren island with three others. They were forced to sustain themselves upon such raw shell-fish as were thrown upon the shore by the waves. The boys noticed, however, that the captain did not seem to have his mind much set on the story-telling, but every now and then kept peering around him on both sides of his boat. All at once he brought the Kate round with a sharp turn, picked up the anchor, and threw it overboard. The boys opened wide their eyes, and wondered what was coming next. The captain lowered the sails half-way down the mast, stepped quietly up on the deck, selected some rods, then returned, and opened what seemed to be a trap-door right under where his feet came when he sat at the tiller, and took out some crabs. Jack, as usual, was in search of information. He had never seen such crabs before, and so he began to ply the captain with questions. He wanted to know what kind of crabs those were.

"These are what we call 'shedders,'" said the captain, "and they are used for bait. You will see presently how we use them."

"Now, my boy," said the captain, addressing Jack, "you seem to be the one in this party most anxious to do some fishing. You take that rod and throw the hook over on this side of the boat. Be careful to keep your hook a few inches from the bottom, and see what will come."

Jack was only too ready, and over went his line in short order into the water. It was not long before he had a bite, and with a great deal more force than was necessary he threw his hook, line, and fish up in the air. There, over the sail, hung dangling the oddest fish that Jack had ever seen. What it was he did not know; it was of a dirty yellow color, with a head and mouth a great deal larger than the rest of his body, which was slimy and disgusting, and tapered rapidly to the tail. Jack stood with mouth and eyes wide open, looking at his prize, and thinking that if this was the kind of fish Uncle John caught in Barnegat Bay,—the kind over which he had so often gone into ecstasies of delight,—he did not care for any more of them. Uncle John, seeing Jack's disgust, could not help a burst of laughter.

"Well, Jack," said he, "you 've got him now!" Will, who was as much disgusted as his brother, stood staring at the unlucky fish

until roused from his amazement by the hearty laugh of Uncle John.

"Captain John," said Jack, "will you please tell me what that is?"

"Why, that 's a toad-fish; or oyster-fish, some people call it."

"Is this the sort of fish you catch in Barnegat Bay?"

"Oh, yes!" said Captain John; "lots of 'em."

"Come," said Uncle John, "and look at my fish; and, Captain, you take Jack's fish off his hook and bring it here, and we 'll examine the two side by side."

Detaching his fish from the hook, Uncle John laid it upon the deck. The captain brought Jack's line down from the sail, took the fish from the hook, and laid it beside the beautiful one that Uncle John had just caught.



ON THE FISHING-GROUNDS

Jack turned to his uncle with an inquiry on his open lips; but just then his uncle felt a tug at his line, and up he pulled, deftly and quickly, a beautiful shining fish radiant with almost all the colors of the rainbow. "What a monster!" thought Jack; and, forgetting his toad-fish, he rushed forward to his uncle to examine this beautiful prize. There it lay, beating the hard board with head and tail, gasping for air, its life fast ebbing away.

"Now, this fish of yours, Jack," said the uncle, "is not only called the toad-fish and the oyster-fish, but, sometimes, the grunting toad-fish. There are species of it found all over the world, but this is the regular American toad-fish.

"This fish of mine is called the weakfish. Notice its beautiful colors, brownish blue on its back, with irregular brown spots, the sides silvery, and the belly white. It grows from one to three feet long, and is a very sharp biter.

When one takes the hook, there is no difficulty in knowing when to pull in. Why it is called the weakfish I do not know, unless because when it has been out of the water its flesh softens and soon becomes unfit for food. When eaten soon after it is caught, it is very good."

Just as Uncle John finished his little lecture, an exclamation from Will, who had baited with a piece of the crab, and dropped his line into the water, attracted their attention. Not quite so impetuous as Jack, he landed his prize more carefully, and stood looking at it with wonder, hardly knowing what to say. At last he called out:

"Well, what have I caught?"

It was a beautiful fish, though entirely different from Uncle John's. It had a small head and the funniest little tail that ever was seen. Its back was of a bright brown color, but its belly was almost pure white; it was quite round and flat, with a rough skin.

"Turn him over on his back, and rub him gently," said the captain. "Do it softly, and watch him."

Will complied, and gently rubbed him. Immediately the fish began swelling, and as Will continued the rubbing it grew larger and larger until Will feared that the fish would burst its little body.

"Well," he said, "I never saw anything like that, Captain! Do tell me what this is."

"This we call, here in Barnegat, the balloon-fish. It is elsewhere called the puffer, swell-fish and globe-fish. One kind is called the sea-porcupine, because of its being covered with short, sharp spines. It is of no value for food."

Jack thought his time had come to catch another prodigy; and when his hook had been rebaited by the skipper, he dropped his line into the water, and was soon rewarded by another bite. Using more caution this time, he landed his fish securely on deck instead of over the sail, and exclaimed:

"Wonders will never cease! I don't know what I 've got now, but I suppose that Captain John can tell."

While he was saying this the fish began to utter some sounds that, by a stretch of the imagination, might be called musical. They were about as harmonious as the croak of a frog.

It was of a dark-brown color, with a head larger than the rest of its body, but not disproportioned. Like the toad-fish, its body tapered toward the tail, but not so sharply; its head was shovel-shaped, and just below its gills there were two large projecting fins and some feelers.

"Give him a pinch just below the gills, and see what he will do," said the captain.

Will was rather afraid to risk the experiment, but being assured that there was no danger, he at once grasped the fish with thumb and finger, and was rewarded by a repetition of the musical sounds.

"That is what we call a sea-robin. Perhaps your uncle can tell you something about it," said the captain. So they carried the musical fish to Uncle John, who was at the bow.

"That is sometimes called a gurnard," said he; "and there are several species of it. Its flesh is white and, when properly cooked, it is said to be very good."

"There is a gentleman at Perth Amboy who always buys all the sea-robins the fishermen bring him; he thinks they are the best kind of fish," said the captain.

In the mean time Uncle John had been quietly landing upon the deck several beauties like the one he had first caught. This was too much for the boys; they watched him very closely to see how he handled his rod and line. They noticed that as he dropped his hook into the water, he carefully sounded the depth and so arranged his line that the hook should be a short distance above the bottom, and that he kept it in very gentle motion, making, however, no sudden movements with it. The boys were very intent upon learning how to fish, and knowing that their uncle was an old hand, they hoped to become expert fishermen by imitating him. So, after watching a few moments, they took their own rods in hand and were soon rewarded by the capture of several fine fish. The captain had also taken a rod, and was trying to see what he could do.

The boys were too busy in attending to their own rods to look after the captain, or even after their uncle. There was a cessation in the biting of the fish; both, however, in hopes of success, never relaxed their efforts. All at

once an exclamation from the captain — in itself a most unusual occurrence — caused them to look toward him. They saw him leaning over the side of the boat, line in hand, intently engaged in trying to draw something from the water. What it was neither he nor they could tell.

"The landing-net!" cried the captain; "quick!"

The boys had seen on deck a net gathered round a circular iron rod attached to a long pole, and Will at once supposed it was the landing-net. He instantly sprang for it and made his way to the captain.

"I 'm afraid I 'll break my line," declared the captain. "There is something at the other end of it; what it is I can't imagine. It is mighty heavy; it is not a fish, or I should know it by the motion; it is something that is giving a dead, heavy pull. It does not seem to resist being drawn to the surface, except by its own weight. Master Will, follow my line and put the landing-net under whatever it may be, and see if we cannot land it in that way."

Will shoved the net down into the water, placing it deep enough to get under whatever was so taxing the patience of the captain. He found that it took all his strength to raise the net. By the joint efforts of the captain and Will, the prize was brought to view, and to their astonishment they found they had caught a huge turtle of the hawk-bill species.

"Green-turtle soup!" said Jack.

"Oh, no!" said the captain; "this is a turtle, but not that kind. We seldom catch that kind with a hook. In fact, I don't remember that it has ever been done; but this fellow is fairly hooked. Now, Master Will, lay him over on his back, and we 'll see what he is like."

Will, who was scientifically inclined, examined the turtle quite critically, and was astonished to discover that in many respects it very much resembled an ordinary duck in its appearance. Its fore legs were like the wings; its body was round and quite like that of a duck; its hind legs resembled those of the same bird; and Will began to think of what he had read in Miss N. B. Buckley's interesting book, "Life and her Children," about the relations between the different orders of the animal creation. He was interested by the appearance of its head and neck. The upper jaw closed over the lower, being like the bill of a hawk. This explained its name.

What to do with the animal was the question. The captain was a practical man, and he soon decided. It was to be taken to the hotel, and the next day made into soup, which, while it might not be equal to green-turtle soup, would supply the needs of a party of hungry fishermen.

The boys noticed that even while they were so intently engaged in taking care of the turtle, the captain had been looking out, apparently scanning the surface of the water, and then looking aloft. By this time the boys had learned that when the captain did that he had some particular reason for it. So they patiently watched and waited, and at last the captain said:

"Boys, look out ahead and notice whether you see anything peculiar upon the surface of the water."

At first they could see nothing, but afterward, almost as far off as the eye could see, they thought they saw a peculiar quiver or motion just upon the surface, and so told the captain.

"Now," he went on, "look up in the sky, and tell me if you see anything unusual there."

"No," said Jack; "nothing but gulls sailing about. Once in a while one drops to the water. I can see that in New York Bay, any day."

"Ah!" said the captain, "I 'll show you some sport, now, such as you never saw before. Do you know what all that means?"

"No!" said both the boys.

"Well, that means bluefish. Did you ever catch bluefish, boys?"

"No."

"Well, you 'll catch some now."

The captain weighed anchor, raised the sails and trimmed ship, so as to catch the wind. When this was done the boat passed rapidly down the bay. The captain now opened a little compartment under the seat, where he still sat as he guided the ship by the rudder. He took out three long, strong lines, nearly a hundred feet in length. At the end of each line was a piece of lead, two or three inches long, into one end of which was soldered a large fish-hook.

"What do you bait with, Captain?" said Will.

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Do you catch fish with that?"

"Yes. You 'll see."

The uncle knew what was coming, and very quietly took one of the lines, threw out the end upon which was the lead and hook, fastened the other end securely to the boat, and allowed the line to float until there were at least fifty feet extended. He then grasped the line, first guarding his hands with a pair of stout cotton gloves, and stood ready. He had not been long in this posture when he began to draw in his line hand over hand, quickly and at the same time with a regular, steady motion.

The boys could not understand how any fish could be fool enough to bite at a piece of lead. But they soon discovered that there certainly was a fish at the end of the line. It threw itself out of the water and turned and twisted, evidently desirous of escaping from the force which was dragging it from its native element. Uncle John very quietly continued his exertions until his fish was within a few feet, when he lifted it from the water and threw it over into the boat.

"What do you think of that, boys?" asked the captain.

"Think of that! Why, what a fool that fish is! What is it?"

"That 's a bluefish, and a splendid fellow; it must weigh at least four or five pounds."

The boys examined the fish and found that it was rightly named. It was blue upon its back, with a rounded head and full body. It had quite sharp teeth in each jaw; in fact, the captain warned them not to let their fingers come too near his jaws. The boys now longed to catch one themselves; so each armed himself with a line and was soon rewarded. Will had closely watched his uncle's manœuvers, and imitated them to the best of his ability. He soon landed a mate to the one his uncle had caught. Jack was too impulsive. He succeeded in bringing his fish to the side of the boat; but just at the critical moment he lost his hold on the line, it slipped from his hands, and away went Mr. Bluefish!

"Never mind, Master Jack," said the captain; "better luck next time! You must be careful never to lose hold of the line. One hand at least must grasp it, and the other must be sure of its hold before you let go with the first."

Jack did not mourn long over his loss, but, quickly throwing his line, soon hooked another, and this time brought his fish in safely.

"Now," said his uncle, "we have each of us caught a bluefish, we have a number of weakfish, and it is hardly worth while for us to continue the sport longer. I 've little doubt you youngsters are sufficiently tired to make preparations for bed."

The excitement of the sport had in a measure subsided, and the boys readily admitted that they were tired. So the Kate was rounded to, the anchor was slipped, the sails lowered and securely fastened, and the boys and their uncle seated themselves and began to examine their catch. The toad-fish had been preserved at Jack's earnest request.

The captain began making preparations for supper, and selected some of the bluefish and some of the weakfish. Jack spoke up and said:

"Captain, I thought after I had finished my dinner that I should never want to eat any more, but I am about as hungry as ever I was in my life."

"You will have enough," said the captain, "and there will be some to spare."

The captain soon had supper ready for them, and there was enough on the table to satisfy even Jack's hunger. Then the boys began to wonder where they were to sleep. But the captain soon solved that problem, as he had solved so many others which had puzzled his young passengers.

They sat for an hour or two talking quietly with their uncle, until they began to nod. Then Uncle John called out:

"Captain, are the bunks ready?"

"Oh, yes," said the captain; "they have been ready for some time."

"Well, boys," said their uncle, "let 's go to bed."

He led the way, and they found three comfortable beds arranged on the sides of the cabin, with pillows and sheets and blankets, one for each. Oh, how they slept!—with the ripple of the waves against the sides of the boat for their lullaby! Thus ended the first day of the excursion into Barnegat Bay.

The rest of their stay was equally delightful, and the boys gained steadily in health and strength until their return. When their mother received them back safe and sound, she felt that their vacation had been in every way a most profitable one.

As for Uncle John, he invited the boys to go again whenever they could.

OVERSHADOWED.

By D. L.



My tiny daughter Dolly
Comes frowning from her walk.
"My hat 's so dreffle big," she says,
"That I tan't see to talk!"

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

By Laura E. Richards.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter IX.

OUR FRIENDS.

We had so many friends that I hardly know where to begin. First of all, perhaps, I should put the dear old Scotch lady whom we called "D. D." She had another name, but that is nobody's business but her own. D. D. was a thousand years old. She always said so when we asked her age, and she certainly ought to have known. No one would have thought it, to look at her, for she had not a single gray hair, and her eyes were as bright and black as a young girl's. One of the pleasantest things about her was the way she dressed, in summer particularly. She wore a gown of white dimity, always spotlessly clean, made with a single plain skirt, and a jacket. The jacket was a little open in front, showing a handkerchief of white net fastened with a brooch of hair in the shape of a harp. Fashions made no difference to D. D. People might wear green or yellow or purple, as they pleased; she wore her white dimity, and we children knew instinctively that it was the prettiest and most becoming dress that she could have chosen.

Another wonderful thing about D. D. was her store-closet. There never was such a closet as that! It was all full of glass jars, and the jars were full of cinnamon, and nutmeg, and cloves, and raisins, and all manner of good things. Yes, and they were not screwed down tight, as jars are likely to be nowadays; but one could take off the top, and see what was inside; and if it was cinnamon, one might take even a whole stick, and D. D. would not mind. Sometimes a friend of hers who lived at the South would send her a barrel of oranges (she called it a "bar'l of awnges," because she was Scotch, and we thought it sounded a great deal prettier than the common way), and then we had glorious times; for D. D. thought oranges were very good for us, and we thought so too.

Then, she had some very delightful and interesting drawers, full of old daguerreotypes, and pieces of coral, and all kinds of alicumtweezles. Have I explained before that "alicumtweezles" are nearly the same as picknickles and bucknickles?

D. D.'s son was a gallant young soldier, and it was his hair that she wore in the harp-shaped brooch. Many of the daguerreotypes were of him, and he certainly was as handsome a fellow as any mother could wish a son to be. When we went to take tea with D. D., which was quite often, we always looked over her treasures, and asked the same questions over and over, the dear old lady never losing patience with us. And such jam as we had for tea! D. D.'s jams and jellies were famous, and she often made our whole provision of sweet things for the winter. Then we were sure of having the best quince marmalade, and the clearest jelly; while as for the peach marmalade—no words can describe it!

D. D. was a wonderful nurse; and when we were ill, she often came and helped our mother in taking care of us. Then she would sing us her song—a song that no one but D. D. and the fortunate children who had her for a friend ever heard. It is such a good song that I must write it down, being very sure that D. D. would not care.

> There was an old man, and he was mad,
> And he ran up the steeple;
> He took off his great big hat,
> And waved it over the people.

To D. D. we owe the preservation of one of Laura 's first compositions, written when she was ten years old. She gave it to the good lady, who kept it for many years in her treasure-

drawer, till Laura 's own children were old enough to read it. It is a story, and is called:

LOST AND FOUND.

Marion Gray, a lovely girl of thirteen, one day tied on her gipsy hat and, singing a merry song, bade good-by to her mother, and ran quickly towards the forest. She was the youngest daughter of Sir Edward Gray, a celebrated nobleman in great favor with the king, and consequently Marion had everything she wished for. When she reached the wood she set her basket down under a chestnut-tree, and climbing up into the branches, she shook them till the ripe fruit came tumbling down. She then jumped down, and having filled her basket was proceeding to another tree, when all of a sudden a dark-looking man stepped out, who, when she attempted to fly, struck her severely with a stick, and she fell senseless to the ground.

Meanwhile all was in confusion at the manor-house. Marion's faithful dog, Carlo, had seen the man lurking in the thicket, and had tried to warn his mistress of the danger. But seeing she did not mind, the minute he saw the man prepare to spring out he had run to the house. He made them understand that some one had stolen Marion. "Who, Carlo, who?" exclaimed the agonized mother. Carlo instantly picked up some A-B-C blocks which lay on the floor, and putting together the letters that form the word Gipsies, looked up at his master and wagged his tail. "The gipsies!" exclaimed Sir Edward; "alas! if the gipsies have stolen our child, we shall never see her again." Nevertheless, they searched and searched the wood, but no trace of her was to be found.

. . . . . .

"Hush! here she is! Is n't she a beauty?"

"Yes! but what is her name?"

"Marion Gray. I picked her up in the wood. A splendid addition to our train, for she can beg charity, and a night's lodging, and then the easiest thing in the world is just to find out where they keep the key, and let us in. Hush! hush! she 's coming to."

These words were spoken by a withered hag of seventy and the man who had stolen her. Slowly Marion opened her eyes, and what was her horror to find herself in a gipsy camp!

I will skip over the five long years of pain and suffering, and come to the end of my story. 5 years have passed, and the new king sits on his royal throne, judging and condemning a band of gipsies. They are all condemned but one young girl, who stands with downcast eyes before him; but when she hears her doom, she raises her dark flashing eyes on the king. A piercing shriek is heard, the crown and sceptre roll down the steps of the throne, and Marion Gray is clasped in her father's arms!

Another dear friend was Miss Mary. She was a small, brisk woman, with "New England" written all over her. She used to stay with us a good deal, helping my mother in household matters, or writing for our father; and we all loved her dearly. She had the most beautiful hair, masses and masses of it, of a deep auburn, and waving in a lovely fashion. She it was who used to say, "Hurrah for Jackson!" whenever anything met her special approval; and we all learned to say it too, and to this day some of us cheer the name of "Old Hickory," who has been in his grave these fifty years. Miss Mary came of seafaring people, and had many strange stories of wreck and tempest, of which we were never weary. Miss Mary's energy was untiring, her activity unceasing. She used to make long woodland expeditions with us, in the woods around the valley, leading the way "over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough brier," finding all manner of wild-wood treasures, creeping-jenny, and ferns and mosses without end, which were brought home to decorate the parlors. She knew the name of every plant, and what it was good for. She knew when the barberries must be gathered, and when the mullen flowers were ready. She walked so fast and so far that she wore out an unreasonable number of shoes in a season.

Speaking of her shoes reminds me that at the fire of which I spoke in a previous chapter, at the Institution for the Blind, Miss Mary was the first person to give the alarm. She had on a brand-new pair of morocco slippers when the fire broke out, and by the time it was extinguished they were in holes. This will give you some idea of Miss Mary's energy.

Then there was Mr. Ford, one of the very best of our friends. He was a sort of factotum of our father's, and, like The Bishop in the "Bab Ballads," was "short and stout and round-about, and zealous as could be." We were very fond of trotting at his heels, and loved to pull him about, and tease him, which the good man never seemed to resent. Once, however, we carried our teasing too far, as you shall hear. One day our mother was sitting quietly at her writing, thinking that the children were all happy and good, and possessing her soul in patience. Suddenly to her appeared Julia, her hair flying, eyes wide open, mouth ditto,—the picture of despair.

"Oh, Mama!" gasped the child, "I have done the most dreadful thing! Oh, the most dreadful, terrible thing!"

"What is it?" exclaimed our mother, dropping her pen in distress; "what have you done, dear? Tell me, quickly!"

"Oh, I cannot tell you!" sobbed the child; "I cannot!"

"Have you set the house on fire?" cried our mother.

"Oh, worse than that!" gasped poor Julia. "Much worse!"

"Have you dropped the baby?"

"Worse than that!"

Now there *was* nothing worse than dropping the baby, so our mother began to feel relieved.

"Tell me at once, Julia," she said, "what you have done!"

"I—I—" sobbed poor Julia; "I pulled—I pulled—off—Mr. Ford's wig!"

There were few people we loved better than "Tomty," the gardener. This dear, good man must have been a martyr to our pranks, and the only wonder is that he was able to do any gardening at all. It was "Tomty!" here and "Tomty!" there, from morning till night. When Laura wanted her bonnet-strings tied (oh, that odious little bonnet! with the rows of pink and green quilled ribbon which was always coming off), she never thought of going into the house to Mary, though Mary was good and kind, too; she always ran to Tomty, who must "lay down the shovel and the hoe," and fashion bow-knots with his big, clumsy, good-natured fingers. When Harry was playing out in the hot sun without a hat, and Mary called to him to come in, like a good boy, and get his hat, did he go? Oh, no! He tumbled the potatoes or apples out of Tomty's basket, and put that on his head instead of a hat, and it answered just as well.

Poor, dear Tomty! He went to California in later years, and was cruelly murdered by some base wretches, for the sake of a little money which he had saved.

Somehow, we had not very many friends of our own age. I suppose one reason was that we were so many ourselves that there were always enough to have a good time.

There were one or two little girls who used to go with us on the famous maying-parties, which were great occasions. On May-day morning we would take to ourselves baskets, some full of goodies, some empty, and start for a pleasant wooded place, not far from Green Peace. Here, on a sunny slope where the savins grew not too thickly to prevent the sun from shining merrily down on the mossy sward, we would pitch our tent (only there was no tent), and prepare to be perfectly happy. We gathered such early flowers as were to be found, and made garlands of them; we chose a queen, and crowned her; and then we had a feast, which was really the object of the whole expedition.

It was the proper thing to buy certain viands for this feast, the home dainties being considered not sufficiently rare.

Well, we ate our oranges, and nibbled our cocoanut, and the older ones drank the milk, if there were any in the nut: this was considered the very height of luxury, and the little ones knew it was too much for them to expect. I cannot remember whether we were generally ill after these feasts, but I think it highly probable.

In mentioning our friends, is it right to pass over the good "four-footers," who were so patient with us, and bore with so many of our vagaries? Can we ever forget "Oggy the Steamboat," so called from the loudness of her purring? Do not some of us still think with compunction of the day when this good cat was put in a tin pan, and covered over with a pot-lid, while on the lid was set her deadly enemy, "Ella," the fat King Charles spaniel? What a snarling ensued! what growls, hisses, yells mingled with the clashing of tin and the "unseemly laughter" of naughty children!

And "Lion," the good Newfoundland dog, who let us ride on his back—when he was in the mood, and tumbled us off when he was not! He was a dear dog, but "Fannie," his mate, was anything but amiable, and sometimes gave sore offense to visitors by snapping at their heels and growling.

But if the cats and dogs suffered from us, we suffered from "José"! O José! what a tyrannous little beast you were! Never was a brown donkey prettier, I am quite sure;

never did a brown donkey have his own way so completely.

Whether a child could take a ride, depended entirely on whether José was in the mood for it or not. If not, he trotted a little way till he got the child alone; and then he calmly rubbed off his rider against a tree or fence, and trotted away to the stable. Of course this was when we were very little; but by the time the little ones were big enough to manage him, José was dead, so some of us never "got even with him," as the boys say. When the dearest uncle in the world sent us the donkey-carriage, things went better, for the obstinate little brown gentleman could not get rid of that, of course, and there were many delightful drives, with much jingling of harness, and all manner of style and splendor.

These were some of our friends, two-footers and four-footers. There were many others, of course, but time and space fail to tell of them. After all, perhaps they were just like other children's friends. I must not weary my readers by rambling on indefinitely in these long-untrodden paths; but I wish other children could have heard Oggy purr!

(To be concluded.)

THE JOLLIVERS' DONKEY.

By Kate Tannatt Woods.



THE Jollivers were a very happy family. The old priest who sometimes visited them said they were "the happiest family he had ever seen"; and when you consider that the dear old man traveled hundreds of miles on foot, and visited families of all sizes and conditions, his word possessed some value.

When Grandpa Jolliver died and left his sons a fortune, made out of pelts and skins brought down from the Red River of the North, his sons opened a large banking-house in the very city where their father had made purchases out of vehicles the queerest and quaintest ever seen on wheels, but familiar to the Western fur-traders as "Red River carts."

The Jollivers grew and flourished. John Jolliver was short and stout. Joe Jolliver was long and lank. John was fond of a joke, and never made one; Joe always made them for his brother to laugh over.

Both were married in the same place, on the same day, by the same minister, and they married sisters.

As the children grew about them they were happier than ever, for Joe's children were all boys, and John's children all girls. People hardly knew which family they were visiting, for the Jolliver boys were always at Uncle John's, or the girls were at Uncle Joe's.

John Jolliver laughed until his eyes glistened when the school-teacher said: "That boy of yours will make his mark; he has a wonderful taste for mathematics." John's boys were all girls, but he thanked the teacher and told Joe about the praise for his boy.

One day Bessie Jolliver called at the banking-house on her way home from school.

Bessie was just thirteen, and as pretty as a rosebud. When she went into the outer office and said to Mr. Gruff, the senior clerk, that

"she must see papa on important business," Mr. Gruff's wrinkled face looked younger, and he tapped at the door of the private room.

Some one said, "Come," and Mr. Gruff opened the door a very little.

"Miss Bessie would like to see her papa," said he.

"Come in, little girl," said John, opening his arms at once for her. Bessie went in, and seated herself on his knee.

"I did n't mean to interrupt you, Papa, in business hours, but Uncle Joe will please excuse me, for it 's *very* important, and—"

"Oh, it 's all right," said Uncle Joe. "Don't mind me."

How could he say anything else with that bright, beaming face before him?

Her hat was tipped back, her rippling, tantalizing hair fell softly over her brow and touched her rosy cheeks, and when she spoke, deep dimples peeped out among the roses. It was a sight to brighten any spot, or gladden any heart.

"You see," said Bessie, eagerly, "it has just come out, you know; for the telegram came last evening, and they are all packing up, and 'Din' must be sold."

"Your pronouns are rather confusing, my dear," said her father

"You have jumped into the middle of your story, pet," said Uncle Joe.

"Oh, yes! Well, it 's the Needhams. Old Judge Needham has sent for Mrs. Needham and the boys to come to New York at once; they are to meet a friend of his at Hastings tomorrow, and everything must be sold, and Ned Needham almost cried when he said Din must be sold. Din knows ever so much, Papa; and the crusty old judge won't let the boys keep him; and Ned said, perhaps—if—he knew I would be kind to Din, and I said, if you were willing, and Uncle Joe did n't mind,—why, you see, I just *adore* donkeys, Papa."

Uncle Joe joined John in laughing, but Bessie's sober face silenced them.

"What am I to understand from this, little daughter? Do you wish me to purchase a small donkey for you?"

"Why, of course, Papa; it 's Din Needham! Everybody knows him; he 's as cunning and gentle as can be, and Ned rides him up to the Falls, and everywhere."

"Ned is a boy, you know."

"Yes, Papa, but Ned's cousin rode Din all last summer when she was visiting here; and it 's so nice to ride a donkey all by yourself,—they look so much wiser than ponies."

"So the poor ponies will stand in the stable henceforth?"

"Oh, no, Papa; I will only ride Din a little to keep him in order; and you will, now, won't you, Papa?"

Then Bessie Jolliver patted her papa's cheek with one hand and pulled his whiskers with the other, as she looked coaxingly in his round, full face.

Uncle Joe winked slyly at his brother, and then struck a little bell on the table. A young clerk came at once.

"Harrison, I wish you would step round to Needhams' on Nicollet Avenue and tell them to send round the donkey for our inspection."

"Oh, no, Uncle Joe dear, please don't," exclaimed Bessie as she left her father to grasp her uncle's hand, "please don't. Din looks so nice in his own stall with his cunning blanket on; and if you and papa would n't mind, it 's such a little way, and—and—"

So it came to pass that both brothers walked along the streets of St. Paul in the glorious noonday sun, and between them ran, skipped, and danced Miss Bessie.

The little stable was wonderfully neat and pretty. Ned Needham was there with his younger brother Eugene, and they were engaged in showing Din to a coarse-looking man.

Ned's eyes brightened when the wealthy bankers came in. Eugene hastily wiped away some suspicious moisture from his eyes, for the rough man had just said:

"He 's good enough to wollop around on after the cows."

The idea of their beautiful, sleek Din being "wolloped" anywhere, and especially after cows, by a rude herd-boy! It was dreadful to Eugene; it was even worse to Ned, for he had spent many happy hours on Din's back.

Ned blushed when he saw Bessie's smiling face, and he at once put the bridle in her hands.

"Well, business is business," said the rough man. "I 'll give you just twenty-five dollars for the brute with the saddle, blanket, and bridle. You 've got to sell, and money is money to a widder."

John Jolliver stepped forward then.

"How much do you ask for him?" said he, kindly, to the boys.

"Mama said we ought to get fifty dollars with his outfit; papa paid more than that for the saddle and bridle."

"Would you like the money for your journey to New York?"

"Oh, no, sir; grandpa will pay our expenses. He told us to get what we could for Din and our own things, and leave the money with you."

John Jolliver looked at Joe, and Joe raised his eyebrows.

"We knew your father, Ned," said John, speaking for the firm.

"Yes, sir," said Ned, not daring to look up.

"He was a good man, and I am very sorry you must go away from us. Still, your grandpa knows best, and I dare say he will give you every possible opportunity."

The coarse man here interrupted:

"I don't know what you want here, Squire, but I came after that donkey; it 's just the sort of thing for my herd-boy to use, and if he 's got any nonsense in him I 'm the man to take it out."

Eugene drew nearer Bessie, and Ned spoke out bravely:

"We don't wish to sell Din to do such work; he was a present to me from papa on my ninth birthday, and I would rather kill him now than have him abused."

"You 're mighty smart, young feller; but you need n't put on any airs with me! I 'm blunt, I am, and everybody knows that your 'papa' owed more money than can ever be paid, since he passed in his checks so suddenly."

John Jolliver's eyes flashed, and Joe Jolliver was seen to double up the fingers of his right hand, yet neither of them said a word to the coarse creature who could hurt the feelings of two fatherless children. Mr. Needham had been dead but two months; he had been a kind husband and an affectionate father, and considered a man of wealth; but some unfortunate investments had impoverished him previous to his sudden death. Had he lived, he might have made his way to better times, but strangers were left to settle his estate.



"NED, APPROACHING THE DONKEY, SPOKE OUT BRAVELY, 'WE DON'T WISH TO SELL DIN TO DO SUCH WORK!'"

"I will purchase your donkey, Ned," said John Jolliver; "and you shall name your own terms. As for you, sir," said he, turning to the unfeeling stranger, "I think you need not trouble yourself to tell these fatherless boys of their misfortunes. Money can escape from all of us, but a kind heart and a pleasant word are current coin everywhere."

The stranger walked off without a word, and Joe Jolliver said to his brother, "It was hard work to remember my Quaker training!"

That very night Din was taken to the pretty stable where the Jollivers' horses were kept, and all the children marched out to see him in his new quarters.

The Jollivers lived in a double house with a

beautiful garden behind it; and just around the corner of the block, at the end of a pretty driveway, stood the stable with its French roof and handsome doors. All the Jollivers knew that the donkey was purchased for Bessie, but that did not matter. John Jr. gave it sugar, and tried the comb and brush on its glossy sides; Percy braided its mane; Bessie patted and hugged it, and each and all hung about it until the groom said "they made more fuss over the little beast than over all the fine horses in the stable."

The Needhams came round to say good-by, and all the Jollivers waited upon them to the stable, where Din winked knowingly at them, as much as to say, "I 'm quite comfortable here."

When Saturday came, Bessie and John Jr. started for the Falls of Minnehaha. It was only a pleasure trip, and, like true Western children, they were as much at home in the saddle as your grandma is in her rocking-chair.

"You may take dinner at your aunt Russell's, and come home early in the afternoon," said Bessie's mother.

"You may come whenever Bessie is ready," said John Jr.'s mother.

The children started off in fine spirits, and all the Jollivers shouted good-by from the back-piazza steps.

When they were fairly under way, a fancy came to Mrs. Joe, and she left her work of putting out the children's clean clothes for Sunday, to run across the large hall which separated the two houses.

"Sister," said she, "suppose we take the carriages, and drive up in time to come home with the children?"

"Or, better still, let us surprise Aunt Russell by taking tea with her, and drive home by moonlight," said her sister.

"Excellent," said Mrs. Joe.

In less than ten minutes Percy Jolliver was running down the hill on his way to the banking-house, with a note for "John or Joe."



"WHEN SATURDAY CAME, BESSIE AND JOHN JR. STARTED."

The Jolliver ladies very often addressed their notes in that manner, for Mr. John might be out and Mr. Joe in, or Mr. Joe out and Mr. John in; and every one knows that family notes on family matters should be answered at once.

John Jolliver was in, and he at once replied, "Yes, we will go. Lunch at one o'clock sharp, and order the horses at one-thirty."

Then there was hurrying to and fro: three Jolliver girls to dress, and three Jolliver boys to make ready. However, it was all done without fretting, for the Jollivers helped one another, and everyone had a place for everything. At half-past one o'clock, both families came out of their respective front doors and went down the steps to their respective carriages.

Each coachman cracked his whip, and each horse was ready for duty. Once out of the city, they traveled faster.

"How surprised Bessie will be!" said Bessie's sisters.

"And how surprised John Jr. will be!" said John Jr.'s brothers.

"Aunt Russell will be so delighted," said Mrs. Joe; "she always enjoys our visits."

When they reached Aunt Russell's fine farm, not far from the Falls of Minnehaha, she was surprised and delighted also, but neither Bessie nor John Jr. had been there at all. Then every Jolliver looked sober, and in one corner the gentlemen talked in a low tone with Uncle Russell.

"Indians?" said Mrs. Joe.

"Never," said Aunt Russell; "there is n't an Indian within fifty miles that would hurt a white man."

"Lost their way?" said Mrs. John.

"Nonsense," said Aunt Russell; "they both can come here blindfolded."

"We will settle the matter," said Uncle Russell. "We men will run into Minneapolis, and hunt them up. I 'm inclined to think that the donkey is the cause of the trouble," and away went the gentlemen to town.

The streets were full of people, for everybody was going to the circus. The afternoon performance began at three.

"Have you seen two children,—a girl riding a donkey, and a boy mounted on a black pony?"

Every one said "No." At last, near the square where the tents were pitched, a man said:

"Yes; I saw 'em in the procession."

Mr. Joe and Mr. John looked at each other in astonishment. Their children had never before deceived them in all their lives. This was a very sad day to the indulgent fathers.

Uncle Russell bought tickets, and they went in. The crowd was so great the children could not be seen, even if they were in the tent.

They walked twice about the ring, but neither Bessie nor John Jr. could be found.

"We must wait," said Uncle Russell.

At last the trumpet sounded, and the grand march began. The elephants, the horses, the acrobats, the "freaks," and then the ponies.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed John Jolliver, "there are our children in the procession!"

Joe Jolliver saw them at the same moment. Bessie did not raise her eyes, but John Jr. looked eagerly about. He caught sight of his



THE JOLLIVERS' DONKEY IN THE GRAND PROCESSION.

"We may find them in the tent," said Uncle Russell.

"Never!" said John Jolliver. "My Bessie is a timid little woman and avoids a crowd."

Over and over again they asked:

father's face, and quickly raised his hat and nodded toward the tent where they had entered.

Before the march was over, Joe and John and Uncle Russell were in the performers' tent, and when pretty Bessie came out, the first

persons she saw were her uncles and her own dear father.

"O Papa!" she cried. "O Papa, take us away. We could n't help it. Din *would* come!"

Bessie began to cry, and John Jr. told the story, which the manager thus confirmed:

"We were pretty near the bridge, sir, when your young people came along; and as soon as that donkey heard the music, he broke and ran for a place in the lines. He *would* have it, he did have it, and our best trained ponies had to give way. The young man is a splendid rider, and so is the young lady; we would n't mind having such, any day. But we tried our best to turn that donkey out, as soon as we got here. He would n't go, and so I told the young folks to wait until the afternoon performance was over, and he would be tired out. The young lady did n't dare dismount for fear he 'd get away. When he heard the trumpet to form into line, he was like a wild creature. You see, he has been trained to it, and he remembered it all at once. I offered to buy him, but the young lady would n't sell him, and so we made up our minds to let him perform, and then he would go away satisfied."

Sure enough, Din had once belonged to a circus company, and Mr. Needham had bought him when he was laid up with a lame foot.

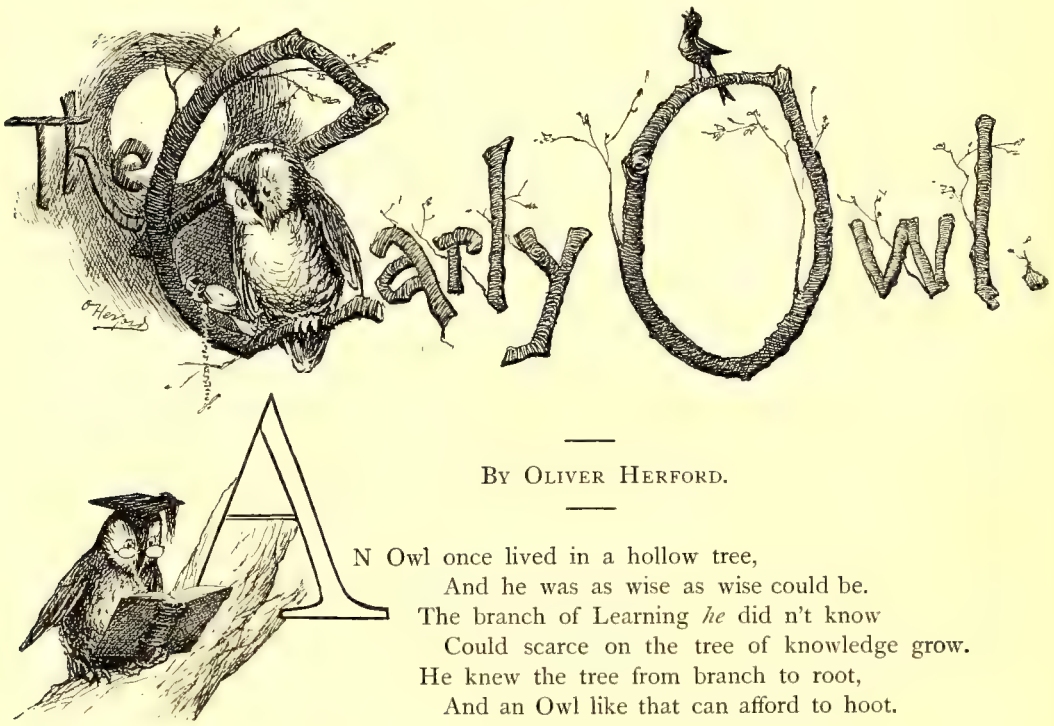
So Din found a good home, and the groom soon cured him; but the children never knew until that eventful day that his droll tricks were taught him in a circus-ring.

When the grand march was over, Din was tired and glad to go out into the fresh air.

"Better shut him up until we leave town," said the manager, "or he may break and run after us. The music sets him wild, you see."

Bessie's father took his advice, and Din was put in a stall at the Russell farm.

The Jollivers had a merry supper at Aunt Russell's, and rode home by moonlight; but poor Bessie was much mortified when she saw in her papa's morning paper an account of the queer antics of Jollivers' Donkey.

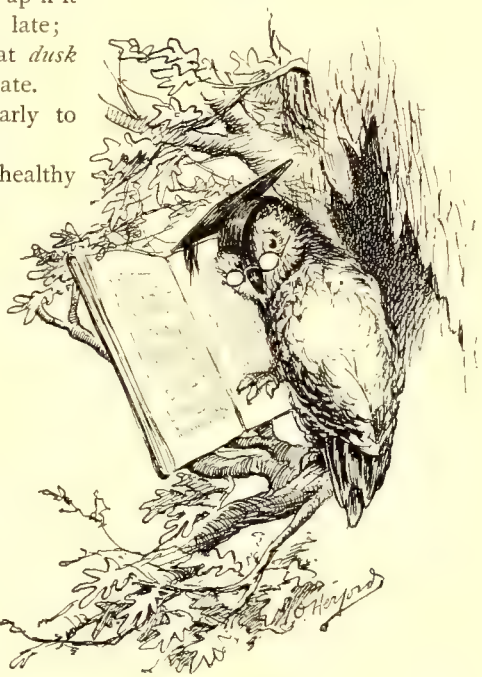


By Oliver Herford.

AN Owl once lived in a hollow tree,
And he was as wise as wise could be.
The branch of Learning *he* did n't know
Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow.
He knew the tree from branch to root,
And an Owl like that can afford to hoot.



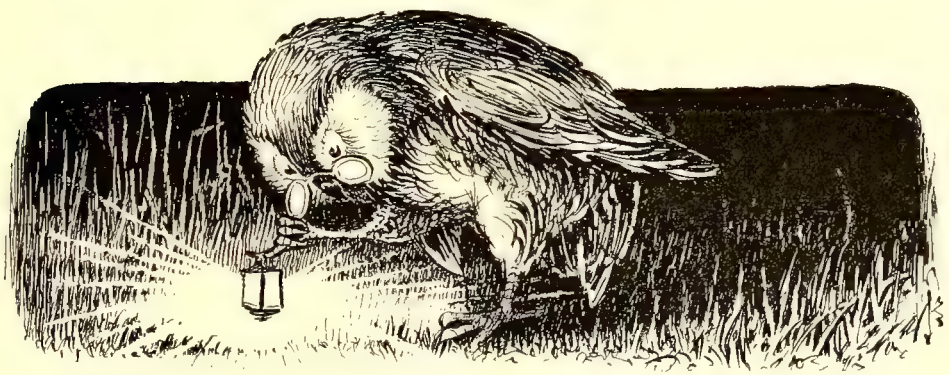
And he hooted—until, alas! one day
He chanced to hear, in a casual way,
An insignificant little bird
Make use of a term he had never heard.
He was flying to bed in the dawning light
When he heard her singing with all her might,
"Hurray! hurray for the early worm!"
"Dear me!" said the Owl, "what a singular term!
I would look it up if it
were n't so late;
I must rise at *dusk*
to investigate.
Early to bed and early to
rise
Makes an Owl healthy
and stealthy and
wise!"



So he slept like an honest Owl all day,
And rose in the early twilight gray,
And went to work in the dusky light
To look for the early worm all night.

He searched the country for miles around,
But the early worm was not to be found.
So he went to bed in the dawning light,
And looked for the "worm" again next night.
And again and again, and again and again
He sought and he sought, but all in vain,
Till he must have looked for a year and a day
For the early worm, in the twilight gray.

At last in despair he gave up the search,
And was heard to remark, as he sat on his perch
By the side of his nest in the hollow tree,
"The thing is as plain as night to me—
Nothing can shake my conviction firm,
There 's no such thing as the early worm."



STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

By Charles F. Lummis.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

Chapter V.

An Indian who dwells in a house at all seems no Indian at all to most of us, who know none too much about our own country. We picture him as living in his wigwam or tepee of bark or hide for a few weeks or months at a time, and then moving his "town" elsewhere.

There are some tribes of civilized natives in the Indian Territory who have learned to dwell in ordinary houses and to give up their roving; but that is a lesson they have mastered only within the last few years. There is but one Indian race in North America above Mexico which has *always* lived in houses since their history began. And in very similar houses they dwell to-day, and in very much the same style as before the first European eyes ever saw America. There are hundreds of ruins of these enormous community-houses scattered over the territory of New Mexico, and a few are still inhabited. The most striking example in use is the present pueblo of Taos, in the extreme north of the territory. That wonderfully picturesque town—looking at which the traveler finds it hard to realize that he is in America—has but two houses; but they are six stories high, and contain some three hundred rooms apeice. Acoma, in a western county, has six houses, all three stories high; and Zuñi, still farther west, has a six-story community-house, covering many acres and containing several hundred rooms. As for ruins of such buildings, they are everywhere. Some years ago I discovered, in a remote and dangerous corner of the Navajo country, such a ruin, "The Pueblo Alta,"—the type of countless others,—in which the five-story community-house formed an entire rectangle, inclosing a public square in the middle. The outer walls of these houses never had doors or windows, so they presented a blank wall of great height to any robber foe. On one side of this ruin is a great tower, with part of the fifth story still standing, and still showing the loopholes through which the besieged Pueblos showered arrows on their besiegers. This pueblo was a deserted and forgotten ruin when the first European entered New Mexico, three hundred and fifty years ago.

All these great houses were built of stone, very well laid. The outer edges of all these slabs of stone are as smooth as if it had been chiseled—and yet we are absolutely sure that before the conquest the Pueblos had no metal tools whatever. Their only implements were stone axes and the like.

The architecture of the Pueblos is unique and characteristic; and their original houses look like nothing else in the world. They are all *terraced*, so that the front of a building looks like a flight of gigantic steps. The second story stands well back upon the roof of the first, which gives it a broad, uncovered porch, so to speak, its whole length; the third story is similarly placed upon the second, and so on up. There are no stairs inside even the largest of these buildings—except sometimes ladders to go down into the first story, when that is built in the old fashion, without doors In Acoma, which has over seven hundred people, there are but six doors on the ground; and to get into the first story of any of the hundreds of other houses, you must go up a ladder to the first roof, enter the second story, lift a wee trap-door in its floor, and back down another ladder to the ground floor. All the stairs are outside the house and can be moved from place to place—a plan which has its advantages as well as its drawbacks, for they are all simple, clumsy, and astonishingly tall ladders.

All these architectural peculiarities were for purposes of defense. The lower story was a dead wall, into which an enemy with only aboriginal arms could not break — and some of these walls have defied American field-pieces. The ladders could be easily drawn up; and the level roofs made an excellent position from which to rain stones and arrows upon the foe. Even if the enemy captured the first roof, the people had only to retire to the second, from which they could fight down with no less ad-



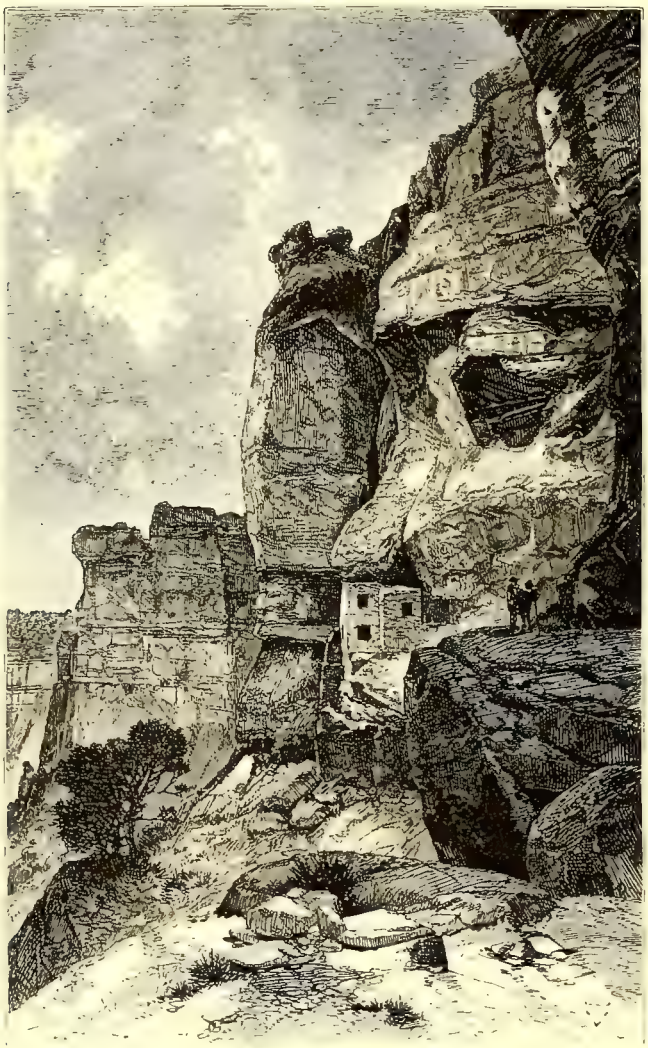
PUEBLO OF TAOS.

vantage. Even where a terraced house stood alone, it could easily be defended against a far superior force; and as a rule the tenements were built around a square, so that their sheer back walls presented a cliff-like face which no savage foe could scale, and their fronts faced upon the safe common inclosure. At Pecos, the largest of the pueblos, and at many smaller ones, an Indian could step from his door and walk around the whole town on any one of the tiers of roofs. Sometimes these community-houses were terraced on both sides; and the two at Taos are like huge pyramids, sloping to the top from all four sides.

The stone walls are plastered inside and out with adobe-clay, which makes a smooth, substantial wall and looks very neat when brilliantly whitewashed, according to the Pueblo custom, with gypsum. The rafters are the straight trunks of tapering pines, stripped of their bark; and above these is a roof of straw and clay which is perfectly water-tight. The doors and windows are all small,— another relic of the days of deadly danger,— and in the more ancient houses the windows are only thin sheets of gypsum. Nearly every room has its queer, southwestern fireplace, in which the sticks are burned on end. Those for heating alone are very tiny, and stand in a corner; but the cooking fireplaces often fill one side of a room, and under their capacious "hoods" a dozen people can sit.

As you may imagine from what has been said of their houses, the Pueblos are very peculiar and interesting Indians. They live very neatly and comfortably, and their homes are generally as clean as wax. They are peaceable and industrious, good hunters, but farmers by profession — as they have been ever since the world first found them. They have always elected their own officers, and obey the laws both of their own strange government and of the United States in a way which they certainly did not learn from us — for there is no American community so law-abiding. They

are entirely self-supporting, and receive nothing from the government. They are Indians who are not poor, who are not lazy, and who do not impose servile labor upon their wives. One of my Pueblo neighbors in Isleta lent the money to pay off the soldiers in New Mexico during our civil war!



AN ANCIENT CLIFF-DWELLING.

Quite as interesting and remarkable as the best types of the Pueblo communal architecture, though in a different way, are the ruins of their still more ancient homes. It was long supposed that the so-called "Cliff-builders" and "Cave-dwellers" were of an extinct race; but as soon as there was any really scientific investigation of the Southwest, the fact was fully established that they were Pueblos. Indeed, we now know even some of the history of the most remarkable of all these ruins. The Pueblos used always to build in places which nature had fortified, and almost invariably upon the top of "islands" of rock. Those who found themselves near one of the peculiar terraced cañons which abound in some parts of the Southwest generally built their town upon the shelves of the cliff; while those whose region furnished precipices of easily carved stone, usually hollowed out caves therein for their dwellings. It was all a matter of locality and surroundings.

A cañon of the "Cliff-builders" is a wonderfully picturesque and interesting place. The rock strata were a great aid to the builders of those quaint chasm-towns, and, indeed, probably first suggested to them the idea of putting their houses there. As I have said, these cañons are always terraced. The cliffs are six to ten times as far apart at the tops as at the bottom, and a cut across the cañon would look something like the letter V.

Sometimes there is a running stream at the bottom; but as a rule, in this arid region, the dry season leaves only a chain of pools — which were, however, enough for the water-supply of these curious communities. The several lower shelves of the gorge were never built upon; and the water was all carried in earthen jars or tight-woven baskets on the heads of the industrious housewives several hundred feet up the cliff.

But safety was before water; and so the swarthy people built their homes far up the side of the receding cliff. And *there* was a great saving of labor. And there, too, the

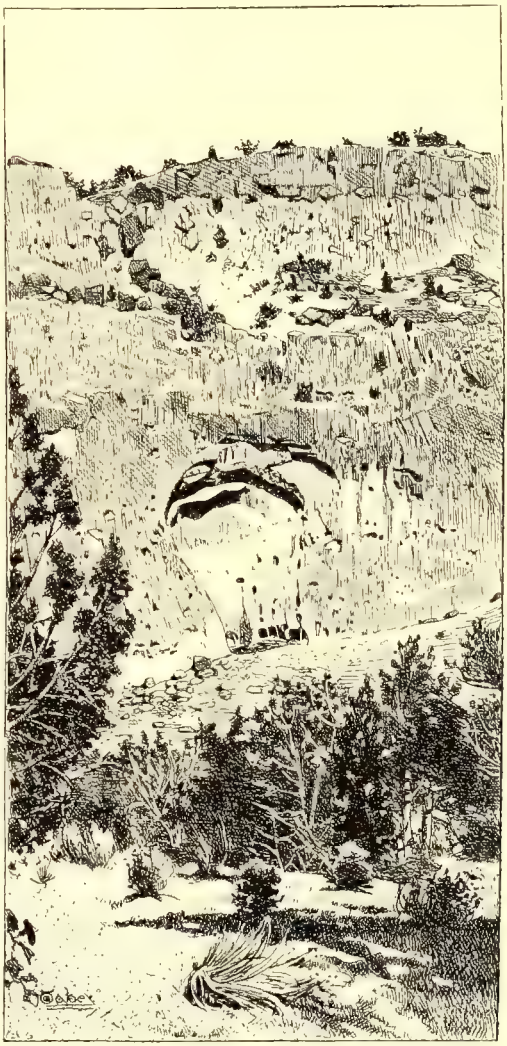
"Cliff-builder" found that nature had made ready to his hand three of the six sides of every room. The smooth, solid rock of the shelf was his floor, and a narrow but endless porch outside as well. The overhanging rock of the ledge above was his roof—frequently a very low one—and the face of the intermediate stratum was his back wall. He had only to build three little stone walls from stone floor to stone roof, and there was his house!

These cliff-rooms were extremely small, varying somewhat according to the strata, but seldom more than a dozen feet long, eight or ten feet deep, and five to eight feet high. In many of them no ordinary person could stand erect. There were seldom any windows; and the doors—which served also as chimneys—were very low, and but twelve or fourteen inches wide. An enemy at the very door would be so crouched and cramped in entering, that those within could take him at a disadvantage.

Think of a town whose sidewalks were three or four feet wide, and more than that number of hundred feet apart, and had between them a stupendous gutter five hundred feet deep! Think of those fat, dimpled, naked brown babies whose three-foot playground had no fence against a five-hundred-foot tumble!

There are several of these cañons of the "Cliff-builders" near the town of Flagstaff, Arizona—gigantic gashes in the level upland, to whose very brink one comes without the remotest suspicion that such an abyss is in front. One of these cañons is over twenty miles long, and six hundred feet deep in places. It contains the ruins of about a thousand of these remarkable cliff-houses, some of which are very well preserved. The Cañon de Tsáyee, with its mummies, was another abode of the "Cliff-builders"; and there are many more scattered over parts of Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. In most of these houses there is little left. Furniture they never had, and most of the implements have been carried away by the departing inhabitants or by other Indians. The floors are one and two feet deep with the dust of ages, mingled with thorns and nutshells brought in by the chipmunks which are now their only tenants. By digging to the bedrock floor I have found fine stone axes, beautiful arrow-heads, the puzzling quoit-like stones, and even baskets of yucca-fiber exactly like the strange "plaques" made in Moqui to-day—but these crumbled to dust soon after they were exposed to the air.

Between the cliff-houses of which I have been speaking and the cave-dwellings, there is a very curious and startling link—houses, or even whole towns, built in natural caves! The Montezuma Well is such a one, and there are several others, of which the best example is the wonderful cave-village on the Mancos.



THE CUEVA PINTADA, OR "PAINTED CAVE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

These caves are not, like the Mammoth Cave, great subterranean passages and chambers, but vast hollows — generally bowl-like — in the face of a cliff. They absolutely protect the inclosed town, above, at both sides, and often also below — as they are usually well up from the bottom of the cliff, and between is a steep ascent which no enemy could scale in the face of any opposition. Such towns could be captured only by surprise. The romantic Cueva Pintada,* which only half a dozen white men have ever seen, is a very good type of these caves on a smaller scale — being only about fifty feet in diameter. It looks very much like the bowl of a gigantic ladle set into the cliff fifty feet from its base, and has several artificial cave-chambers, but no houses of masonry.

To me the real cave-dwellings are the most interesting of all these strange sorts of prehistoric ruins. They are perhaps no older than the cliff-houses; but they seem so much farther from our world! To enter them almost carries one back to the time when our own ancestors — and all mankind — dwelt in holes and wore the skins of beasts: those far, dim days when there was not even iron, and when fire itself was new, and the savage stomach was all the conscience and brains that man knew he had.

The most extensive and wonderful cave-communities in the world are in the Cochiti country, on the west side of the Rio Grande, some sixty miles northwest of Santa Fé. The country itself is well worthy a long journey to see, for it is one of the wildest on earth. The enormous plateau is divided into pillars by dizzy cañons from the mountains to the deep-worn river; and the mesas† which separate the cañons run out in long triangles, so that when they break off in thousand-foot cliffs in the chasm of the Rio Grande their points are so narrow as to look from the front like stupendous columns — whence the Spaniards named them *potreros*, pillars.

The whole region for very many hundreds of square miles — and indeed like the larger part of New Mexico — is volcanic. When I was a boy in New England, I thought the floating-stone with which I scrubbed my dingy fists was a great curiosity; but in the gorges of the Cochiti upland are cliffs a thousand feet high, and miles long, entirely of this pumice. There is in these cliffs enough stone "that will float" to take the stains from all the boy hands in the world for all time.

In this awe-inspiring wilderness several tribes of Pueblo Indians dwelt in prehistoric times. It did not take them long, probably, to learn that in such a country of soft cliffs it was rather easier to dig one's house than to build it — even when the mason had no better tools than a sharp splinter of volcanic glass. The volcanoes did some good, you see, in this land which they burned dry forever; for in the same cliff they put the soft stone in which any one could cut a house, and nuggets of the extremely hard glass which the same eruption had made, wherefrom to chip the prehistoric knife.

In the beautifully picturesque cañon of the Rito de los Frigoles‡ is a very large village of caves, which was deserted long centuries ago. It has more than a thousand rooms dug from the bright cliff; and outside were more rooms yet, built of big cut bricks of the same rock, but now fallen.

A few miles farther up the river are two castle-buttes of tufa, rising high upon the top of the plateau itself; and in these are hundreds of other cave-houses — and on the top of the largest cliff the ruins of a large square pueblo built of cut blocks of the same convenient stone.

In this same wild region, too, are the only large stone idols (or, to speak more correctly, fetishes) in the United States — the great Mountain Lions of Cochiti, carved in high relief from the solid bedrock on the tops of two huge mesas. To this day the Indians of Cochiti before a hunt go to one of those almost inaccessible spots, anoint the great stone heads, and dance by night a wild dance which no white man has seen or ever will see.

* "Painted Cave," so called from the strange pictographs or picture-writings in red ocher which adorn its concave walls. † Table-lands. ‡ Brook of the Beans.

THE ROBBER RAT AND THE POOR LITTLE KITTEN.

(*For Very Little Folk.*)

By Katharine Pyle.



I.

A kitten once lived all alone
In a little yellow house;
It lived on crusts of bread and cheese,
And now and then a mouse.



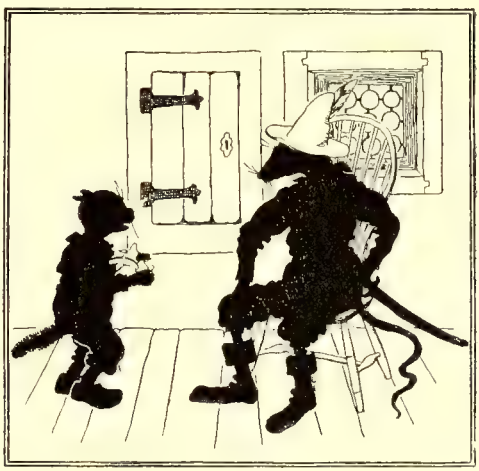
II.

A robber rat lived in a wood—
A gloomy wood—close by;
He had sharp teeth, and a pointed tail,
And a wicked, restless eye.



III.

To the yellow house the rat would come,
And strike the door—knock! knock!
The kitten's tail would stand on end,
It gave him such a shock.



IV.

Then in the rat would boldly march.
"What have you here?" he 'd say;
And then he would steal the bread and cheese,
And carry it all away.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Now that you have had a little time to rest, beloved hearers, we will see what our wise ones have to communicate upon the really pressing need of

A NATIONAL SONG.

First let us give respectful attention to Brother Rossiter Johnson who sends us "by particular request" a letter, part of which is here shown you:

One of the commonest of proverbial expressions assumes that a song is the cheapest of all things; yet the richest country on earth is without a national song. Thirty years ago it offered six hundred dollars for one; but the song was not forthcoming, though the condition of affairs in our country seemed calculated to call forth all the lyric energy that any poet possessed. And indeed a few fine poems were produced, but no song that fairly claimed the prize.

We have the "Star-Spangled Banner," and sometimes we sing it and make ourselves think we are enthusiastic; but the least critical of us feels that it is too clumsy to be a good song or a good poem; and I suspect it has a fault even more radical than its uncouth rhythm. It is not good art to make a picture of a picture, or to symbolize a symbol. To illustrate this, hold up side by side a photograph from an oil-painting, and one from life. Though the American flag is to our eyes the most beautiful of all one can find in a forest of shipping in any great seaport, and though it represents the finest country and the most progressive people on earth, and though your heart sometimes comes to your throat when you think what has been achieved under it, still, it is only a picture and a symbol. No star-spangled rhymes, or allegorical representation of Freedom tearing the sky into strips of bunting, will ever make an effective and enduring national song. When the song arrives, we shall find that it somehow deals directly with the national power and destiny, not with any conventional symbol or picture of it.

"Yankee Doodle" has its uses as a tune; but no words that are not doggerel ever have been set to it, and it is doubtful if any can be. Samuel Francis Smith wrote a respectable hymn beginning "My Country, 't is of Thee." But its candidacy for the place of national song is killed at the outset by the fact that it is set to the tune of another nation's hymn. Then, too, how should we ask some millions of our citizens to sing "Land where My Fathers Died," when they left their fathers' bones in various parts of Europe? — or how expect much accent on "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride" from the throats of those who take no pride in the pilgrims?

. . . . . .

That is n't a very encouraging view, is it? The Little Schoolma'am looked quite blue when she had read this, but Deacon Green was n't at all disturbed by it.

The Deacon says there is much truth in what Brother Johnson has set forth, but there is also something to be considered on the other side. We do not ask everybody to join in our National Song; but we ask to have such a song for those who would like to express their patriotism melodiously and poetically.

If any who dwell in these United States do not yet feel love and loyalty to the nation, they are not yet citizens of this country, but merely sojourners on our soil for their own ends. They are not even adopted children until they will adopt in some degree our national traditions, interests, hopes, and enthusiasms.

Never fear. We can wait for the right song. For temporary needs, we have created excellent songs before now. And when the right song — the national song — is written, there will be an enthusiastic grand chorus of men, women, and children to sing it. They will sing it with all their hearts, too. If there happens to be a mental reservation in a line or two, what harm does that do, so long as the singer swells the great chorus with full sympathy!

The Deacon is patriotic, you see. And mark how the Little Schoolma'am is smiling again! I believe the Deacon is right. My birds have criss-crossed over the whole country, from Maine to Texas, and their reports are most encouraging. So far as they can see, the whole nation is sound — not a cracked place in it. "When the right touch is given it will respond with no uncertain melody," the Little Schoolma'am says.

The Deacon and other elders have done quite enough to introduce the fluttering batch of letters piled around the pulpit. Let us turn to the younger patriots.

Here is a strong letter from a regular Declaration of Independence youngster:

Dear Jack: It seems to me that "Yankee Doodle" ought to be out of the question as the national hymn. The tune is, I am pretty sure, an English one: "The Rogue's March." And the words, as you know, were written in derision. Not much of a combination for Americans! "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" is the English song, "Britannia, the Gem of the Ocean," with Columbia substituted for Britannia. "Hail Columbia" is an English air; and, though I am not positive, I think is the English "Hail Britannia." "My Country, 't is of Thee" has for its music the English "God Save the Queen," the German "Heil Kaiser dir," and the national airs of several other countries. "The Star-Spangled Banner," on the contrary, was written by a Continental officer, Philip Key, I believe, and the music was by an

American also. So I should think that being entirely American it ought to be the one for Americans, in preference to any of foreign origin.

Sincerely yours, H. L. D.

And here is something that the Deacon does not attempt to dispute:

MISSOURI.

DEAR "JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT": In regard to your question, "What is the National Hymn?" I reply—"My Country, 't is of Thee." "Yankee Doodle," "The Star-Spangled Banner," or any of the others mentioned, may be national airs, but I hardly think they are hymns, because hymns are of a more sacred order.

MARY KELLOGG.

A bright letter signed "A Patriot" dismisses "Yankee Doodle" with the remark, "I do not think we want anything even verging on a comic song"; it declares that the two Columbia songs are not well enough known, and makes the usual objection to "My Country, 't is of Thee"—that it is English. "The Star-Spangled Banner," the writer claims, is "original, grand, well loved, and well known. It is inspiring, and will draw cheers quicker than any other patriotic tune. Whenever I hear it, I am glad that I am an American, and, like a small boy of my acquaintance, feel that I should 'like to hug my country!'"

Among many other advocates of the same stirring song are Ethel N. N., Nelly D. B., Algeria Trude G., Lina Nyburg, Agnes, and Charlie G., Jr., who calls it the American Marseillaise. The choir declaring for "My Country, 't is of Thee" are Robert O. C., "The Princess," A. C. G., Henrietta Slade, Alice J., Carrie E. Leinbach, May H. F., Bessie A. Meyers, and Marguerite A. Speckel, and the last mentioned makes a strong argument for the song and quotes it in full. "Hail Columbia" has the backing of Lewis G. W. and Luellen D. Taylor, and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" has only one advocate this time.

A young lover of peace and concord makes a novel proposition. She inquires why some one cannot fit the words of "My Country, 't is of Thee" to the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Perhaps if she will seek some quiet place, and try the effect of mixing the two very cautiously, she will not insist upon an answer.

After a careful weighing of all the opinions presented, your JACK is inclined to consider "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the strongest existing claimant to the honor of being the National Song. But the National *Hymn* does not seem to be yet settled by our boys and girls. The Deacon says—and I 'm inclined to think he is right—the National Song is one thing and the National Hymn another, and they should not be confounded. The National Hymn should be to the same air in all countries, though the words may differ. The Little Schoolma'am says that in Bayard Taylor's "Song of the Camp," when the soldiers united their voices,

"Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'"

In singing a hymn, all men are brother men. But in singing a national song, they are simply patriots.

"WHAT IS LOVE?"

NOW for a different problem. Here is the difficult question, What is Love? answered by Sylvia K. E., and she ought to know, for she is eleven years old:

WHAT is Love? How can I tell?
Ask the stars, they know as well;
Ask the waves that rise and fall;
See if they know, question them all.
If they know not, come again;
Maybe I can tell you then.
. . . . . .
They can't tell you? Well, I can:
Love is not only found in man.
No! it comes from God alone—
Comes from him, the Corner-Stone.
See how freely it is given;
Surely it must come from Heaven.

NOW we will take up another deep subject:

THE OCEAN.

THE average depth of the Atlantic Ocean, so the Little Schoolma'am informs me, is two and a half miles, or over 12,000 feet. Yet I know a pretty, white-breasted gull who believes it is not over a few inches deep. You see, he catches his fish right at, or just below, the surface, and naturally, that 's all he knows about it.

JUST before we separate, and you resume your summer study of the ocean, the lakes, the rivers, the woods, and outdoors generally, JACK wishes to acknowledge three bright letters from May H. F., Ruth and Josephine S., and G. B., and to show you a charming bit of verse sent you by Elizabeth Hill:

TO A BUTTERFLY.

"BUTTERFLY,
Thou trifling thing,
Bright of color,
Light of wing,—
Hast thou, then, no other care
Than to ornament the air?
Hither, thither,
High and low,
Why and whither
Dost thou go?"
"From the garden to the hedge,
From the field-flower to the sedge,
I flutter, flutter everywhere.
Save to be fair
I have no care,—
An idler am I."
"O fie! O fie!
Hence, thou useless thing, away!
Nay! — thou needed beauty,— stay!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscript cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN regard to signaling at sea, about which two stories are printed this month, Captain Smith, author of "'What News?'—in Mid Ocean," sends some interesting facts. The ancient galleys made signals by hoisting and lowering sails, showing shields, or building bonfires. By the thirteenth century flag-signals were invented, and by the seventeenth century there was an attempt to form a code.

The International Code, which enables ships of all nations and languages to exchange messages, was devised by the British Government in 1856, and gradually adopted by other nations — by the United States in 1871.

It is a great advantage of this system that the number of flags in a single signal shows at once whether it is an urgent or an ordinary message. For long distances, where it would be difficult to see colors or patterns, three flags or other objects, one round, one pointed like a pennant, and one rectangular, may be used instead of the pattern flags shown in the pictures given with Captain Kennedy's story.

Boys might find it interesting and useful to invent simple codes and signals of their own, and may take a hint from the marine boat-signals, in which two hats, two handkerchiefs, and two planks, or long strips of any kind, are used. Thus, a sailor standing with his hat held up so as to look round, and on his left another sailor holding the plank, means "You are running into danger." The army-signals by the flag, and signaling by flashes of a small mirror (an Indian invention), are also very interesting.

BY an oversight, which we regret, the name of Miss Helen Maitland Armstrong, the artist, was incorrectly printed in the table of contents of the July ST. NICHOLAS.

ADELAIDE TERRACE, PERTH,
WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you about a very funny pony I saw the other day. I was out riding, and we stopped at a little cottage to get some water. As we drew our horses up at the door, a little yellow pony came and poked its head into the room. A woman, who was inside the house, came up to the pony and gave it a plate of meat (it looked like hash), and the funny little creature began to eat it with great relish. He evidently expected his meat supper when he came and stuck his head in at the door. The man who gave us the water to drink said that the pony would eat anything, and would drink porter.

Your loving reader and well-wisher,
SANDRA C——.

SAN REMO, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you about the Carnival. There were some girls on the parade by the sea, selling violets. We bought some and put them in our carriage to throw at people. The procession began at one end of the town and went through to a piazza, where it turned around. On either side of the street, the windows, doorways, balconies, and stands were filled with people who showered the carriages and coaches with flowers and confetti as they passed. Some coaches were beautifully decked with flowers, roses, daisies, or menoza-blossoms. The people inside wore gay-colored dominoes to match, and we pelted each other as we passed. There are prizes awarded to the finest carriage and person on foot. The former receives two thousand francs. As we passed one stand, the confetti came so hard and fast that the bottom of our carriage was covered. Some people threw papers with mud in them, which were quite hard. The balconies were often decked with bright-colored silks, and the people wore dominoes to match.

Your interested reader, RICHARD R——.

P. S.— We await the ST. NICHOLAS the more eagerly, because we are so far from home.

COMPTON, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. My sister takes ST. NICHOLAS. I have also two brothers, and we all take a paper except myself.

Among our pets we have a dog whose name is "Toby," which my brother and sister brought from Florida in a basket, so you see he is a great pet.

Lately (not having been able to go out, it has been so stormy) I have spent a great deal of my time in reading, and I am very fond of Sir Walter Scott's novels; but my brothers like Dickens better. I have already read "Woodstock," "Kenilworth," "Peveril of the Peak," and I am now reading "Rob Roy."

One reason, perhaps, why I like Scott's books so well is because there is so much history in them. I got a better idea of the Earl of Leicester in "Kenilworth" than I ever did in any history.

Believe me, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your faithful reader,
PHILIP A. H. K——.

E. B.— Mr. Trowbridge has never, to our knowledge, published a sequel to "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-mill."

BOONE, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you how much I like your magazine. I gave my papa "Over the Teacups," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, a year ago last Christmas. It had the "Broomstick Train; or, The Return of the Witches," and before they knew it I had it all by heart; and they gave me a witch's spoon for my birthday. I like Holmes's poetry very much.

I was very sick last winter, so that I did n't see any of my friends for ten weeks. Papa is going to let me take Delsarte lessons and German lessons because he will not let me go to school. He is going to get me a pony, so I can be outdoors in nice weather. I am so sorry for the little girl that has been sick three years.

I want my papa to be a poet like Holmes, but papa says poets are born, not made, so I think I have written enough. From your friend, LOUISE R——.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a year and seven months, and I like you very much; I am sure you are the nicest magazine in the world.

We have a darling little dog called "Afrite" (it is an Arab name); he is a little Blenheim, and such a little beauty. He knows all sorts of tricks; he can die for his mistress, beg, ask, jump over papa's leg, dance, and play hide-and-seek. When he thinks some one is going to hurt his mistress, he whines and cries like a baby. He loves going out, and when he sees us putting on our hats he begins howling and barking with joy. One need only say, "Yes, dear, we are going you know where," or simply, "Yes," or "Out," and he goes down-stairs to have his collar put on. When he is out he runs like a wild thing after the birds.

My father is French and my mother is English, but she was born in Canada. I am twelve years old.

From your admiring reader,
MARIE DE B——.
BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My home is in Halifax, Nova Scotia, but I have been living in Boston for nearly two years now, though I don't like it nearly as well as Halifax. I have been at boarding-school now for about four years, and like it much better than I do day-school.

A few summers ago my mother, my brother Louis, and myself went to Bridgewater, N. S., for the summer. We went by coach; and all the way along, on the roofs of the houses, we saw haddock spread out in the sun to dry. They looked so funny all spread open and lying there salted, and ready to be called "Finnan Haddy."

I like you very much and look forward every week to reading you.

Your interested reader, MURIEL A——.

WEST POINT, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen only one letter from dear old West Point, so I thought I would write, that you might hear oftener from this town.

We have the dearest pony that was ever born, and a dear old cat that is just as good-natured as he can be.

I don't like to ride on the pony because he has a very rough gait, but I love to drive him when he does not kick up too much.

What do you think I saw on St. Valentine's Day? I saw some dear little bluebirds. I think that was pretty early, don't you?

I am very much interested in your new story, "Tom Paulding," and I am almost wild to know whether Tom finds the hidden treasure. I like "Two Girls and a Boy" very much, too. I must stop my letter now.

I am your devoted reader, BETTY M——.

BLOOMINGDALE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, and have taken you three years, and like you very much.

We spent the winter in the Adirondack mountains for my papa's health, who is an officer in the navy. The chief sport here in winter is coasting. The hill which we coasted on is about three quarters of a mile long. We used sleds which are called travelers; they are made by putting a sled at each end of a long board. It was fun when a lot of us got on and rode down together. The coldest it has been here is forty-two degrees below zero, and we have had nearly three months of sleighing.

There was a little fawn which we went to see quite often; it was caught in the mountains when it was only a few weeks old. There was a bear seen in the village last summer, and a guide tried to kill it, but it got away.

Good-by. Your constant reader and friend,
FANNIE G——.

FOR LITTLE FRENCH SCHOLARS.



SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are few islands as beautiful as those lying far out in the Pacific Ocean. As you near the islands you see the famous volcano Mauna Loa, thirteen thousand feet in height. Half-way up this mountain is Kilauea, the volcano which is one of the most terrible and active of volcanoes. You may see red-hot lava flowing for miles into the sea. In the Sandwich Islands are many beautiful mountains. Most of the natives are half civilized. Hawaii, which is the largest island in the Sandwich group, is about the size of Connecticut, and the most beautiful. It is said that Hawaii contains a river of lava ninety miles long. Its chief occupation is raising sugar, which grows in great quantities. The Sandwich Islands were settled about 1775 by Captain Cook, who was afterward killed by the natives. Honolulu has many beautiful residences. There have been a few earthquakes, but not any very serious ones. Among the races that live there are Americans, Englishmen and Chinese. About one half of the whole population are natives. There are beautiful sandy beaches in Honolulu, and it is delightful to see the big waves dash up on the shore. In the sand are small holes, and, if you poke a stick into them, little crabs will come out and run into the sea. There are a good many sharks in the bay of Honolulu, which makes it dangerous for any one to swim out very far. They are very bold, and will come quite near a person. Honolulu is twenty-one hundred miles from San Francisco. There are about one hundred thousand tons of sugar raised every year. In Hawaii there is a lake from which rises a cliff seventy feet high, and the natives take pleasure in jumping from it into the lake below. The bottom of this lake has never been found. Hundreds of years ago the place where this lake is was a volcano, but it got filled with water. The missionaries came to the Sandwich Islands in 1820. At that time the natives were not half civilized.

The natives thought that Kilauea was a goddess, and that any one who went near her would be thrown into the lake of red-hot lava by this goddess whose name was "Pele." But the queen, when she heard the missionaries speak about Christ, thought the natives were wrong; so, to prove it, she climbed the mountain and looked into the crater, then she came down in safety. This changed the natives' opinion; but some of them still think that a goddess dwells in Kilauea.

I hope the ones who read this will have a chance to see the Sandwich Islands. This was written by a boy who lived there six years. KENNETH A——.

"HEDGEROW, WEST HILL,"
WELLSBORO, TIOGA CO., PA.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: This afternoon I, the youngest of six girls, have been having such a pleasant time reading the last number of ST. NICHOLAS. We have taken you ever since you were born, or rather ever since there was any such magazine as ST. NICHOLAS, and I think we shall take you until you or we die.

We have a very pleasant home here in northern Pennsylvania. We have animals, a tennis-court, which we change into a skating-pond in the winter, and a lovely orchard. In Mrs. Richards's story, "When I Was Your Age," I am very often reminded of how we play in our orchard.

I have been to Washington two or three different winters, and I think it *must* be the nicest city in the world, but of course I do not know. Of all the interesting things I saw there, I think I liked the National Museum almost the best. One day I went there alone, and stayed all day taking notes on the curious old things. Then I wrote a composition on them.

Mama says I am quite an athletic girl. I love to play tennis, skate, swim, ride horseback, and take long walks. I have walked seventeen miles in one day.

I am not going to tell any of my family that I have written this letter, because if it *is* printed I am going to have it a surprise to them. Good-by.

SHIRLEY P——.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your last number I saw a letter from a little girl who spends the summers at Mount Vernon. I should think that would be lovely. I have been down there, and we watch for it every time we go down the river in the summer. It is very interesting to know about the things we read about in the "Letter-box." Some friends give you to us every Christmas. We have taken you since 1887. There are six girls of us, and we all read you, from the oldest down to myself. I am fourteen.

On Washington's Birthday we went to a Colonial Reception, where we met the Chinese Minister and his secretary. The minister can't speak English, but the secretary does very well and acts as interpreter. They were very much interested in a little girl who was with us (Senator Palmer's granddaughter), and talked to her a great deal. A young lady offered the minister some chocolate, which he immediately offered to the little girl. She declined it, and the secretary explained that it is the custom in their country, when they receive a present that they appreciate, to give it to some one they like. When they went away the minister shook her hand and left in it a half-eaten wafer which she is going to keep as a souvenir. He seemed to think it all very funny, and laughed all the time. Both he and the secretary were in their native dress, with their queues down their backs.

EUNICE R. O——.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of you, and we have been taking you ever since I can remember. I am now fourteen years old. I have something to tell you which I think you would like to know, and hope you will print it for the benefit of your many readers. In school, the other day, one of my teachers said that the sun was gradually losing its heat, and that Mars was getting nearer and nearer to the sun, while we are getting nearer to Mars. She said some astronomers think Mars will drop into the sun and help to give light for about seventy-five years, and then the earth will drop in, to give light to the other planets. She told us that we look to the stars as they do to us; she also said that astronomers are trying to find out if Mars is inhabited, and that if there is an atmosphere around the star it has life in it; and if there is vegetable life, there are generally people. The astronomers think there is an atmosphere around Mars, but have not made any telescope strong enough to make certain their suspicion. I hope that none of us will be living when the earth is burned up.

I remain your faithful reader, ELIZA B. McG——.

STONINGTON, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for seven years, and have only written you once in all that time. Some few months ago I saw a letter in the "Letter-box" from a girl (if I remember rightly), in which she mentioned having some original portraits by Rembrandt Peale. I would like to say that he is my great-uncle by marriage, and that we have a portrait of Washington, painted by him, and taken from life; also several others, members of our family. Mrs. Peale copied so well that her husband said he could not tell her paintings from his own. We have a picture of Martha Washington painted by her, copied from one of Mr. Peale's.

Most of the girls and boys who write to you speak of their pets. So I will tell you that we have a dear little kitten whom we have trained to jump up on the music-box which stands near the front door, every time she goes out. We never let her out unless she does this. We also have a pony which we enjoy very much. Although I am quite a big girl I am not yet tired of your delightful magazine. Your fond reader, RIETA W. B——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: M. M. M., Ethelbert C., Winifred B., Leigh B., Mary F., Lallah St. J., M. M., Jessie M. W., Margie C., H. Lynne P., Helen S. K., Janie P., Ruth S., Lottie B. C., R. E. S., Wm. S. W., E. G. A., Martha T., M. K. S., M. E. C. and H. W., Alice C. H., Harry C., "Holly-hock," Terol, E. L. B., Mabel and Margaret C., Edelherty and Dorris, Florence H., Bessie C., R. C. S., E. C. M., Corinne W., Eleanor P. M., Anna N., P. I., Lowell W., Nancy W. D., Hetty A., John W., Pansy F., Lena A. and Grace L., Florence and Elizabeth E., Lula D. and Ethel L., Elisa E. W., Thomas B. Jr., Helen M., Winnie N., Harry F. N., M. S. H., Margaret D. C., E. G. H., Nora C. U., "Blondie," Neely C. T., Beatrice F. M., Marguerite R., Muriel A., Albert J. W., A. P. W., Struthers B., Ethel G., Elm, Inez L., Emily B., Estella S., Mary O'B., Edna C., Bessie K. F., A. M. F., Germaine J., Adelia M. F., Edith Louise B., Norma L. C., Maie L. F. B., Emily L. E., Geo. D. G., Albert C. S., W. J. C., Inez P., M. C. V., Marion M., Charlotte and Alice, Josephine McC., Ethel J., Angie R. C., May O'B., Lauretta S., Howard J. M., H. G., A. M. J., and Nathan A.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

DOUBLE PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Freedom; liberty. Cross-words: 1. Florid. 2. Riddle. 3. Ebbing. 4. Eelpot. 5. Dragon. 6. Otiose. 7. Mystic.

RHYMED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Music. 2. Unite. 3. Siren. 4. Items. 5. Cense.

ZIGZAG. The Nero of the North. Cross-words: 1. Tea. 2. Aha. 3. Woe. 4. One. 5. Eke. 6. Ore. 7. Ago. 8. Foe. 9. Fly. 10. Ate. 11. Ich. 12. Net. 13. Nab. 14. Cob. 15. Jar. 16. Ate. 17. Hob.—— ANAGRAM. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "A Star for every State, and a State for every Star."

A HEXAGON. Cross-words: 1. Mast. 2. Asher. 3. Shamed. 4. Templet. 5. Relate. 6. Deter. 7. Term.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Helluo librorum. Cross-words: 1. acHes. 2. glEan. 3. caLyx. 4. taLly. 5. flUte. 6. shOck. 7. daLly. 8. grIll. 9. saBre. 10. baRds. 11. wrOng. 12. stRay. 13. glUme. 14. caMeo.

DOUBLE WORD-SQUARE. Across: 1. Oast. 2. Alto. 3. Roar. 4. Sere. Downward: 1. Oars. 2. Aloe. 3. Star. 4. Tore.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS. I. 1. P. 2. Met. 3. Medea. 4. Pedants. 5. Tense. 6. Ate. 7. S. II. 1. S. 2. Ner. 3. Noter. 4. Settled. 5. Relet. 6. Det(er). 7. D. III. 1. S. 2. Ear. 3. Ended. 4. Saddled. 5. Relay. 6. Dey. 7. D. IV. 1. S. 2. Bar. 3. Baled. 4. Sallied. 5. Reign. 6. Den. 7. D. V. 1. D. 2. Yes. 3. Yodel. 4. Deduced. 5. Sects. 6. Les(son). 7. D.

PI.

The sun hangs calm at summer's poise;
The earth lies bathed in shimmering noon,
At rest from all her cheerful noise,
With heartstrings silently in tune.
The time, how beautiful and dear,
When early fruits begin to blush,
And the full leafage of the year
Sways o'er them with a sheltering hush.

DOUBLE ACROSTICS. I. New-ton. Cross-words: 1. Newt. 2. Echo. 3. Wren. II. Scot-land. Cross-words: 1. Soil. 2. Coma. 3. Open. 4. Tend.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Humic. 2. Sarah. 3. Tires. 4. Strap. 5. Sodom.—— RIDDLE. A shoe.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Maude E. Palmer — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co. — Paul Reese — Jo and I — "Guion Line and Alpha Slate Co." — Ida and Alice — Mama and Jamie — "Uncle Mung" — Ida Carleton Thallon — Josephine Sherwood — "Leather-Stocking" — Blanche and Fred — E. Kellogg Trowbridge.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Janet R. C., 1 — Ada B. Lackler, 1 — Grace I. Shirley, 1 — Carrie Chester, 1 — S. M. G., 1 — "Pickwick," 1 — "Only I," 1 — Elaine S., 3 — Minnie and Lizzie, 1 — Genevieve B. Mattingly, 1 — Sarah and Jennie, 1 — Charlotte, 1 — Beatrice F. M., 1 — Eleanor White, 1 — Toby T., Jr., and Tom P., Jr., 2 — Charles S. Townsend, 4 — Eleanor White, 1 — Lena Quinn, 1 — Vinnie Hongley, 1 — "Lillian A.," 1 — M. Farrister and M. E. Breed, 1 — Lewis Don, 1 — Nagé Rheatan, 2 — Elizabeth C. Grant, 1 — Eleanor Ogier, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — Louise and Beth, 1 — Jas. R. Sharp, 9 — Gwendolen Reid, 3 — L. O. E., 14 — Edith Woodward, 4 — Hubert L. Bingay, 11 — Mabel and Aunty, 14 — Sarah E. Schuyler, 1 — Nellie M. Archer, 5 — Rosalind Mitchell, 4 — Dora and Violet Hereford, 6 — Julia Johnson, 1 — Mama and Marion, 4 — Emily Goodnough, 3 — E. M. G., 14 — We Girls, 10 — No Name, New York, 3 — Harry and Mama, 9 — Helen S. Coates, 7 — Laura M. Zunser, 3 — Cornelia Wilcox, 14 — "Two Girls," 10 — "May and '79," 9 — Charles H. Munch, 2 — Harry Day Brigham, 14 — Nellie L. Howes, 7 — "Two Big Confederates," 10 — E. K., 2 — "Three Blind Mice," 6 — Rosalie Bloomingdale, 7 — Anna A. Crane, 4 — Mama and M. H., 2 — Jessie Chapman, 4 — Clara B. Emerton, 2.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. THE flower of a plant. 2. Extensive. 3. The path described by a heavenly body. 4. The arch which crosses a Gothic vault diagonally. 5. Rhythm.

II. 1. The ground where a battle is fought. 2. To furnish. 3. That which is educed. 4. Riches. 5. To hinder.

The first words of these two squares, when connected, will form the name of an English poet.

FRANK SNELLING.

ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS novelist:
I WHACK 'EM! REALLY I PAT-A-CAKE 'EM!

PI.

EHT yowell gledon-dor si desserd
Ni agal-yda ratite;
Het gongwil drewdee yb eht nefce
Sishen kile a onscrim rife;
Dan rofm het oth defsil hatfrest dege
Het scrikcet fost franeri
Thiw molwel cantce stell eht late
Hatt sugtau's ereh naiga.

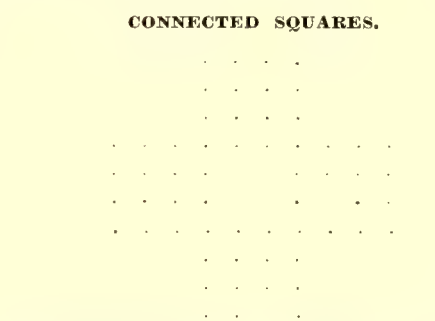
DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals spell the name of an admiral who died in August, 1870; and my finals spell the name of a general who was born in August, 1769.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Model. 2. One of the United States. 3. A device for catching certain rodents. 4. A round building. 5. A headland. 6. Closely allied. 7. To endure. 8. A liquid measure, formerly used for wine, equal to one third of a tun.

F. S. F.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



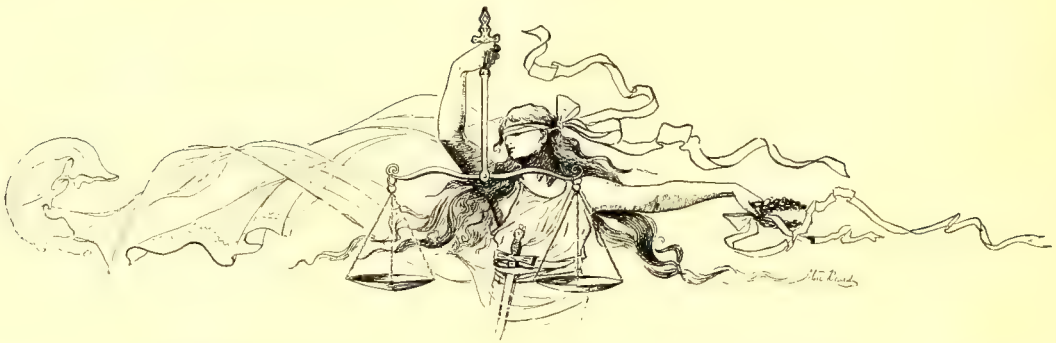
I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A shell-fish. 2. To run swiftly. 3. Pain. 4. A beverage.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A dull color. 2. To efface. 3. One of the great divisions of the globe. 4. To shine

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Part of a plant. 2. An imaginary monster. 3. Minerals. 4. A critical trial.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. A place of trade. 2. Surface. 3. To raise. 4. Sharp.

A. P. C. A.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-nine letters, and am a quotation from an address by David Dudley Field.

My 64-23-56-12 is of great size. My 48-94-36-70-83 is a popular game. My 2-40-88 is to fight with the fist. My 80-75-19-73 is a joke. My 31-6-34-44 is money. My 16-27-86 is to cover with frosting. My 77-98-38-92-52 is to blight. My 54 is a letter that is much used. My 67-11-20-58 is one of the United States. My 8-84-42 is a cover. My 29-61-45-89-49 is to cut into thin pieces. My 15-65-24-5 are worn by all, and my 32-9-74-79-63-46 is the material of which they are often made. My 22-60-69-99 is a prison. My 82-25-72-96 is the main stock. My 14-1-91-85 is soapstone. My 35-26-17-47-87 is to burn slightly. My 59-68-41-55-21 is worthless matter. My 4-50-7-81-97-71-51-28 is costly. My 37-93-78-10-43-95-13 is to stammer. My 53-30-66-39-90-76 is a craving for food. My 18-57-3-62-33 is a name for any one who cannot guess this enigma.

O. B. G.

AN OCTAGON.

1. To weaken. 2. Caustic. 3. To disperse. 4. A literary composition. 5. Hurled. 6. A term used by printers which means "erases." 7. A color.

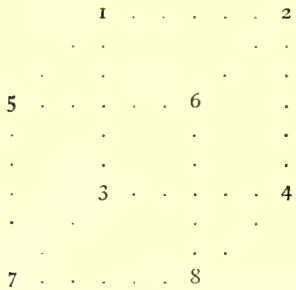
C.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A useful metal. 4. A prong. 5. To dye. 6. Measuring. 7. Denominating. 8. Deserving. 9. Relaxing.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

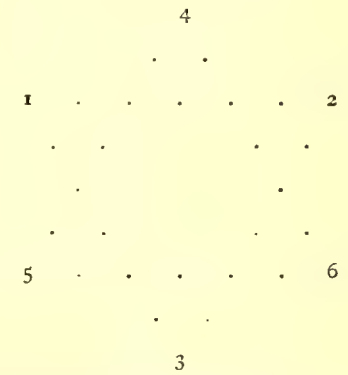
GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a city of Belgium; from 1 to 3, a city of northern Africa; from 2 to 4, a river of the United States; from 3 to 4, the name of a river and two lakes in the State of New York; from 5 to 6, the capital of the Philippine Islands; from 5 to 7, a province of the Austrian Empire; from 6 to 8, the capital of one of the Southern States; from 7 to 8, a fortified town of Portugal; from 1 to 5, a kingdom of Asia under French protection; from 2 to 6, a seaport city of Brazil; from 4 to 8, a large island; from 3 to 7, a city of Arabia.

M. A. S.

HOLLOW STAR.



FROM 1 to 2, a harsh, shrill noise; from 1 to 3, burdened; from 2 to 3, rehearsed; from 4 to 5, ridiculed; from 4 to 6, inferred; from 5 to 6, erased.

"ANNA CONDOR."

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. Illustrious. 2. A relative. 3. To fool away time. 4. A kind of cement. 5. Concise.

DOWNWARD: 1. In knife. 2. A preposition. 3. To command. 4. To spring. 5. Splendor. 6. Besides. 7. Transposed, to endeavor. 8. A German pronoun. 9. In knife.

ALICE C. C.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When placed one below the other, in the order here given, what will the central letters form?

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The outline of the country by the sea. 2. A large, strong rope. 3. A bird allied to the parrot. 4. A portable, covered vehicle for one person. 5. A large piece of paper. 6. A thin cake. 7. Correct. 8. Not the same. 9. Alert. 10. A native Indian prince. 11. Furnished with a pike. 12. An autumn fruit. 13. Habitations. 14. To flinch. 15. To move about with hesitation. 16. Superior. 17. Irritation. 18. A pink substance sometimes found in a lady's jewel-box. 19. To turn over. 20. To change. 21. The buccal cavity. 22. Very unusual. 23. An arbor. 24. A pugilist. 25. Faithful. 26. A sharp instrument for cutting.

"ZUAR."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



NAPOLEON'S VETERANS VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF ROME.

(See page 807.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIX. SEPTEMBER, 1892. NO. 11.



A KING WITHOUT A THRONE.



BY TUDOR JENKS.

IN the great city of Paris, on the morning of March 20, 1811, was heard the report of a cannon. As in the castle of the Sleeping Princess all were petrified by the touch of her finger to the fated spindle, so in the metropolis of Europe the merchant dropped his yard-stick, the citizen held his coffee untasted, the seamstress stopped in the middle of a stitch, the sentinels paused at the sound of that cannon.

All, as if enchanted, counted, "One!"

Another and another gun followed, until the counting reached twenty-one. Then all listened breathlessly. If the salute should go no further, they would know that a little princess was born, but that the great empire yet wanted an heir to its glories.

"Twenty-two!"

The counting ceased. Who at that supreme moment cared to reckon the hundred and one guns that announced the birth of the infant who was heir to three-quarters of the civilized world? Even the artillerymen may well have been pardoned for a miscount; surely none knew or cared. From the jarring peal of the great bells of Notre Dame to the shrill cheers of the street boys, every manifestation of joy, every proof of good wishes, followed the glo-

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rious news. Not only the capital, but all France awoke to felicitations: semaphore signals hurried the tidings to remotest provinces, and special couriers sprang to their saddles to ride at breakneck speed to foreign courts.

Throughout the land, fortresses echoed the guns of Paris. The shipping blossomed with bunting in every harbor. And when night came, every quarter of the capital glowed with spontaneous illuminations that seemed the best proof of how dear was the little prince to high and low.

Whoever can read must have followed the grand career of Napoleon I., the greatest soldier of modern times; but of his son, Napoleon II., little has been written where boys and girls can read it. Perhaps it is well to see what the ambition of the father brought upon the son.

The great Napoleon seemed at last to have conquered the hearts of his people. He said afterward, "On that day I learned how much the Parisians loved me!"

Beginning a few years earlier by dispersing the city mob before his cannon, he had made his way steadily upward until, self-crowned, he could demand the hand of an Austrian princess, in order to ally himself with the proudest royal family of Europe.

When the divorced Empress, Josephine, was a young maiden in Martinique, it is said that an old gipsy woman one day predicted that the young creole should be "greater than a Queen of France." If another soothsayer had foretold that Marie Louise, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, would marry Napoleon Bonaparte, it would at one time have seemed quite as incredible. For when this same Marie Louise was a little girl playing with toy soldiers, she always selected the ugliest to play the part of "Bonaparte," the hated enemy of her country. Whatever queer fancies she and her brothers may have carried out with their toys, we are sure that this detested wooden Bonaparte was never made to play the rôle of bridegroom to the little archduchess.

And yet the fantasy of facts had brought it about that she was the wife of the great Emperor of the French, and mother of the boy whose birth set Paris and France and all the world in tumult. Nor was the change in her views and her fortune a gradual one. The marriage was in 1810, and only five years previously she had written from Hungary, whither the Austrian Imperial family had fled before Napoleon's invasion: "Perhaps God has let him go so far to make his ruin more complete when he has abandoned him!" Even one year before the marriage, upon the reported loss of a battle by Bonaparte, she wrote, "May he lose his head as well!"

But Napoleon had weighed the advantages of a match with a sister of the Czar of Russia, and had decided that he preferred an alliance with the Archduchess of Austria; and, for the sake of the peace of Europe, the girl of nineteen had yielded to the wishes of her father and his advisers, and consented to become Empress of France.

The wedding was one long pageant from Vienna to Paris. So eager were the French courtiers to see the young bride that, as she sat enthroned before being presented to her new subjects, one of them made a tiny gimlet-hole in the partition, and all took turns in securing a private view.

Napoleon said at St. Helena, "Marie Louise had a short reign, but she must have enjoyed it; the world was at her feet." And the proudest moment of her brief sovereignty was when the little son was born.

Surely no infant ever had so bright a golden spoon in its mouth. What a beginning for a fairy-story!—"There was born in a most powerful empire a young prince. His father was an emperor and a king, his mother an empress, the daughter of an emperor, and was likewise a queen and an archduchess. His grandfather was an emperor, his uncles and aunts were kings and queens, and he himself was a prince imperial and a king even before he could speak."

What fortune will the seers predict for the child? His father was sure that Prince Imperial was too petty a title for this heir of Europe and the glory of its conqueror. No modern title was grand enough, and they went back to the days of the world-rulers,—the Roman Cæsars. The heir to their throne had been known as "King of Rome," and in default of greater title, the little Napoleon was so called.

The birth of this tiny monarch has been described as "the last smile of Fortune upon him who had seemed her favorite child." But though the course of Napoleon's career had reached its highest point and was thenceforth downward, the descent was at first gradual and hardly apparent. The father and mother were overjoyed and full of pride in the beautiful boy. Though so great a personage, the Empress wrote to the grandfather just as a humbler mother would have done — "I think you will see how much he looks like the Emperor,"— meaning, of course, *her* Emperor and the baby's Emperor. The child's surroundings were the most exquisite the world could furnish. He was baptized in the chapel of the Tuileries, from a gold font, and surrounded by sovereigns and courtiers who blazed in colors and jewels. Imagine the presents heaped upon this little fellow, to whom anything less than a duke was a poor relation! His cradle was of costly materials, and designed by a distinguished artist. It bore at the head a winged figure of Victory, while at the foot the imperial eagle was perched ready to fly,— quite too ready to fly, as it proved.

His baby-carriage was drawn by lambs as white as Mary's own; while, for fear they should skip and play and spill his precious majesty upon the soil of his future empire, a gorgeous official kept a firm hand on the reins, and the grandest of nursemaids walked ever by this royal chariot. But if the baby crowed and smiled, no doubt it was at the birds and flowers and sunshine, which were no more his kingdom than they are the domain of every child that breathes.

When he tired of his coach, the bravest Veterans of the Guard sought the privilege of dandling the son of the beloved Little Gray Corporal who had become an Emperor. No cross or medal was too precious to be the plaything of the boy who was to inherit all that had been won on so many terrible battle-fields.

But grandeur has its penalties. Once, when Napoleon playfully pinched the little cheek, the baby cried.

"Come, come, sir!" exclaimed the Emperor; "do you suppose you are never to be thwarted?— and do kings cry?"

Assuredly they do. There is no royal road to teething.

Talleyrand, one day upon entering the private study where father and son were together, found the boy upon his father's knee, while Napoleon was gently slapping him.



PORTRAIT OF THE KING OF ROME.

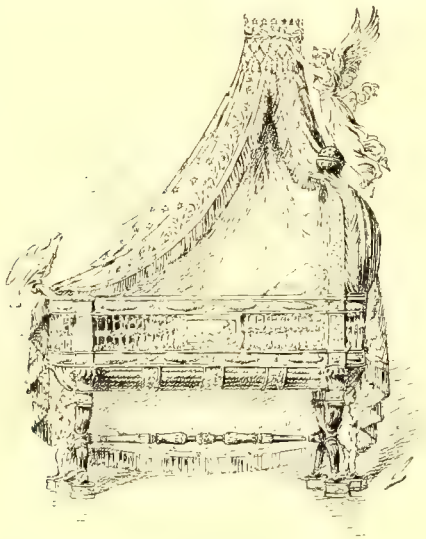
"Do you know what I am doing?" asked Napoleon.

"No, sire," said the diplomatist, who was far too wise to guess royal puzzles.

"I am slapping a king!" was the answer. And this trifling and harmless pleasantry has been cited by a serious writer as a proof of Napoleon's "cruelty" to his child!

"Is he not a fine boy?— you must confess that he is," said the Emperor to one of the court ladies; and the father showed in many ways warm affection toward the little fellow. It was the custom to let the boy come to the

table at the late breakfast, where he was treated to a very small portion of claret in a great deal of water. Both his parents seem to have teased the baby at times; it may be that the contrast between the proud title, "King of Rome," and the tiny toddler who staggered under it, tempted the father and mother into



THE CRADLE.

foolish tricks to make him show what a mere infant he was after all. Only as he grew older did he begin to understand that he was a personage of some consequence.

"Open the door. I wish to see papa!" he said one day to the usher on duty before the Emperor's study.

"Sire, I cannot let your Majesty in," was the firm reply.

"Why not?—I am the little King!" he insisted.

"But your Majesty is alone," said the usher; for the Emperor had ordered that the door should not be opened unless the governess accompanied the boy. This was done that he might respect her authority.

With tears in his eyes, the little monarch ran away, only to return in triumph with his governess.

"Open the door," said he confidently; "the little King desires it."

The obsequious usher stood aside, announcing, "His Majesty the King of Rome!"

Very grand; but there are advantages in being able to run to one's father without ceremony.

As he learned his importance, the royal pupil sometimes proved refractory. Once, when he openly rebelled, the governess went to the windows and closed the shutters. His curiosity overcame his rage, and he asked why the shutters were closed.

"In order," she answered, "that no one may hear you. The French would never have you for king if they knew you to be so naughty."

This terrible threat brought him to terms.

"Have I cried very loud?"

"You have."

"But did they hear me?"

"I fear they did."

Then he surrendered, and begged forgiveness.

Certainly this was not quite straightforward in the governess; but it is difficult to discipline the pet of an empire, and if she made mistakes, she certainly atoned for them by her devotion to the boy when he had few other true friends.

Many were the lessons in etiquette to which he had to submit. We are told that he once ran heedlessly into the council-room, ignoring the grave dignitaries who were in consultation with the Emperor.

"You have not made your bow, Sire," remarked his father, reprovingly. "Come, make your obedience to these gentlemen." So the boy bowed and kissed his hand, and the gray heads returned the greeting, while the Emperor went on, "I hope, gentlemen, that it won't be said I neglect my child's education. He begins to understand infantine civility."

In these stories we see that the Prince was a good little fellow who tried to keep the many rules they prescribed for him. Other anecdotes show that he was kind-hearted as well as docile. An old Greek statesman said that the babies ruled Athens; for the babies ruled the mothers and the mothers ruled the fathers. Shrewd courtiers tried to make use of the influence of the King of Rome over the Emperor.

A man who sought a place in the French government presented to the Emperor a petition addressed "To His Majesty, the King of

Rome," begging for an appointment. The Emperor said, "Carry it to the person to whom it is addressed." So the petitioner was conducted to the cradle of the six-months-old potentate, and there he solemnly read aloud the document to the blinking infant, respectfully saluted, and returned to the Emperor.

"What answer did he make?" asked Napoleon.

"Sire, he made no answer," was the reply.

"Who says nothing, consents," observed the Emperor, dryly, and granted the petition.

read that, upon the return of the Emperor from a grand review in the Champ de Mars, at which the King of Rome was present, his mother asked, "Was he frightened?" and the Emperor replied, "Frightened? No, surely. He knew he was surrounded by his father's friends!"

When the King of Rome was but one year old, the artist Gérard painted his portrait as he sat in his magnificent cradle. The picture showed him with the symbols of royalty, and was no doubt quite as imposing as the truth would permit. As soon as finished the portrait



THE KING OF ROME IN HIS CARRIAGE.

In this case the young King played a passive part; but when he was older, by the artful arrangement of some person about the court, a soldier's widow passed with her son before the windows of the palace at St. Cloud so as to attract the notice of the young Prince.

"Why is she dressed in black?" he asked; and they told him the sad story of the father's death. He eagerly agreed to present a petition for a pension.

We cannot regret that this pension was granted, but must wish that the application had been made in another way. It is pleasanter to

was packed in a great box, fastened on top of a traveling-carriage, and hurried away into Russia, where Napoleon was then encamped.

It arrived on the night before a battle; and the Emperor caused it to be exhibited near his tent, where it could be seen by the soldiers. The Imperial Guard of Veterans were the first to crowd about it, we may be sure; but we may now accept with some reserve the statement that they wept tears of joy over it.

"Gentlemen," said Napoleon to his officers, "if my son were fifteen years old, you may be sure that he would be here among this multi-

tude of brave men, and not merely in a picture."

Happily, the little King was too young to go with his father upon that terrible invasion of Russia, which was to be the ruin of the empire. Beginning so gloriously, it ended in untold horrors of flight and frost. Then Napoleon abandoned the ragged remnant of his army and fled secretly in a swift sledge. Muffled in a heavy cloak, he came almost alone to the palace at midnight, and had difficulty in gaining admission. He roused the Empress and kissed the sleepy baby, who only mumbles drowsily as he is carried back to bed.



"THE BRAVEST VETERANS OF THE GUARD SOUGHT THE PRIVILEGE OF DANDLING THE LITTLE KING."

There were yet a few happy months for the boy; for while Napoleon was working desperately in his study to raise another army from exhausted France, he found relief from his terrible anxiety by playing with his son. The two would sit upon the floor, marshaling blocks of wood that represented bodies of soldiers.

But, outside the play-room, the allied monarchs of Europe were as busily marshaling real soldiers, and bearing back the eagles of France on every side. Nearer and nearer they came, until the French Emperor was forced to oppose them with what resources he could conjure up for the desperate struggle to save an inheritance for his son—and to save it from the allies of the boy's own grandfather!

On January 24, 1814, the Emperor summoned to the Tuileries the officers of the National Guard of the capital, and to them confided "what, next to France, he held dearest," the Empress and her son. And when they promised to be faithful to the trust, no doubt they were sincere. But though Napoleon was not disgraced in the campaign that followed, he was overcome by numbers, and then all saw that the empire was at an end.

On the 28th of March, the throneless little King found his mother dressed for a journey, and the household in a bustle of excitement and terror. No one could spare a moment to tell him what they feared. At length, when it was announced that the Cossacks, or Russian cavalry, were approaching, it was decided that the Empress must fly from Paris; and when the boy saw the carriages he understood that he was to be taken from his home.

"I don't want to leave my house! I don't want to go away. Now that papa is away, I am master here!" he cried.

Poor child, how could he know that Russian Cossacks would not yield even to the authority of the great Emperor himself! Clinging to the doorway and balustrade, he resisted with all his little strength, and had to be forced into the carriage without ceremony.

"I don't want to go to Rambouillet," he persisted. "It 's a gloomy castle! I want to stay here!" But his voice was drowned by the rumbling of the ten heavy coaches that formed this funeral of the empire; and then began the anxious flight that lasted until the middle of



"'I AM SLAPPING A KING,' SAID NAPOLEON."

April, and brought the unhappy mother and son into the power of the Emperor of Austria.

Meanwhile, Napoleon at Paris was trying to make terms with the victorious allies; but he found time to send one last message to his son, "A kiss to the little King!"

Leaving the father ruined, soon to become a disguised fugitive, and to be exiled to Elba, the mother and her son surrendered themselves to the grandfather and his allies, the Emperor of Russia and the English. Marie Louise burst into tears when she met her father, and putting the King of Rome into his arms, begged that the child might be protected.

And the Emperor of Austria took excellent care of him; but he never forgot that his grandson was also the son of the French Emperor, that deadly foe of Austria and the alliance. Especially during the wonderful "Hundred Days" after Napoleon's escape from Elba, and until the defeat at Waterloo had once more proved the empire an impossibility, was the King of Rome guarded like a state prisoner. A messenger about to go to Napoleon asked the little exile whether he had any message for his father.

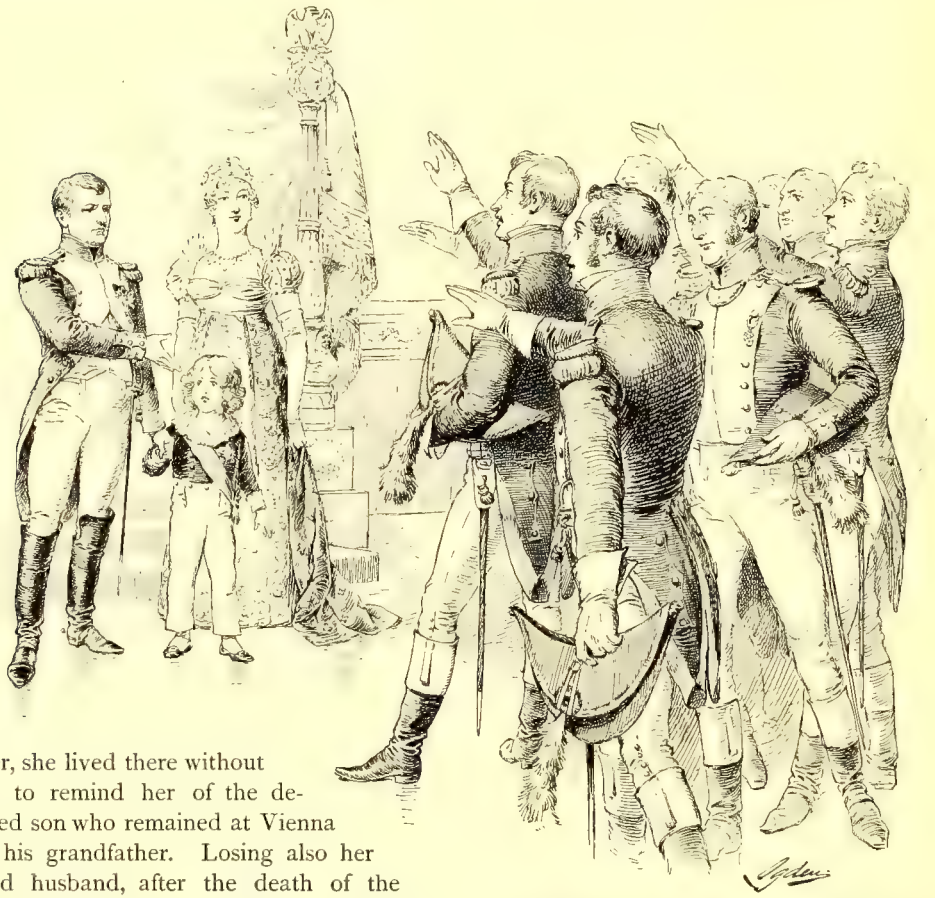
The lonely child drew him apart into a recessed window—afraid of being overheard—and whispered: "You will tell him that I always love him dearly!"

Napoleon never saw the boy again, and even Marie Louise seemed soon to lose her motherly



PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

affection for him. After the death of Napoleon, Marie Louise married again, and going to the Duchy of Parma, a little realm set apart for her, she lived there without much to remind her of the dethroned son who remained at Vienna with his grandfather. Losing also her second husband, after the death of the King of Rome, Marie Louise was married a third time; and there is little to show that she ever recalled her brief years of splendor in Paris as Empress of the French.



NAPOLEON CONFIDES THE EMPRESS AND THE LITTLE KING TO THE OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Now the King of Rome was king no longer. It had been the custom in addressing him to say, "Sire, your Majesty"; but on the day that his mother left Vienna, when entering the room where the Emperor of Austria awaited him, he was thus announced:

"His Highness, the Duke of Reichstadt."

"Who is this new duke?" he demanded, and then he was told that he was no longer to be, even in name, the King of Rome. He had been aware of the change in his fortunes even before it was thus brutally forced upon him.

"Any one can see that I am not a king," he had remarked; "I have n't any pages now!"

Few as were the letters and messages between the father at St. Helena and the son at the Austrian court, the boy could not forget that he was not born an Austrian noble. How could the son of Napoleon the Great forget? All the history of the time was but his father's biography.

As soon as he was old enough, the little Duke learned the duties of military service and won his way by degrees to the rank of an officer. The son of the greatest of warriors, military studies were his passion, and he studied the father's campaigns with a son's devotion.

The Duke of Ragusa, Marshal Marmont, in his memoirs describes the Duke of Reichstadt

as taller than his father, of the same complexion, with smaller and deeper eyes. He adds that the resemblance was in the lower part of the face. Marmont met the young man at a ball in Vienna, and was eagerly questioned upon the great Napoleon's campaigns. The young Duke expressed his love for a military life, and begged that his father's lifelong friend and fellow-soldier would instruct him in strategy.

"France and Austria will one day be allies," he said, "and their armies will fight side by side." It was his only hope, for he assured Marmont that he would never fight against the French, because his father had forbidden it.

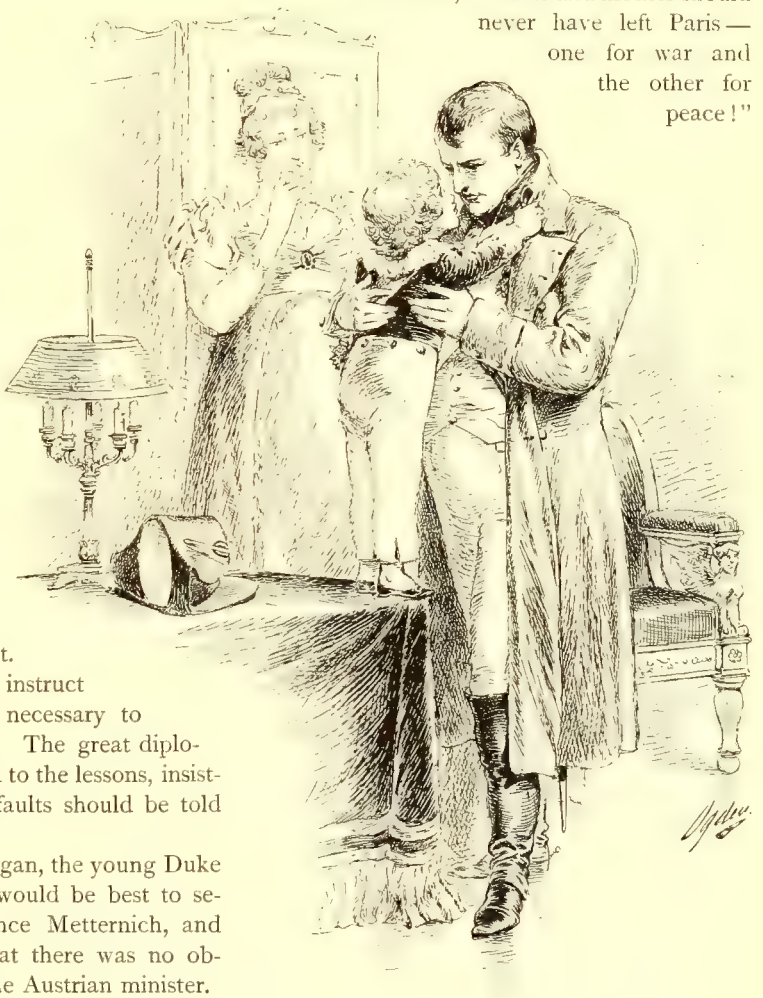
But before agreeing to instruct him, Marmont thought it necessary to consult Prince Metternich. The great diplomatist, however, consented to the lessons, insisting only that the father's faults should be told as well as his virtues.

Before the instruction began, the young Duke himself suggested that it would be best to secure the approval of Prince Metternich, and was delighted to learn that there was no objection upon the part of the Austrian minister.

The old marshal declares that the boy's thoughts were all of his father, whom he regarded almost with worship; and in the story of Napoleon's life he was interested beyond measure. Well he might be. None knew the story better than the marshal, who had been Napoleon's friend and comrade in arms from the days when, as a young lieutenant, Bonaparte directed the siege of Toulon, to the end of the Empire and downfall of the great Emperor.

Imagine what it was to hear that wonderful story from the lips of an actor in it — to learn at once the life of a father and the most dazzling career of modern times!

For three months the lessons continued; and when the story was ended, the young Duke asserted, "Father and mother should never have left Paris — one for war and the other for peace!"



NAPOLEON PARTING WITH HIS WIFE AND SON.

He gratefully declared that the marshal had given him "the sweetest moments he had passed since he had been in the world," and in token of his gratitude he presented to his teacher his portrait, with a touching inscription from Racine:

> Having come to me with a sincere interest,
> You told me my father's story;
> You know how my soul, attentive to your words,
> Kindled at the recital of his noble exploits.

In the strange situation where he now found himself, the young Duke was advised by the

wise old warrior to bear in mind one of Napoleon's maxims: "Wait, be ready, but do not strive against circumstances."

Only once were his hopes kindled. In his nineteenth year, a revolution in Paris caused even the Austrian Emperor to think it possible that the young Napoleon might be called to



THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT IN AUSTRIAN UNIFORM.

the French throne; and the Emperor said that he would not object, providing the French should so decide. But affairs took another turn, and the dream was gone forever.

A few more words will sum up the last days of him who had been "the little King." He became a colonel in the Austrian service, and sought by reckless daring to prove false the slurs of those who thought him effeminate. He hunted, rode, studied, exercised—did whatever he could to show himself brave and hardy. Brave and ambitious he was, but he had not the bodily constitution to bear the strain of the tasks he set himself. At last his health failed, and he was compelled to give up all active pursuits; and soon he learned that he had not long to live. He bore his last illness with the utmost fortitude, and seemed anxious only that no one should see him overcome by suffering.

He died on the 22d of July, 1832.

He had lived just twenty-one years. He had won no battles, and had caused the death of no soldier; he had won no great glory, and had done no great wrong. Without repining he had accepted as inevitable his helpless and hopeless captivity—a captivity he could not even resent, for his jailor was his dearly loved grandfather.

What he could accomplish, he did well. He had many excellent talents. He knew several living languages, but showed less aptitude for science. As might be expected, his memory for history was exceptional, for history told him of the military life for which he longed continually, believing no happiness equal to that of the successful soldier.

Though never muscular, he was athletic, and skilled in sports,—above all, in horsemanship. It is hinted that he was not always truthful; but his strange situation would necessarily have caused him to be accused of this fault. We must remember that he could hardly express his opinions freely without risk of giving offense in some quarter.

A visitor to the Austrian court once stupidly asked whether he had any messages for friends in Paris! What could he reply to so tactless a question?

"Paris?" he repeated; "I know no one there. My only acquaintance in the city is the column in the Place Vendôme."

And next morning the traveler received from the Duke a little note containing only these words: "When you see the column, pray give it my regards."

He gave little evidence of an ambition to urge his claims to the French throne. "The son of Napoleon should be too great to become a mere tool," are his own words. And, in case of an opportunity to assert his claim, he said he did not wish "to be in advance, but in reserve. That is to say, to come to the rescue by recalling former glories." He was as shrewd as he was sensible. Once Marmont quoted a saying of Napoleon's about "trusting secrets to few, and only to those who must be used." The young Napoleon added that it

was well "sometimes to intrust secrets to those who have guessed them!"—a clever comment for a boy of nineteen.

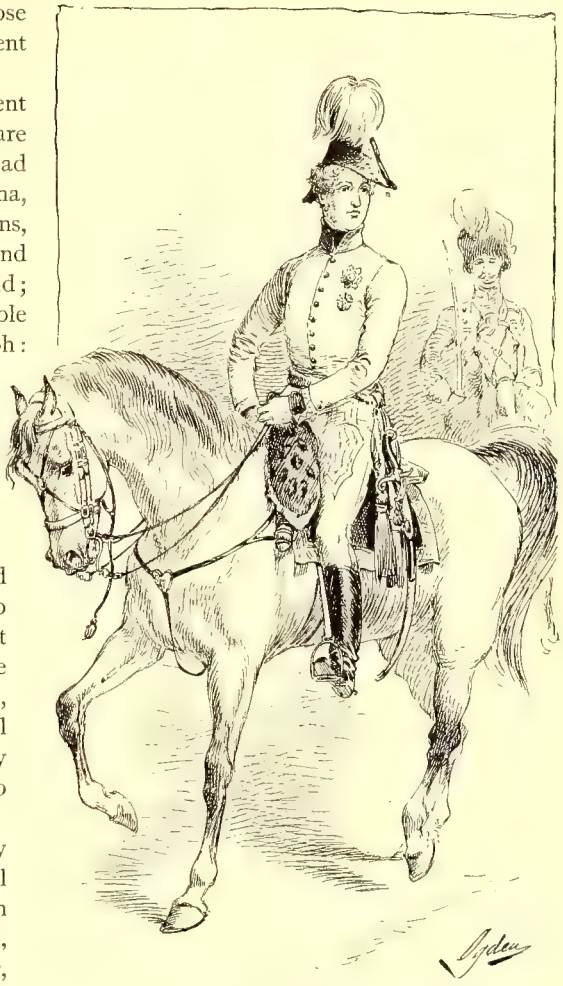
Imbert de Saint-Amand, from whose recent studies of the Empire many of these facts are taken, says: "His sumptuous cradle he had given to the Imperial Treasury of Vienna, which is near the Church of the Capuchins, where he was to be buried. 'My cradle and my grave will be near each other,' he said; 'my birth and my death—that is my whole story.'" He composed for his tomb this epitaph:

> Here lies the Son of the Great Napoleon.
> He was born King of Rome.
> He died an Austrian Colonel.

It is only sixty years ago that his short life came to an end. As he himself summed it up, it began with grandeur and ended in petty uselessness. But Marmont says he had the gift of winning the affection of those who were brought into contact with him, and that his appearance on horseback upon parade made his soldiers forget their rigid discipline, and burst into wild cheering as the martial young officer galloped along the line. Surely there was nobility of character in the boy who thus bravely made the best of his sorry lot.

Many of you will recall the story, already told in ST. NICHOLAS, of the Prince Imperial of France who was to have been "Napoleon IV." You remember that his father, also, abandoned the throne and left France forever, and that the brave son was slain in Africa, with his face toward the spears of England's savage enemies.

Perhaps when the four Napoleons are weighed in the just judgment of the ages, the two who made themselves emperors, only to flee into exile from their own people, may be held in no higher honor than their sons, each of whom died as a petty officer under a foreign flag.



THE YOUNG DUKE IN COMMAND OF HIS REGIMENT.

Napoleon II. and Napoleon IV.—the story of each is the story of a short life; but we are told that "he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."





(*Isles of Shoals, A. D. 1790–1892.*)

By Celia Thaxter.

Little maid Margaret and I,
All in the sweet May weather,
Roamed merrily and peacefully
The island slopes together.

The sun was midway in the west
That golden afternoon,
The sparrow sat above his nest
And sang his friendly tune.

The sky was clear, the sea was calm,
The wind blew from the south
And touched us with a breath of balm,
And kissed her happy mouth.

The joyful, smiling little maid!
Her pretty hand in mine,—
"Look, Thea, at the flowers," she said.
"See how the eyebrights shine!"

Scattered like pearls all milky fair
Where'er our feet were set,
They glimmered, swayed by gentle air,
For little Margaret.

And here the crowfoot's gold was spilled,
And there the violet
Its cream-white buds with fragrance filled,
And all for Margaret.

I took a grassy path that led
Into a rocky dell.
"Come, and I 'll show you, dear," I said,
"Sir William Pepperrell's well."

In the deep shadow of the rock
The placid water hid,
And seemed the sky above to mock
Arums and ferns amid.

"Is this Sir William Pepperrell's well?
But, Thea, who was he?"
"A noble man, the records tell,
A lord of high degree."

"And did he live here?" "Sometimes, yes.
Yonder his house stood, dear.
By all the scattered stones you 'd guess
A dwelling once was here.

"There lie the door-steps large and square,
Where feet went out and in
Long years ago; a broken stair;
And here the walls begin."

"How long ago did they live here?"
Gravely the small maid spoke;
"And tell me, did you know them, Thea,—
Sir William Pepperrell's folk?"

"A hundred years they have been dead.
No, dear, we never met!"
"But, Thea, you 're so old," she said,
"You know you might forget!

"*I 'm* only six, I 'm very new,
I can't remember much."
She clasped me, as she nearer drew,
With light and gentle touch.

"Tell me, where are they now?" asked she.
Oh, question ages old!
"That, Margaret, is a mystery
No mortal has been told.

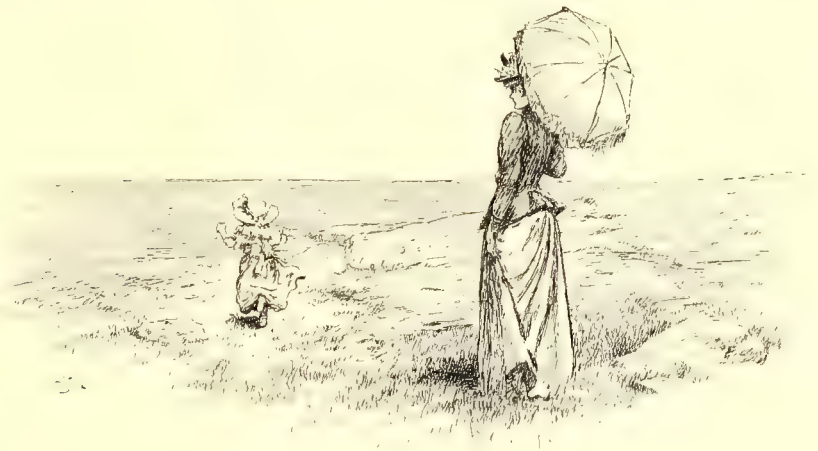
"Here stood the house, there lies the well,
And nothing more we know,
Except that history's pages tell
They lived here long ago."



"WITH SERIOUS EYES SHE GAZED AT ME."

With serious eyes she gazed at me,
And for a moment's space
A shadow of perplexity
Flitted across her face.

Then, dancing down the sunlit way,
She gathered bud and bell,
And 'mid its ferns forgotten lay
Sir William Pepperrell's well.



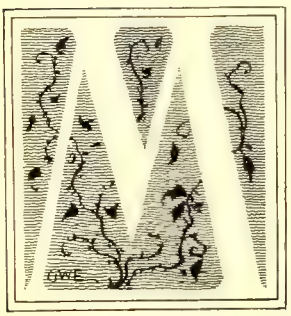
TOM PAULDING.

(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

By Brander Matthews.

Chapter XX.

THE "WORKING HYPOTHESIS."



MR. RAPALLO instantly turned the valve in the nozle of the tube and shut off the water. He threw down the hose, and sprang forward to see what had been discovered.

There in the sand were the lower bones of a human skeleton, bleached white by time. The feet were already separated by the action of the water, and the shin-bones were detached at the knees.

The three boys stood by the side of Mr. Rapallo, looking with intense interest at these relics of what had once been a fellow human being. Amid the sand, and by the side of a thigh-bone half uncovered by the stream of water, lay a dozen or more yellow coins.

Tom Paulding came closer, stooped, and picked these out. They were dull, most of them, from their long burial in the earth, and some of them were covered with mold or incrusted with rusty earth. But one had been protected, perhaps by its position in the center of the bag; and this one glittered as the early rays of the sun fell on it.

The boy held it out to Mr. Rapallo. "This is a guinea, Uncle Dick. I have seen pictures of them," he cried. "And see, the portrait of Georgius III."

Mr. Rapallo took the coin and looked at it carefully, turning it over. "It seems a little queer, somehow," he remarked; "but it is a George the Third guinea. There can be no doubt of that."

"Then my guess was right," Tom said; "and we have found Jeffrey Kerr."

"The 'working hypothesis' worked excellently," his uncle answered. "This must be the skeleton of Jeffrey Kerr, and these are the guineas he stole. The punishment followed hard on the crime; and it was the weight of the stolen money which caused his death here at the bottom of the pool a few minutes after the theft, and when it seemed as if he had made his escape and got off scot-free. The retribution was swift enough for once; and the manner of it worked out a singular case of poetic justice."

"These six or seven coins are not all the money, I suppose?" asked Cissy.

"Of course not," Tom declared; "there are two thousand of them in all. We shall find them safe enough now."

"Shall I play the hose for you?" Harry Zachary inquired.

"No," Mr. Rapallo answered. "I think we must abandon our hydraulic mining now. I 'm afraid the force of the stream of water might wash away the coins before we could get at them. We have found the gold now, and we had best dig it out carefully ourselves."

He himself took the pickax, and gently loosened all the earth about the upper part of the skeleton, which was not as yet uncovered. Then, with the spades, the boys very cautiously removed the sand from about the bones of the dead man's body. Every spadeful taken away was sifted through their fingers, and a little pile of guineas began to heap up near the skull, where Tom had laid the bags he had brought to carry home the treasure when he should find it. The stolen money had been tied in four bags originally; and they discovered the coins in four separate heaps, but they had been slightly scattered in

the century and more between the loss of the guineas by Nicholas Paulding and their recovery by his great-grandson.

Two of these little heaps of coins were close together under the thighs of the skeleton; and it was from one of these heaps that the first glittering guinea had been washed out.

"Uncle Dick," said Tom, as they picked up these coins and put them in the bags, "do you remember that one of the papers I showed you said that Jeffrey Kerr had on a big overcoat with pockets?"

"Yes," Mr. Rapallo answered; "what of it?"

"Well," returned Tom, "I should n't wonder if these two piles of gold here under the body were the ones that were once in the two of the bags which he had put into the pockets of his coat."

"I see," Mr. Rapallo responded; "and you think it was these pockets that weighted him down when he struggled for life in the swift waters of the swollen brook? I think it very likely."

The two other heaps were not so near together. The bags containing the coins in these piles had apparently been held in his hands until the thief fell into the stream as he was crossing the stepping-stones. With an involuntary clutch he had carried them with him as he went down into the pool. Perhaps he had then released them in his efforts to get free; perhaps also they had been attached to his person.

"It may be that the man did not make any struggle at all," said Mr. Rapallo, as they discussed these queries while gathering the coins together and putting them in the new bags. "He was fired on twice, remember; and at the second shot the sentry heard a cry of pain.



THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE TREASURE.

Now it may be that he was wounded and faint, and so had no strength left."

"I wonder—" Harry Zachary remarked, as he went up to the bones and began to examine them carefully. "I reckon you 're right, Mr. Rapallo," he cried a minute later. "That second shot took him in the shoulder."

"How do you know?" asked Cissy Smith, skeptically.

"Here 's the hole in the bone," Harry answered; "and here is the bullet that made it." And with that he pulled out a large leaden ball that had been fast to the shoulder-blade.

"Then there can be no doubt now," said Mr. Rapallo, "as to the identity of the skeleton before us, as to the cause of his death, and as to the ownership of this gold. The more we discover about this, the more closely does everything fit together in accordance with Tom's 'working hypothesis.'"

When they had picked up the last coin in the four heaps, and after they had searched the sand below and on all sides without finding a single separate guinea, Mr. Rapallo said at last, "I think our work is done. There is no use in our lingering here and looking for more."

"There have been three more carts along here in the last ten minutes," Cissy remarked; "and I think it is about time for us to light out, if we don't want a crowd about us."

"That 's so," Tom replied. "There may be a dozen people down here before we know it."

"Very well," Mr. Rapallo responded; "we may get away at once. But first let us at least give these poor bones a decent burial-place. They belonged to a thief who died almost in the act of stealing; but he was our fellow-man, after all, and we must do by him as we may hope to be done by."

Tom dug a light trench in the sand almost exactly where they had first seen the skeleton, and Harry Zachary gathered the bones together and placed them reverently in the grave. Then Cissy and Tom shoveled sand over the skeleton, hiding it from all prying eyes, and heaping over it a mound like those seen in cemeteries.

When this was done decently and in order, Mr. Rapallo bade the boys collect the spades and the pickax. He went back to the hydrant and turned off the water. Then he took off the hose and threw it over into the vacant block. Joining the boys again, he unfastened the section of the hose to which the nozle was attached, and this he coiled up to take away with him.

"We 'll come back for the rest of the hose when it is dark," he explained. "For the present, we 'll leave it here. I doubt whether anybody will notice it."

Then they took up their march homeward. Tom Paulding carried two bags of the recovered guineas, but his heart was so light that it seemed to him as if three times their weight would be no burden. Cissy Smith and Harry Zachary each had one of the other two bags. The boys also divided between them the pickax and the spades, as Mr. Rapallo was heavily laden with a coil of hose.

They had kept no count of time while they had been at work, and the hours had passed over them unperceived. The sun now rode high on the horizon. The roar of the great city rose on the air, only a little less resounding because the day was a holiday. The rattle of carts in the neighboring streets was frequent, so was the rolling of the trains on the elevated railroad. The city was awake again, and it was making ready to honor the dead heroes of the war, and to deck their graves with green garlands and with the bright flowers of the springtime.

"If you don't mind, Tom," said Harry Zachary, as they walked side by side, "I 'd like to keep the bullet."

"What bullet?" asked Tom, in surprise.

"The ball I found in the dead man's shoulder," Harry explained.

"But it does n't belong to me," Tom declared. "You found it. I suppose you 've a right to it."

"I want to keep it," Harry responded; "it 's a curious thing to have in the house; and I reckon it 's a talisman."

"A talisman?" repeated Tom.

"Yes," Harry answered, "like those they have in the old stories—something that will defend you from evil and bring you luck."

"Shucks!" said Cissy Smith, forcibly. "Why

should that old bullet bring you any more luck than it brought Jeffrey Kerr? And it brought him to the bottom of the creek, and it left him there."

"I can keep it if I want it, I reckon," Harry remarked, placidly.

"Uncle Dick," Tom asked, "was n't that the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall—the man who stood by the hydrant just as we found the gold?"

"Yes," Mr. Rapallo answered; "that was Joshua Hoffmann."

"I did n't see him go away," Tom continued. "I wonder how long he stayed there."

"I 'd like to know how he came to be there at all," cried Cissy Smith.

"That 's so," Tom declared. "How did he know what we were going to do?"

Mr. Rapallo did not answer this direct question. Indeed, he parried it by another.

"How did your friend Corkscrew happen to get up so early?" he asked.

"I guess he won't feel encouraged to try it again," said Cissy. "You soused him well! Oh, how he did twist and squirm when you turned the hose full on him! It was more fun than the circus." And Cissy laughed heartily at the recollection of Corkscrew's ludicrous appearance. So did the other boys; and Mr. Rapallo joined in their merriment.

"He did look a little surprised," said Uncle Dick. "I don't believe he had expected quite so cold a welcome."

"If Corkscrew had only sprained his tongue instead of his foot," suggested Cissy, "so that he could n't ask any more questions, it would be money in his pocket."

"I 'd like to ask a question myself," Tom declared. "I 'd like to know how Corkscrew got news of our enterprise. I did n't tell him."

There was a guilty silence on the part of Harry Zachary, as if he thought that possibly something he might have hinted had been sufficient to bring Lott out of his bed at daybreak, in the hope of finding out something he was not meant to know.

By this time they had come to the flight of wooden steps which led from the sidewalk to the knob of sand on which stood Mrs. Paulding's house.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Rapallo, "I have to thank you for the assistance you have been to us—"

"Yes," almost interrupted Tom, "I 'm ever so much obliged to you both."

"I don't know what we should have done without your aid," Mr. Rapallo continued.

"Oh, that 's nothing," said Cissy Smith.

"We 'd do twice as much if we could," said Harry Zachary.

"Now I 've got to ask one more favor," Mr. Rapallo went on. "I want you to promise me one thing."

"We 'll promise," replied Cissy.

"Of course," declared Harry.

"I want you to promise me," said Uncle Dick, "not to tell anybody about this morning's work."

"What?" cried Cissy, "not tell anybody?"

"Not ever tell?" Harry asked.

It was obvious that both lads were grievously disappointed, as they had hoped to set forth the whole story to all their friends, with every interesting detail. Very few boys in New York ever had a hand in the recovery of buried treasure; if they had to keep their share secret, Cissy and Harry both felt that they were deprived of the advantage of the unusual situation.

"Not for the present," Mr. Rapallo said. "Of course I know you will want to describe everything to your parents; and so you shall. But not to-day."

"To-morrow, then?" asked Harry.

"Perhaps you may tell to-morrow," Mr. Rapallo replied. "It is for the present only that I ask for secrecy. As soon as I can release you from the promise, I will."

"Oh, very well," said Cissy, frankly; "I 'll promise."

"So will I," said Harry, with a sigh.

"If you are asked about anything, you can say that what you did is Tom Paulding's secret, and that you have promised to keep it solemnly," suggested Uncle Dick.

"So we can," Harry responded; "and I reckon that will make them want to know all the more."

His friends handed Tom the two bags of the recovered coins, and Mr. Rapallo relieved

them of the spades. Then Cissy Smith and Harry Zachary departed.

When Tom and Uncle Dick stood at the top of the little flight of stairs, they saw Pauline come flying out of the house toward them.

"Remember, Tom," said his uncle, "you must not tell what you have been doing—at least, not yet."

"I know that," Tom responded.

"Where have you two boys been?" asked Polly.

"We 've 'been to London to see the queen,'" replied Mr. Rapallo, gravely.

"And what have you got in those bags? Those are the ones I made for Tom, I 'm sure."

Tom looked at his uncle, and made no answer.

"That 's a secret," said Uncle Dick, laughing lightly as they went up the walk to the house.

"But I 'm so good," cried the coaxing Pauline. "I 'm so good you ought to tell me everything."

Tom and Mr. Rapallo were able to resist her blandishments, and the curiosity of Pauline was not satisfied that day.

CHAPTER XXI.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.



AULINE followed her uncle and her brother rather despondently to the door of the house.

"You need n't tell me anything if you don't want to," she said; "but I 'm good, and I 'll tell you something—and it 's something you 'll be glad to know, too. Breakfast is ready!"

And with that Parthian shaft of magnanimous reproach, she sped past them into the house.

"We would better get rid of the dirt before we go to table," Mr. Rapallo suggested.

"Hydraulic mining is a pretty wet thing to do," Tom declared. "I don't believe I 've got a dry rag on me; and there 's sand in my shoes and in my hair and in my ears."

They went up-stairs, and Tom hid the four precious bags under the pillow of his bed; and then he made himself presentable for the breakfast-table.

He and his uncle had agreed that, if they succeeded in finding the treasure, they should keep it a secret until they had sold the gold, and with the proceeds paid off the mortgage that worried Mrs. Paulding. Mr. Rapallo had explained to Tom that as the mortgagee had requested payment of the bond there probably would not need to be any delay whatever. They might go down-town the next morning, sell the gold and pay the mortgage off, all in two hours.

Then Tom counted on the pleasure of going to his mother with the canceled bond and mortgage, and making her a present of it. In imagination he had gone over the scene half a dozen times; and he longed for the flash of joy which would surely pass over Mrs. Paulding's face.

Yet when Tom and his uncle came down to breakfast that Decoration Day morning, the temptation to tell his mother the whole story was almost more than the boy could resist.

Mrs. Paulding saw that something had happened, and that her son was in an unusual state of suppressed excitement. But she would not ask for any specific explanation, knowing that Tom had had Cissy and Harry in the house all night, and that the three boys had gone out early, with Mr. Rapallo. To this daybreak excursion with her brother she ascribed all her son's excitement, and she wondered a little what they had been doing to cause it. But she had perfect confidence in her brother and in her son, and she knew that the latter would surely wish her to share in any pleasure he had enjoyed; so she asked no questions, content to be told whenever Tom was ready to tell her, and unwilling to mar his delight in the telling by any obtrusive inquiries.

Pauline was less reticent. At least, she had less self-control.

"Tom Paulding!" she exclaimed, as her brother took his seat at the table, "what is the matter with you this morning? And where

have you been? You are just bursting with something to tell, and yet you won't let me know what it is."

"So you think Tom has something on his mind?" asked Mr. Rapallo.

"Indeed I do," she answered. "Do you know what it is?"

"Yes," replied her uncle.

"And will you tell me?" she begged. "Remember that I 'm your only niece, and I 'm so good."

"Oh, yes, I 'll tell you what Tom has on his mind, if you want to know," said Mr. Rapallo.

Tom looked up at his uncle in surprise, but he caught the twinkle in Mr. Rapallo's eye, and he was reassured.

"Well, what is it?" Polly demanded. "Tell me quickly."

"It is a secret!" Mr. Rapallo answered solemnly.

"Oh, I know that," returned Polly, disappointed

"Then I need not have told you," said her uncle.

"You have n't told me anything really," the little girl continued. "At least, you have n't told me what the secret is."

"If I told you that," Mr. Rapallo declared, with great gravity, "it would not be a secret any more,—so it would be of no use to you."

"Oh!" cried Polly, "I never had an uncle as aggravoking as you are."

"Still, if you will conquer your just resentment," Mr. Rapallo went on, "and pass me my cup of tea, I shall take it as a favor and seek for an occasion to do as much for you."

"Uncle Dick," said Pauline, "you are a goose!"

"Pauline!" called Mrs. Paulding, reprovingly.

"Oh, well, Uncle Dick knows what I mean," the little girl explained.

"I deny that I am a goose," said Mr. Rapallo; "but I will admit that Tom and I have been out this morning on a wild-goose chase."

"Did you get any?" asked Pauline.

"We got one," Mr. Rapallo replied; "it was a goose with golden eggs."

"But that 's only a story," said the little girl, doubtfully.

"This was only a story," her uncle answered; "but it came true."

"I don't think it 's at all nice of you to puzzle me like this, Uncle Dick," Pauline declared, as she took Mr. Rapallo's tea-cup from her mother's hands and passed it to her uncle.

"Thank your ladyship," said Mr. Rapallo.

"Oh," cried Polly, suddenly, "you are going to see two girls!"

"Am I?" asked her uncle. "How do you know?"

"That 's what Katie always says when she finds two tea-leaves floating in the cup," Pauline explained.

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Rapallo, "so two leaves in my cup mean that I am to see two girls? And if they had been in your cup—"

"Then that would mean two boys," Polly broke in. "Of course, I don't believe it all, but that 's what Katie says. She believes all sorts of things."

"And where is the Brilliant Conversationalist this morning?" asked Mr. Rapallo.

"I think I heard the postman's whistle a minute ago," Mrs. Paulding answered; "she has probably gone out for the letters."

The Brilliant Conversationalist came in just then, with two letters in her hand. One she gave Mrs. Paulding, and the other she placed before Mr. Rapallo.

"There 's only one for you, Mr. Richard," she said with kindly interest. "Ye don't be gettin' as many as ye did."

"I 'm in luck to-day as well as you, Tom," said Mr. Rapallo, when he had glanced over his letter, which he then folded up and put in his pocket without further remark.

"How is Tom in luck to-day?" asked Polly.

"That is part of the secret," answered her uncle.

"I don't like secrets," she replied, haughtily. "And I 'm going to have some of my own," she added, hastily, "just to tease you."

Mr. Rapallo laughed at this inconsistent threat. Tom silently went on with his breakfast, scarcely trusting himself to speak, for fear that he might say more than he meant to say.

Mrs. Paulding had been reading her letter, and now she laid it down with a sigh.

"It 's about that mortgage, Richard," she

said, with anxiety and weariness in her voice; "they want it paid as soon as I can pay it."

"Perhaps that will be sooner than you think, Mother," cried Tom, involuntarily.

"I agree with Tom," exclaimed Mr. Rapallo, hastily breaking in. "You can never tell what may turn up. Perhaps there may be good fortune in store for you."

"I 'm not much of a believer in luck," said Mrs. Paulding, sadly.

"But, Mother, I know —" began Tom.

Again Mr. Rapallo interrupted him sharply. "Tom," he cried, "if you have finished your breakfast, we 'll go up-stairs. You may remember that we have something to do there."

"Now what can you have to do on Decoration Day morning, I 'd like to know," Polly declared. "I think this keeping of secrets is just too annoying for anything."

"Uncle Dick is right," said Tom, rising from the table. "We have work to do to-day."

Then he went around to his mother and put his arm about her and kissed her. He patted Polly's curls as he passed out of the room, and she shook her head indignantly.

When they were up-stairs, Mr. Rapallo said to Tom, "You came pretty near giving yourself away then."

"I know I did," Tom answered. "I could n't bear to see my mother worrying about money when I 've got enough here to make her comfortable."

"How do you know?" asked Mr. Rapallo. "You have n't counted it yet."

"I 'll do it now," Tom responded, and he took a bag from under his pillow and emptied it out on the bed. Then he rapidly counted the coins into little heaps of ten each. There were forty-nine of these in the first bag, and three pieces over.

"You have made a pretty even division among the bags, apparently," said Mr. Rapallo. "Two thousand guineas in four equal parts would be five hundred in each bag; and you have four hundred and ninety-three in that one."

"I 'll count the others," Tom exclaimed, "and perhaps one of them has seven guineas more than its share."

"You must not expect to find every one of the two thousand guineas," Mr. Rapallo declared; "that would be a little too much. You must be satisfied if you have nineteen hundred or thereabout. It is a mistake to be too grasping. I wonder if I am doing right myself, in trying for more than I can get now? You know that I have been at work on a little invention? Well, that letter I got this morning brought me a very good offer for it."

"Are you going to take it?" asked Tom, as he ranged the contents of the second bag in little heaps of ten.

"I think not," his uncle answered. "I hope I can do better."

"There are five hundred and two in this bag," Tom declared.

"That is to say," Mr. Rapallo commented, "you have nine hundred and ninety-five in the two bags. At that rate you would be short only ten guineas in the two thousand."

And this was almost exactly as it turned out. The third bag contained four hundred and seventy-four, and the fourth had five hundred and eighteen. Thus in the four bags there were nineteen hundred and eighty-seven of the two thousand guineas. Only thirteen of them had been washed away or missed by the eager fingers of Tom and his friends.

"How much in our money will nineteen hundred and eighty-seven guineas be?" asked Tom.

"A little more than ten thousand dollars, I think," his uncle answered.

"Ten thousand dollars!" repeated the boy, awed by the amount.

"That is, if you get only the bullion value of the gold," continued Mr. Rapallo. "Perhaps some of the separate coins here may have a value of their own, from their rarity. There may be guineas of Queen Anne and of William and Mary. Some of them are perhaps worth two or three times their weight as specie."

As Mr. Rapallo was speaking, Tom was rapidly turning over the little heaps from the fourth bag, which was still on his bed.

"These are all George the Third," he said, "every one of them. There is n't a coin in this heap that has n't his head on it."

"That is curious," said his uncle.

"These are of the same year, too," cried Tom. "Seventeen hundred and seventy."

"That is rather remarkable," Mr. Rapallo declared; "but I suppose you have there the contents of one of the old bags which had been filled from a stock of coin received at one shipment from the mint in London."

"But the other bags are all the same," Tom returned, quickly examining the handfuls of coin he had taken from one of the other bags.

"They can't be all alike," Uncle Dick responded. "Two thousand guineas of the same mintage would be unlikely to be paid all at once, six years after the date."

"I have n't found a single guinea of any year but seventeen seventy," said Tom, looking at coin after coin.

"That is certainly suspicious," Mr. Rapallo remarked.

"Suspicious?" echoed Tom.

"Oh!" cried Uncle Dick, starting up. "I hope not! And yet it would explain one thing."

"What is it?" Tom asked, with a first faint chill of doubt.

Mr. Rapallo did not answer. He went into his own room and came back at once, with a small stone in his hand and a glass bottle containing a colorless liquid.

Setting the bottle down on the bureau, he took at random a guinea from each of the four bags; and with each he made a mark on the stone, on the fine grain of which he rubbed off a bit of the soft metal. Then he put down the coins, and, taking up the glass stopper of the bottle, he touched a drop of the liquid to the four marks. They turned dark and disappeared. Mr. Rapallo sighed, and cast a glance of pity on his nephew.

Then he plunged his hand deep down into each of the four bags in turn and drew forth four more guineas, and tested these as he had tested the first four; and again the marks turned dark and disappeared.

"Uncle Dick, what are you doing?" cried Tom. "Is anything—"

"Tom," said Mr. Rapallo, placing his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder, "are you strong enough to learn the truth at once?"

"What do you mean?" Tom asked, rising involuntarily, with a sudden iciness of his hands and feet.

"I mean," his uncle answered, slowly, "that I am afraid all these guineas you have toiled for so bravely are counterfeit."

"Counterfeit?" repeated the boy.



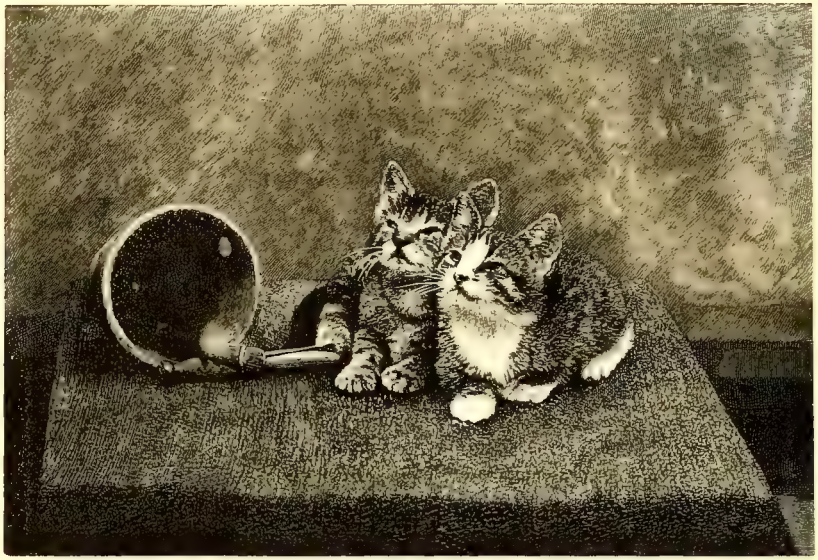
"THE MARKS TURNED DARK AND DISAPPEARED."

"Yes," Mr. Rapallo replied; "I have tested eight of these coins taken at random, and no one is gold. I 'm afraid there 's not a genuine guinea in all your two thousand here."

Tom said nothing for a minute or more. He drew a long breath and stared straight before him. He heard the wavering whistle of a river steamer, and then he caught the faint notes of a brass-band leading a local post of the Grand Army of the Republic to take part in the procession of the day.

At last he looked up at his uncle and said, "Poor mother! I 've no surprise for her now."

(To be concluded.)



"HICKORY, DICKORY DOCK,
A MOUSE RAN UP THE CLOCK."



THE "WALKING-BEAM BOY."

By L. E. Stofiel.

IN 1836 the steam-whistle had not yet been introduced on the boats of the western rivers. Upon approaching towns and cities in those days, vessels resorted to all manner of schemes and contrivances to attract attention. They were compelled to do so in order to secure their share of freight and passengers, so spirited was the competition between steamboats from 1836 to 1840. There were no railroads in the West (indeed there were but one or two in the East), and all traffic was by water. Consequently, steamboat-men had all they could do to handle the crowds of passengers and the tons of merchandise offered them.

Shippers and passengers had their favorite packets. The former had their huge piles of freight stacked upon the wharves, and needed the earliest possible intelligence of the approach of the packet so that they might promptly summon clerks and carriers to the shore. The passengers, loitering in neighboring hotels, demanded some system of warning of a favorite

steamer's coming, that they might avoid the disagreeable alternative of pacing the muddy levees for hours at a time, or running the risk of being left behind.

Without a whistle, how was a boat to let the people know it was coming, especially if some of those sharp bends for which the Ohio River is famous intervened to deaden the splashing stroke of its huge paddle-wheels, or the regular puff, puff, puff, puff, of its steam exhaust-pipes?

The necessity originated several crude signs, chief among which was the noise created by a sudden escapement of steam either from the rarely used boiler waste-tubes close to the surface of the river, or through the safety-valve above. By letting the steam thus rush out at different pressures, each boat acquired a sound peculiarly its own, which could be heard a considerable distance, though it was as the tone of a mouth-organ against a brass-band, when compared with the ear-splitting roar of our modern steamboat-whistle. Townspeople at Cincinnati and elsewhere became so proficient in distinguishing these sounds of steam escapement that they could foretell the name of any craft on the river at night or before it appeared in sight.

It was reserved for the steamboat "Champion" to carry this idea a little further. It purposed to catch the eye of the patron as well as his ear. The Champion was one of the best known vessels plying on the Mississippi in 1836. It was propelled by a walking-beam engine. This style of steam-engine is still common on tide-water boats of the East, but has long since disappeared from the inland navigation of the West. To successfully steam a vessel up those streams against the remarkably swift currents, high-pressure engines had to be adopted generally. In that year, however, there were still a number of boats on the Mississippi and Ohio which, like the Champion, had low-pressure engines and the grotesque walking-beams.

One day it was discovered that the Champion's escapement-tubes were broken, and no signal could be given to a landing-place not far ahead. A rival steamboat was just a little in advance, and bade fair to capture the large amount of freight known to be at the landing.

"I 'll make them see us, sir!" cried a bright boy who seemed to be about fourteen years old. He stood on the deck close to where the captain was bewailing his misfortune.

Without another word, the lad climbed up over the roof of the forecastle, and, fearlessly catching hold of the end of the walking-beam when it inclined toward him with the next oscillation of the engine, swung himself lithely on top of the machinery. It was with some difficulty that he maintained his balance, but he succeeded in sticking there for fifteen minutes. He had taken off his coat, and he was swinging it to and fro.

The plan succeeded. Although the other boat beat the Champion into port, the crowd there had seen the odd spectacle of a person mounted on the walking-beam of the second vessel, and, wondering over the cause, paid no attention to the landing of the first boat, but awaited the arrival of the other.

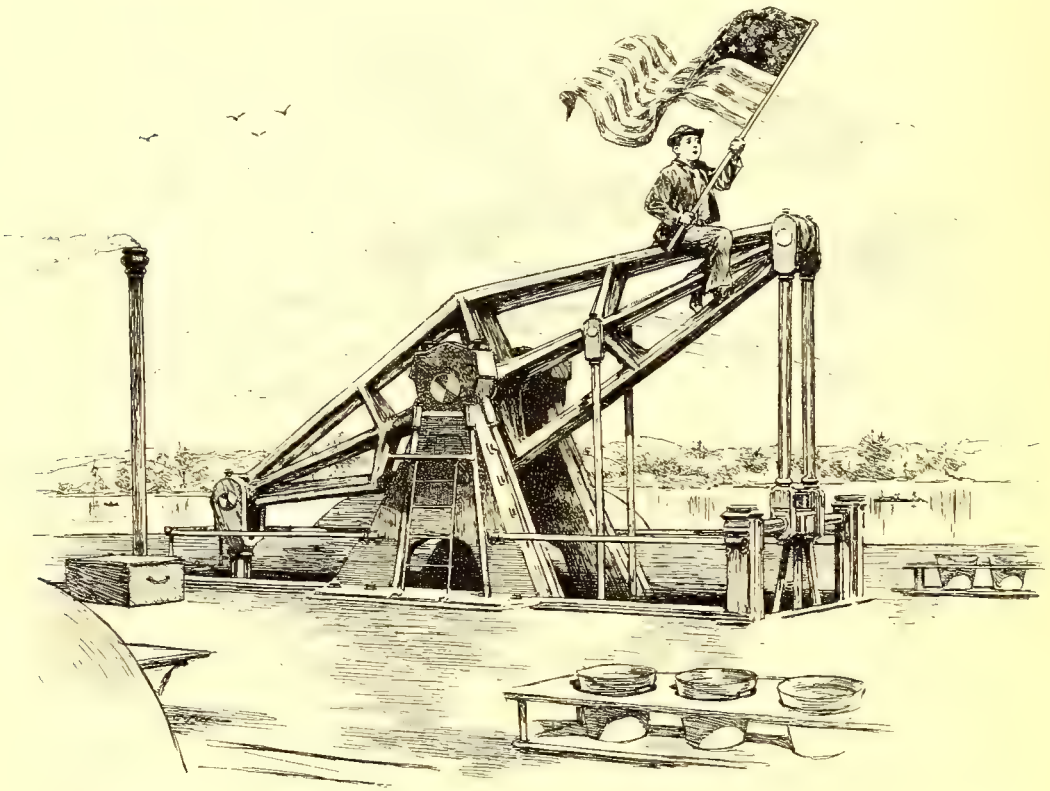
The incident gave the master of the Champion an idea. He took the boy as a permanent member of the crew, and assigned him to the post of "walking-beam boy," buying for him a large and beautiful flag. Ever afterward, when within a mile of any town, the daring lad was to be seen climbing up to his difficult perch, pausing on the roof of the forecastle to get his flag from a box that had been built there for it. By and by he made his lofty position easier and more picturesque by straddling the walking-beam, well down toward the end, just as he would have sat upon a horse.

This made a pretty spectacle for those upon shore who awaited the boat's arrival. They saw a boy bounding up and down with the great see-sawing beam. For a second he would sink from view, but up he bobbed suddenly, and, like a clear-cut silhouette, he waved the Stars and Stripes high in the air with only the vast expanse of sky for a background. The vision was only for an instant, for both flag and boy would disappear, and — up again they came, before the spectator's eye could change to another direction! The sight was novel — it was thrilling!

"I used to think if I could ever be in that young fellow's place, I would be the biggest man on earth," remarked a veteran river-man.

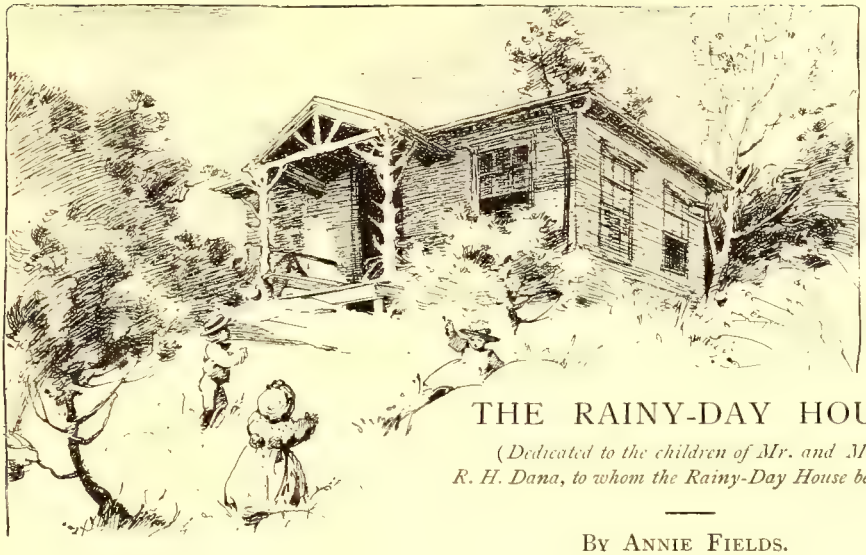
Like thousands of others along the Mississippi and Ohio, he remembered that when a child he could recognize the Champion a mile distant by this unique signal.

After a while, though, other steamboats operating low-pressure engines copied the idea, and there were several "walking-beam boys" employed on the rivers, and their flags were remodeled to have some distinctive feature each. It was a perilous situation to be employed in, but I am unable to find the record of any "walking-beam boy" being killed or injured in the machinery. On the other hand, the very hazard of their duty, and the conspicuous position it gave them, made them popular with passengers and shippers, and so they pocketed many fees from Kentuckians, confections from Cincinnati folk, bon-bons from New Orleans Creoles, and tips from Pittsburgers.



"HE WAVED THE STARS AND STRIPES HIGH IN THE AIR WITH ONLY THE VAST EXPANSE OF SKY FOR BACKGROUND."

But at length, in 1844, the steam-whistle was introduced, and the "walking-beam boys" were left without occupation.



THE RAINY-DAY HOUSE.

(Dedicated to the children of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dana, to whom the Rainy-Day House belongs.)

By Annie Fields.

A snug little house
For the children built,
And tucked like a mouse
Or a squirrel or mole
In the rocks under trees,
In a fine little hole,
"Where, if thou wilt,
Thou canst find us," they say.
Yet might we look
For many a day
Without seeing the roof,
Sturdy, storm-proof;
And even when found,
So close to the ground
Do they keep their key,
They could live, without doubt,
And not be found out,
In their rainy-day house
As snug as a mouse.

Inside they invite me
To go, and delight me
With pictures and chairs
And tables, and pairs
Of windows, each way,
Overlooking no bay
But the mighty northeast
Wild ocean—(at least
When we look out seaward);
But some windows look leeward,
Among rocks and trees,
Well out of the breeze.

When rainy days come,
With a mighty hum
The children are bustling,
Or down-stairs come rustling
With paper and pencils,
And all their utensils.
The noise is too much
To endure, and just such
Long days of endurance
Brought this pleasant assurance.

Now the children have taught me
A lesson, and brought me
A joy they know not
('T was no part of their plot).
But I 'm building a house
Of my own that no mouse
Can possibly find,
For 't is not of their kind!
A house where the beams
Are cut out of dreams;
Where memory lingers,
And with her own fingers
Paints the pictures that cover
The bright walls all over.
And when the nights come,
And the birds are dumb,
I find a light there,
And a warm, sweet air.

STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

By Charles F. Lummis.

VI. THE GREATEST NATURAL BRIDGE.

You all know of the Natural Bridge in Virginia; and perhaps have heard how the first and greatest President of the United States, in the athletic vigor of his youth, climbed up and carved his name high on its cliff. A very beautiful and picturesque spot it is, too; but many of them would not begin to make one of the Natural Bridge of which I am going to tell you — one in the western edge of the Tonto Basin, Arizona, in the same general region as Montezuma's Well and Castle; but it is even less known.

The Natural Bridge of Pine Creek, Arizona, is to the world's natural bridges what the Grand Cañon of the Colorado is to the world's chasms — the greatest, the grandest, the most bewildering. It is truly entitled to rank with the great natural wonders of the earth — as the Natural Bridge in Virginia is not. No photograph can give more than a hint of its majesty; no combination of photographs more than hints. But perhaps with words and pictures I can say enough to lead you some time to see for yourself this marvelous spot.

From Camp Verde the Natural Bridge lies a long, hard day's ride to the southeast. There is a government road — a very good one for that rough country — to Pine; so one may go by wagon all but five miles of the way. This road is fifteen miles longer to Pine than the rough and indistinct mail-trail of thirty-eight miles, which a stranger should not attempt to follow without a guide, and a weak traveler should not think of at all. About midway, this trail crosses the tremendous gorge of Fossil Creek, down and up pitches that try the best legs and lungs; and here is a very interesting spot. In the north side of Fossil Creek cañon, close to the trail and in plain sight from it, are lonely little cave-houses that look down the sheer cliffs to the still pools below. Several miles down-stream there is a fort-house also.

Passing through lonely Strawberry Valley, with its log farm-houses among prehistoric ruins, one comes presently over the last divide into the extreme western edge of the Tonto Basin; and down a steep cañon to the stiff little Mormon settlement of Pine, on the dry creek of the same name. From there to the Natural Bridge — five miles down-stream — there is no road at all, and the trail is very rough. But the reward waits at the end. Leaving the creek altogether and taking to the hills, we wind among the giant pines, then across a wild, lava-strewn mesa, and suddenly come upon the brink of a striking cañon fifteen hundred feet deep. Its west wall is a jumble of red granite crags; the east side a wooded steep bluff. The creek has split through the ruddy granite to our right a wild, narrow portal, below which widens an almost circular little valley, half a mile across.

In the wee oasis at our feet there is as yet no sign of a natural bridge, nor of any other colossal wonder. There is a clearing amid the dense chaparral — a clearing with tiny house and barn, and rows of fruit-trees, and fields of corn and alfalfa. They are thirteen hundred feet below us. Clambering down the steep and sinuous trail, among the chaparral and the huge flowering columns of the maguey, we come, quite out of breath, to the little cottage. It is a lovely spot, bowered in vines and flowers, with pretty walks and arbors, by which ripples the clear brook from a big spring at the very door. A straight, sturdy man, with twinkling eyes and long gray hair, is making sham battle with a big rooster, while a cat blinks at them from the bunk on the porch. These are the only inhabitants of this enchanted valley — old "Dave" Gowan, the hermit, and his two ill-assorted pets.

A quaint, sincere, large-hearted old man is he who has reclaimed this little paradise from utter wilderness by force of the ax. Only those who have had it to do can conceive the fearful toil of clearing off these almost tropical jungles. But the result gives the hermit just pride. His homestead of one hundred and sixty acres contains a little farm which is not only as pretty as may be found, but unlike any other.

It is well to have this capable guide, for there is nowhere an equal area wherein a guide is more necessary. Think of Gowan himself—familiar for years with his strange farm—being lost for three days within a hundred yards of his house. That sounds absurd; but it is true.

The old Scotchman is very taciturn at first,—like all who have really learned the lessons of out of doors,—but promptly accedes to a request that his bridge be shown. He leads the way out under his little bower of clematis, down the terraced vineyard, along the cornfield and into the pretty young orchard of peach and apricot. Still no token of what we seek; and we begin to wonder if a bridge so easily hidden can be so very big after all. There is even no sign of a stream.

And on a sudden, between the very trees, we stand over a little water-worn hole and peer down into space. We are on the bridge now! The orchard is on the bridge! Do you know of any other fruit-trees that grow in so strange a garden? Or any other two-storied farm? The rock of the bridge is at this one point less than ten feet thick; and this odd little two-foot peep-hole, like a broken plank in the giant floor, was cut through by water.

"Wait!" chuckles the hermit, his eyes twinkling at our wonder. "Wait!" And he leads us a few rods onward, till we stand beside an old juniper on the very brink of a terrific gorge. We are upon the south arch of the bridge, above the clear, noisy stream, looking down the savage cañon in whose wilds its silver thread is soon lost to view.

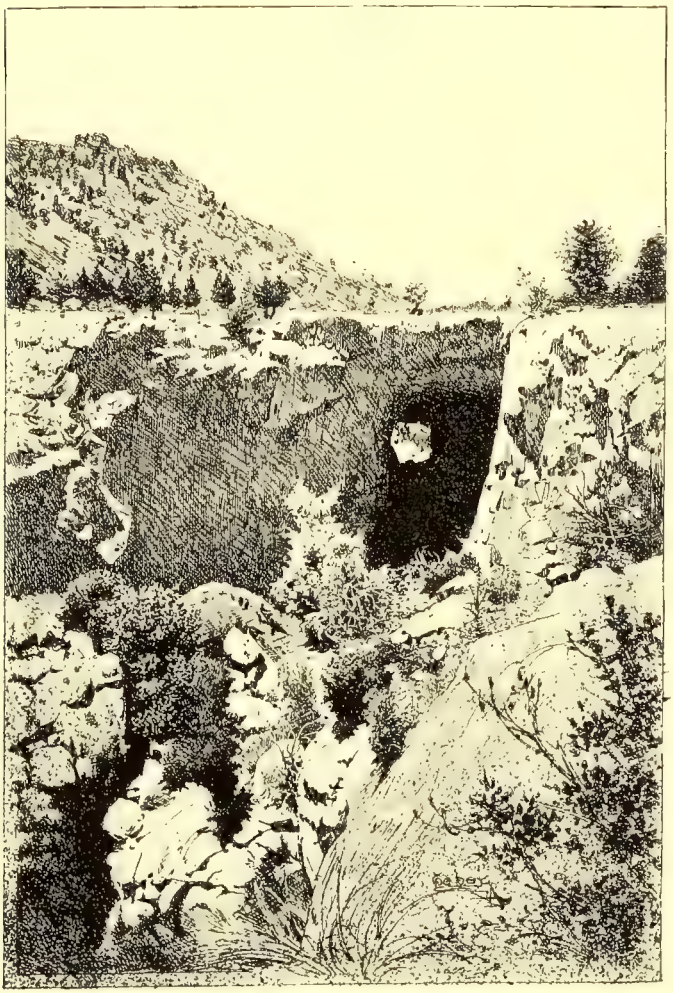
Going south along the southeast "pier," we start down a rugged, difficult, and at times dangerous trail. A projecting crag of the pier—destined to be a great obstacle, later, in our photographic attempts—shuts the bridge from view till we near the bottom of the gorge; and then it bursts upon us in sudden wonder. The hand of man never reared such an arch as the patient springs have worn here from eternal rock. Darkly towers that terrific arch of rounded limestone. The gorge is wild beyond telling, choked with giant boulders and somber evergreens and bristling cacti until it comes to the very jaws of that grim gateway—but there vegetation ceases. Now one begins to appreciate the magnitude of the bridge, a part of whose top holds a five-acre orchard.

The south arch, to which we have thus come, is the larger and in some respects the more imposing. From its top to the surface of the water is two hundred feet; and the pools are very deep. The span of the archway is over two hundred feet as we see it now from without; but we shall soon find it to be really very much greater. The vaulted limestone is smoothly rounded; and the fanciful waters seem to have had architectural training—for the roof is wonderfully rounded into three great domes, each flanked by noble flying-buttresses of startling symmetry. A photograph of that three-domed roof would be a treasure; but it is among the many impossibilities of this baffling place.

Climbing up the water-worn bedrock into the cool dusk of the bridge,—for the sun has never shone one tenth of the way through this vast tunnel,—we stand under the first dome. Away up to our left, on the west side of the stream, there is a shelf at the top of a high wall; and mounting by ledges and a tall ladder, we find this little shelf to be an enormous level floor, running back three hundred feet west. Here, then, we see the extreme span of the bridge—over five hundred feet; and here we find the central pier—a lofty column from this floor to the vaulted roof, a column more than one hundred feet in circumference. How strange that the blind waters which washed out all the rest of this vast chamber should have left that one pillar to support the giant roof!

About midway of the stream's course, under the bridge, is the Great Basin—a pool which would be a wonder anywhere. It is a solid rock bowl, some seventy-five feet in diameter

and ninety in depth; and so clear that a white stone, rolled down the strange, natural trough over one hundred feet long in the side of the basin, can be seen in all its bubbling course to the far bottom of that chilly pool. The stream pours into this basin in a white fall of thirty feet; but, dwarfed by its giant company, the fall seems petty.



LOOKING THROUGH THE SOUTH ARCH OF THE GREATEST NATURAL BRIDGE.

The north arch, to which we may come under the bridge by a ticklish climb around the Great Basin, is less regular but not less picturesque than the south arch. It is more rugged in contour; and its buttresses, instead of being smooth, are wrought in fantastic figures, while strange stalactites fringe its top and sides.

And now let us measure this greatest of natural bridges. Its actual span is over five hundred feet—that is, about five times the span of the Virginia bridge. Its height from floor of bridge to surface of water is forty feet less than its small brother's; but to the bottom of the stream's bed—the proper measurement, of course—it is fifty feet greater. But in its breadth—that is, the measurement up and down stream—it is over six hundred feet, or more than twelve times as wide as the Virginia bridge!

In its vast size lies the impossibility of photographing this bridge. There is no point from which the eye can take it in at once. Miles of walking are necessary before one really understands it. From the bed of the stream, half the dignity of the arch is lost behind the boulders, if one gets off far enough to see all the opening. If near enough for a clear view, then the vast arch so overshadows us that neither eye nor lens can take it all in. And the side-cliff which projects from the southeast pier—as you may see in the picture of the south arch—makes it almost impossible to find a point, at sufficient distance for photographing, whence one can see clear through the bridge. "Can't be done!" insisted the old hermit. "Been lots of professionals here with their machines, and all they could get was pictures that look like caves. You can't show through, with a picture, to prove it 's a *bridge*, at all!"

But it *can* be done; and being bound that ST. NICHOLAS should be able to show you all that photography can possibly show of this wonder, I did it. It cost about twenty-four solid hours of painful and perilous climbing and scouting experiment, and the camera did its work from some of the dizziest perches that tripod ever

scaled; but here is the picture which *does* "show through that it 's a bridge." When you look at that little far circle of light and realize that it is two hundred feet in diameter, you will begin to feel the distance from south arch to north arch under that terrific rock roof.

Following up the wild bottom of the cañon from the north arch, around gigantic boulders and under hanging cliffs, we find many other interesting things. Directly we come to "The First Tree"—one of the very largest sycamores in the United States. The cañon here is strangely picturesque. Its west wall is fifteen hundred feet high—a wilderness of splintered red granite, not perpendicular, but absolutely unscalable. The east wall is of gray limestone, perpendicular, often overhanging, but nowhere over two hundred feet high. Gowan's farm comes to the very trees that lean over its brink; and he now shows us the "lower story" of his unique homestead. Not only does his orchard stand two hundred feet in air, with room beneath for some of the largest buildings in America, but the rest of his farm is as "up-stairs," though in a different way. This east wall of the cañon is fairly honeycombed with caves. His whole farm, his very house, are undermined. The old hermit has made many journeys of exploration, but has merely learned the beginning of the labyrinth. It was in one of these tours that he was lost in the caves.

How was the bridge built? By the same unwearied agent that builded the greatest wonders of the earth—the architect of the Grand Cañon, and the Yellowstone, and the Yosemite—by water. It seems probable that Gowan's little round valley was once a lake, dammed by ledges at the south end which have since disappeared The rich mud soil found only here would indicate that. At all events, here was once a great round layer of limestone, many hundred feet thick, resting flat upon the granite. In time the water—whether stored in a lake upon this limestone bench, or merely flowing over—began to burrow "short cuts" through it, as water always will in lime rock. As the west side of the valley was lowest, there toiled the greatest throng of water-work-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE GREAT BRIDGE.

men. And slowly so the tunnel grew until the dark winding burrow of a rivulet became the great cavern.

The hermit who owns it was born in Scotland, but has grown American in every fiber. He refuses to make an income from his wonderland. It is free for all to see—and his kindly help with it. He intends to dedicate his homestead to the government, and to have it cared for as a National Park—as it should be.

A race grows into character according to the country it inhabits; and the utmost savage would grow (in centuries) to be a different man when he had removed from the dull plains to the Grand Cañon, the San Juan, Acoma, the Verde cliffs, the Tonto Basin, or any other spot where the Pueblos lived five hundred years ago. For here at the bridge they were, too. Their rude implements and fabrics are everywhere; and among many valuable relics from that region I brought home one which is quite priceless—a rudely carved piece of flint-like stone representing an eagle holding a rattle-snake in his talons. Fancy the Pueblo boys and girls of the dark ages with those giant domes of the Natural Bridge for a roof to their playground, and miles of stalactite caves to play hide-and-seek in.



NATURAL BRIDGE NEAR FORT DEFIANCE, NEW MEXICO.

There are very many minor natural bridges in the southwest, including a noble one in the cliffs of Acoma. On my return from the last Snake-Dance at Moqui I took a photograph of a natural bridge near Fort Defiance, New Mexico. It has an arch of only about sixty feet, but is remarkable because it was carved, not by water, but by sand-laden winds.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

By Maurice Thompson.

[The verses printed below were suggested by hearing a distinguished man remark, while turning the leaves of the "American Ornithology," that Alexander Wilson would soon be forgotten. Of course the speaker did not wish his words to be taken literally; but truly, too little is known by American boys and girls of the heroic and brilliant struggle which led to Wilson's great achievement as a graphic and descriptive ornithologist. The life of the "Paisley Weaver," as Alexander Wilson has been called, was a comparatively short one, and the whole of it was a fight against poverty and adverse conditions. He was born in Paisley, Scotland, July 6, 1766, and learned the weaver's trade. In 1794 he came to America, and taught a country school, with one or two returns to the loom, for a living. Meantime, he learned how to draw and color, and began to study the habits of birds, having in view the writing of a great work on American ornithology, which was to have illustrations, drawn and colored by his own hand, of all the species described. How this stupendous task was performed, and under what almost insurmountable difficulties, the young readers of St. Nicholas will do well to find out. Wilson's "American Ornithology," in three large volumes of text, with two books of colored plates from his own designs, was edited, with an introductory biography, by George Ord, after the author's death. This edition, which also contains the supplementary work of Lucien Bonaparte, is the only complete American one now to be seen outside of the most favored libraries. The young reader will find Wilson's biography in any good cyclopedia.—M. T.]

In Paisley town, by White Cart stream,
Shut in a dingy room,
A youthful weaver had his dream
While sitting at his loom.

What time he made the threads unite
And heard the shuttles bang,
Wild forms of beauty crossed his sight,
And far-off voices sang.

He wondered what could thrill him so,
And what the songs could be;
Some nameless promise seemed to blow
From far across the sea.

Around him, 'mid the dust and lint,
Bright, unknown warblers flew,
Flung from their wings the breath of mint
And spray of honey-dew.

The weaver boy in honor wove
His stint with watchful care,
Set well the threads, the treadles drove,
And made a fabric fair.

That was a hundred years ago
He wove in Paisley town,
And now what flutes of fairy blow
The notes of his renown!

O'er sunny mead, through blooming wood
The wingéd shuttles fly,
And Nature keeps the patterns good
He wove his fabrics by!

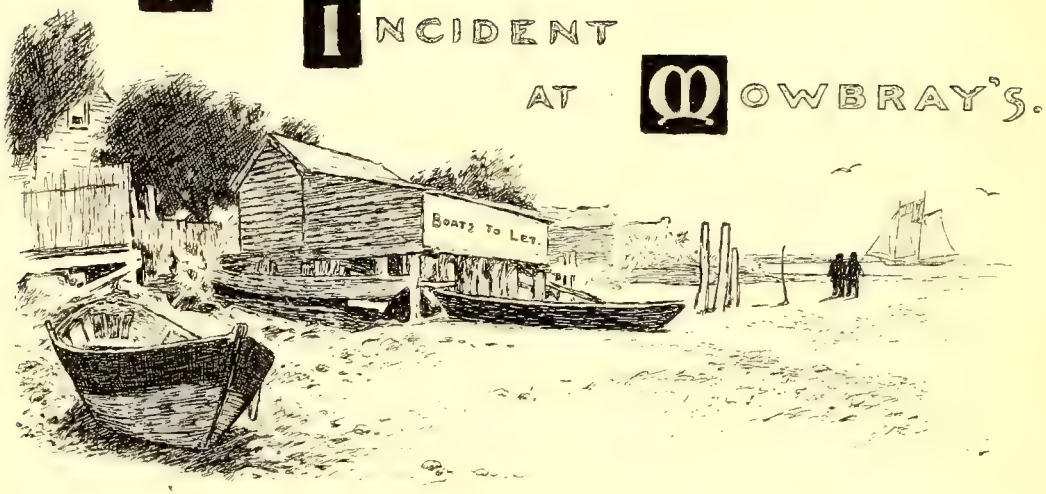
In every grove, by every stream,
The birds recall his name—
The flicker lights it with a gleam,
The oriole with a flame.

Wherever brake or bosket stirs
To whisk of silken wing,
There silver-throated choristers
All day his praises sing.

No cloud of Time can dull his fame,
No centuries destroy
The work he did. A deathless name—
The Paisley Weaver Boy!



An Incident at Mowbray's.



By D. B. Waggener.

DOWN on the Jersey coast, not many miles from where the waters of Barnegat Bay cut into the line of the mainland, there is a strip of sand two or three miles long and varying in width from a few rods to three fourths of a mile. This little island, known as Mowbray's, is apparently a very precarious foundation upon which to build, being only a few feet above high-water mark, but on it are a good-sized hotel, several pretty summer cottages, and a half-dozen fishermen's houses.

I had heard of it, incidentally, as a restful place, and, a few days after the middle of August, I went there to spend my two weeks' vacation.

After supper, on the evening of my arrival, I took a seat on the piazza of the hotel, not far from a little group of boys and girls, whose ages ranged apparently from ten to sixteen years. Nothing in their conversation attracted my attention until one of the younger girls suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, look at that big star coming up out of the water! Don't it twinkle!"

I glanced involuntarily toward the southeast, and saw the object of her admiration hanging a few degrees above the horizon, like a great jewel in the dark sky.

"Clara," said an older girl, who was about sixteen, "I beg your pardon, but I 'm going to play school-ma'am. That is not a star; it does not twinkle; and when you are using the singular number you should say 'does n't,' not 'don't.'"

"Then, Miss Teacher," said Clara, seeming not a bit disconcerted, "suppose you tell us what it is, if it is n't a star. Perhaps it is a sun or a moon?"

"Wrong again; I see I shall have to recite your lesson for you. That is the planet Jupiter. It does n't twinkle, because it shines only by the reflected light of our sun. It is n't a star, strictly speaking, because the stars are all suns, and the light that comes to us from them is made by their own fires; that is why they twinkle. Class dismissed!"

"No, no, Edith!" cried half a dozen of her companions; "don't stop; we like to hear about the stars. Go on, please!"

"I wonder if you 'd say that if this were a real school and I were your real teacher?" said Edith, laughing.

"Yes, we would," answered one of the boys,—

"if our real teacher would talk about things as you do, and explain 'em so that a fellow could understand 'em."

"I 'm much obliged to you for the compliment, Ned," Edith responded; "and as you all seem to be anxious to have another session, we 'll make it a five-minute one, and then dismiss Jupiter & Co. for the evening. You think him beautiful, of course, and he is one of the finest objects in the sky; but he is really insignificant compared with that very bright star over in the northwest. Here; you can see it from this corner of the porch."

The young girl rose and walked to the spot indicated, and all her friends followed her eagerly. I followed, too, for I was as much interested as any of them—perhaps more than any of them.

"That is Arcturus," she continued, "the greatest of all the suns. Now Jupiter, as big and as brilliant as he apparently is, is only a speck by the side of Arcturus. His diameter is over 85,000 miles; that of Arcturus is said to be 71,000,000 miles—think of it!

"And as to distance—Jupiter is about 390,000,000 miles away from us at this time, but Arcturus is 11,000,000 times as far from us as the sun is, and the sun, you know, is something more than 92,000,000 miles off. If these figures don't set your thoughts a-whirling, you are rather strong-minded pupils.

"Arcturus would n't prove to be a very pleasant neighbor, for, according to the astronomers, if we were even as close to Arcturus as Jupiter is to the sun, about 485,000,000 miles, all our oceans would disappear in steam, and every bit of vegetation on the earth be burned to a crisp. By the way, I heard Cap'n Cutter say this afternoon that we may expect a northeaster to come in a few days. If it proves to be what he calls a 'big blow,' perhaps it would n't be a bad idea to have Arcturus move a few miles in this direction and turn some of the biggest waves into steam, for they might take a notion to dash right over this little island of ours and drive us to the mainland."

"Oh, Edith!" cried Clara, "do you really think so? I 'm going to ask mama to go home to-morrow!"

"No, goosey; of course I don't think so," laughed Edith. "Has n't Mowbray's weathered a hundred wild storms? But bother the stars, the storms, and Cap'n Cutter's predictions! I 'd rather talk about the race we are going to sail day after to-morrow."

And then this bright young girl, who seemed to have the whole story of the visible heavens at the end of her tongue, suddenly began talking about the race she had referred to, and the good and bad "points" of sail-boats, as if she had passed every one of her sixteen years on the water, and knew little, thought of little, and cared for little else.

Moved by an impulse of curiosity and interest, I went in search of the landlord to ask him for information about this strange and attractive young girl.

"They call her Edith, you say?"

"Yes; and she is about sixteen years old," I replied.

"Long black hair down over her shoulders?"

"Yes."

"Dark-gray eyes, very bright?"

"I can't tell you their color, but they shine like stars."

"Well, sir, thet 's Edith Percival, the smartest, bravest, best-looking girl on the island, and the best all-round sailor and swimmer I ever see. She 's been a-comin' here ever sence she was ten year old. Her father owns that purty house over thar. Thet girl, sir, is goin' to do somethin' worth doing one o' these days. All she needs is a chance."

That chance came a great deal sooner than Cap'n Mowbray thought it would.

The boat-race that Edith Percival was so much interested in did not take place. When the people at Mowbray's awoke the morning after that little episode on the porch, they heard the wind whistling weird tunes around the corners and under the eaves of their houses—a wild wind, straight from the northeast, and laden with the damp breath of the ocean.

Cap'n Cutter's "big blow" had come!

I got up soon after daybreak and went down to the front porch, for the noise of the wind and the surf made me think that there was a heavy surf which always is an inspiring sight. Cap'n Mowbray and three other men

were there looking out over the water in a somewhat anxious way.

I learned afterward that the landlord's companions were Cap'n Cutter, Cap'n Holzclaw, and Cap'n Barstow; all "Cap'ns," you see, for it is an unwritten law at Mowbray's that every man that "runs" a boat is a "Cap'n," though his boat may be nothing more pretentious than a "double-ender" with a "leg-o'-mutton" sail.



THE NORTH-EAST GALE.

"Good-morning, Cap'n," I said; "are we to have a storm?"

"It 'pears a good deal thet way," answered the landlord. "This is a heavy wind, and as the moon 's at the full, we 'll more 'n likely hev a big tide fer a day or two."

"Yes, and the moon 's close to us, too," said one of the men, "an' thet 'll make purty high water, of itself."

Not one of the four old sailors, perhaps, could have told you exactly why the moon's being "full" and "close to us," or, as astronomers say, in perigee, should produce a very high tide, but they knew the effect from actual experience, just as they could predict rain from the direction of the wind and the appearance of the clouds.

We know, however, that when the moon is full, it is on the opposite side of the earth from the sun. And when the moon is in perigee, it is at the point in its orbit nearest to the earth. It is this combination of natural conditions that causes the highest tides we have.

I understood now the anxiety that showed itself in the faces of the four men, and I confess that I began to feel apprehensive myself. To the conditions just mentioned add a gale from the northeast, and the further fact that we were entirely and hopelessly cut off from the mainland; for not a sailor on the island would have attempted to take a boat across the inlet under such circumstances, especially if it contained women and children.

A glance over the strip of sand did not reassure me at all. There was no danger to be feared that day, perhaps, but by high tide the next day, after the strong wind had had a chance to heap up the waters along the coast, would even the highest point on our little island be above the sweep of those already threatening billows?

As I have said, the outlook was far from reassuring, and I asked Cap'n Mowbray bluntly if he thought the island perfectly safe, in view of all the conditions. The weather-beaten old man turned suddenly toward me, and looked me steadily in the eye for a few seconds. Then he spoke.

"I believe thet we can trust you, sir. We must n't scare the folks, you know, for it mought turn out to be a false alarm — but I 'm afeard we 'll have a bad time of it; leastwise, all over the island except right here whar we are. This ground is ten foot above ordinary high water, and doorin' the big storm two year ago we was a good three foot above the flow, but nearly all the rest o' the place was two to five foot under water.

"Howsumever," he added, "we can't git away, and we 'll hev to do the best we can. To-morrow afternoon, about three o'clock, we 'll hev the highest water, an' ef things looks werry dangerous, we 'll bring all the folks on the island to this house, and trust to Providence. Betwixt now and then we must keep mum about the danger, you know.

"By the way, Enoch," turning to Cap'n Cutter, "Mr. Percival an' his wife 's still on shore, ain't they? We 'll hev to look after thet daughter o' theirn and her brother. There 's nobody at the cottage but them and the servants."

"Why not have them all come over to the hotel before the storm sets in?" I suggested.

"Oh, they 're all right now, an' ef I brought 'em over it 'd scare the other folks," said the landlord. "But Miss Edith 's as brave as a lion, an' I mistrust ef she 'd come, anyway, yet awhile. We 'll not forgit her, ye may be sure."

And if they should "forgit" her, I knew a man that would n't.

About the middle of the forenoon it began to rain, and everybody was driven indoors, where various schemes for making the imprisonment endurable were at once devised. There was no uneasiness among the guests, for they were ignorant of the "situation" as the four Cap'ns and I understood it.

More than once I looked out of my room window toward the Percival cottage, whose dark outline, a little more than a quarter of a mile distant down the beach, showed almost ghostlike through the rain and mist. I wondered how the bright young girl, whom I had heard talking so merrily the night before, was bearing her enforced seclusion. And every time I looked I was strongly tempted to disobey Cap'n Mowbray's orders, and warn her of the impending danger.

The dismal day wore away at last, but night brought only an increased fury in the storm. Just before dark Cap'n Mowbray told me that Cap'n Cutter had been over to the Percivals', and that Edith and the others were cheerful and free from apprehension. Her father and mother, she knew, were comfortable on the mainland, and she and her little household, including her big dog "Prince," were well sheltered and happy.

But great changes may come within twenty-four hours.

The next morning broke like the day it succeeded, dark and dismal, with the rain still pouring, and the unabated wind lashing the surface of the sea to fury. I looked out of my window as soon as it was light, and saw to my dismay that the waves, during the night, had broken through an embankment of sand that had been made along the ocean front, between the hotel and the Percival cottage. The lower ground behind the latter was covered with, I thought, two or three feet of water.

The pond—it was almost large enough to be called a lake—extended nearly to the inlet on the west, and on the north to within a short distance of the hotel. The channel that the waves had made through the sand was empty, fortunately, for if the water had remained in it, the Percival cottage would have been cut off from us.

I went down-stairs at once, and told Cap'n Mowbray what I had discovered. He had seen it, he told me, and it had made him decide to bring not only the Percivals, but all the other families, to the hotel before the afternoon tide.

By nine o'clock that morning a feeling of uneasiness, which had begun among the guests before breakfast, had increased almost to a panic, especially among the women and children. The men were less demonstrative, but there was no mistaking the meaning of their pale and anxious faces.

About noon, under Cap'n Mowbray's direction, men were sent to all the houses on the island to bring the inmates to the hotel. Some had come of their own accord, not daring to remain longer where the water was gradually but steadily encroaching. Cap'n Cutter started for the Percivals', and I asked permission to accompany him.

We found Edith and her brother at the door wondering what our object was; but, taking only time enough to say that Cap'n Mowbray had sent for them, we hurried them off. Indeed, we hurried them off so fast that they both seemed to be dazed, and neither spoke until we had gone two thirds of the way back to the hotel. We had trudged along with all the speed we could make through the soft sand and against the wind-driven rain. When we reached the newly made channel we found that the water was beginning to run through it again, and we had to wade up to our ankles to get across. Nor did we cross it a minute too soon, for as we reached the other side the sea

broke in, and channel and pond were merged into one.

At the sound of the rushing water Edith turned and glanced back at the house she had just left. Suddenly her face paled, and she looked from me to Cap'n Cutter.

"Oh, you should have told us what you feared!" she cried, in the greatest agitation. "I know now why you are taking us to the hotel,—you think the waves will soon sweep over the cottages. But Cap'n Cutter, little Clara was there with me, and there are the servants, and Prince, too,—my dog Prince! Oh, Cap'n Cutter, we *must* go back for them. They may be drowned!"

And the young girl stood there, wringing her hands in her distress.

"We can't git back now, Miss Edith, leastwise through thet water," said the Cap'n; "but don't worry 'bout it—we 'll have time to hurry over to the hotel and send men in a boat."

And then we pressed on with still greater speed and were soon on the hotel piazza. Cap'n Cutter lost no time in getting the boats ready, —his own skiff was moored with several others close at hand,—while Edith sought Cap'n Mowbray and asked his permission for her to go with Cap'n Cutter to rescue her little friend Clara, the servants, and her much loved dog.

Cap'n Mowbray looked out over the broad stretch of water that now separated the Percival cottage from the hotel, but it was not very rough, and he thought there would be no great risk in the trip. Besides, Cap'n Cutter's skill and Edith's well known courage and experience could be depended upon, and he gave his consent.

And so the boats started, Cap'n Cutter rowing his skiff and Edith steering, while the occupants of the hotel forgot their own fears for the moment, and crowded out on the porch to watch the brave voyagers.

The passage was quickly made, and we saw the Cap'n and Edith open the door and bring out Clara—a girl of ten years—and Edith's great Newfoundland, and hurry them into the boat. Then they began their voyage back. The servants were in the first boat, and reached the hotel without trouble. But, meanwhile, the storm was increasing, and the occupants of the second boat were not so fortunate. They had to come right in the teeth of the wind, and I confess that I watched them with the greatest anxiety.

Suddenly, while we looked at them, the sea broke tumultuously through the sand embankment below the Percival cottage also, and the water from that opening came sweeping over the low ground to meet that from the upper break. This gave greater depth to the pond on which the voyagers were struggling, and as the water deepened the height and fury of the waves increased.

But still the boat kept on its way. Steered by the firm hand of that heroic girl, its prow never swerved from the point of the wind, but dashed into the foaming crest of wave after wave.

The strong arms of the old sailor and the skill of the young pilot had brought them within two hundred feet of where we stood, when a tremendous sea came rushing over the broken embankment and swept down upon them with resistless fury. It lifted the boat as if it were a toy and dashed it down again, bottom upward, upon the surface of the water.

Moved by a common impulse, Cap'n Mowbray and I, followed by two old sailors, rushed to the boats that lay near the porch, and pushed out to the rescue of the gallant old man and his companions.

Meanwhile what had happened out on the water?

As the boat fell over, Edith, Clara, and Prince were thrown clear of it, but Cap'n Cutter was struck on the head by the gunwale and stunned into unconsciousness. He disappeared under the water just as Edith, with faithful, intelligent Prince swimming by her side, had caught Clara by the arm and was striking out bravely for shore. Hurriedly throwing the little girl's arm over Prince's back, to which it clung instinctively, Edith turned toward the spot where the old man had gone down, and, catching him by the coat, she drew him to the surface again.

Then, holding him thus and keeping herself afloat with her right arm, she once more turned toward the hotel and—looked right into the faces of the men who had come out to save her!

The Percival cottage went down that afternoon, and two others with it, but the hotel was untouched, even by the highest waves.



EDITH SAVES CAP'N CUTTER.

The wind shifted during the night, and the next morning the sun smiled as benignly upon the island and the ocean as if nothing at all unusual had happened. Mr. and Mrs. Percival returned from the mainland during the course of the day to find their summer home in ruins, but their daughter Edith the idol of Mowbray's.

JINGLES.

By Mrs. J. T. Greenleaf.

I. WHAT AM I?

I travel each day full many a mile,
Yet never get out of my bed;
And my mouth, it increases the faster I run,
Till it 's greater by far than my head.

II. TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

The elephant said, "If my trunk I could check,
I would make an excursion to upper Quebec;
But truly I cannot get state-room or bunk,
So long as I 'm hampered with such a big trunk."



A CAPTIVE.

By Lucy Webling.

My prison was the old arm-chair,
Half turned toward the light;
My judge had been—O cruel judge!—
A knickerbockered sprite.

My jailer walked before my chair,
In dress of crimson shading,
And now and then she took a run
To break the slow parading.

My chains a pair of dimpled arms
About my shoulders twined;
My jury was a collie dog
Who gravely sat behind.

My jailer lay down at my feet,
So naughty in her glory;
My trial had been for laziness,
My sentence: "Tell a story!"

A CURIOUS COMMUNITY.

By Stella Louise Hook.

The study of ants is a peculiarly fascinating one. Their manners and customs are in many respects so like those of man, and their behavior is so startlingly human, that some authorities have placed them at the head of all the lower animals in intelligence. There is a world in the sand beneath our feet much more like our own than we realize, but a little contrivance is necessary to get a clear view of these underground homes.

Ants have been kept in confinement very successfully, as the eminent English scientist, Sir John Lubbock, has made known to the world; and they are so easily obtained, and require so little care, that I often wonder why people who lavish trouble and expense on bird-houses and aquariums do not add to their collection a few equally interesting families of ants.

The "ant house," or formicarium, is of very simple construction. Any boy with a little knowledge of carpenter-work can make a very convenient one by taking a board about eighteen inches long and fourteen inches wide for a foundation, and driving four pegs into holes bored in the corners, for feet (see fig. 1). Upon the upper side of the platform insert a piece of broomstick a foot or more in length (A), into another hole bored near one corner. This will furnish a support for several platforms or swinging shelves. They are made of half-inch board, thirteen inches long and ten inches wide (fig. 2), and at the corner of each is nailed a block of wood (I) about four inches square and an inch and a half thick, to keep them at a convenient distance apart. When the block is secured to the shelf, bore a hole through it (H) to fit the broomstick pivot. The shelves, when slipped upon the pivot, appear as in fig. 3. A second post is inserted in the platform at the rear edge of the shelves, to set them even (fig. 1, B), and pegs driven into this post under each shelf serve to sustain its free corner, which might otherwise be weighed down too heavily by the nest which is to rest upon it. By this arrangement, any of the shelves can be turned on its pivot independently of the others, when a particular nest is to be inspected. The whole structure stands in a square tin tray of water, to prevent the escape of the ants; though, as they some-

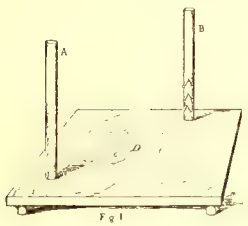
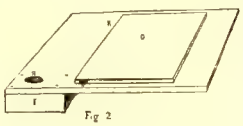
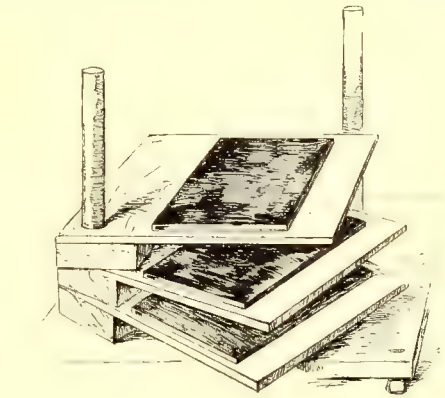
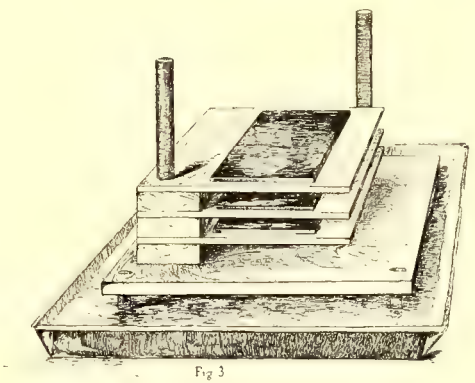


Fig 1


Fig 2




Fig 3

times fall into it and are drowned, a better though less simple arrangement would be to construct a metal gutter in a groove around the margin of the lower platform, from which the ants could easily retreat when they had once discovered its perils.

Such is the formicarium itself. The nests are made of two panes of glass, seven inches wide and nine inches long (fig. 2, G), laid one upon the other with thin strips of wood (K), glued around the edges of the lower pane; the space within being filled with finely powdered, damp earth. A gap in each of the front strips (N) forms an entrance to each nest.

In such an abode I have watched a curious community live and flourish, showing day by day new habits and powers, and often acting comedies worthy of a larger audience.

Although to many people ants are such familiar insects, a few words concerning them may not be out of place, that the ways of my colony may be more clearly understood. Like other insects, ants pass through three stages of life after leaving the egg: first they are in the form of *larvæ*, soft and worm-like. They pass from that into the *pupa* stage, during which they lie torpid, inclosed in white cocoons about as large as the full-grown ants themselves. Thence they finally emerge in the perfect form. On opening an ant-hill during the summer the little creatures are to be seen running in every direction carrying the cocoons, which are sometimes called "ant-eggs"; but the true eggs are very small, and hardly to be noticed among the particles of earth.

There are three kinds of full-grown ants: males and females, which possess wings for at least part of their existence, and workers, which are less developed females. These are the ones most frequently seen, as they do all the running about for the community, as well as caring for the eggs. After the winged ants have taken their flight in the sunshine, they lose the gauzy wings that they will never use again, and from that time remain in the nest attended by the workers.

The best time to take a colony is in July, after the eggs have hatched, and the nurseries are full of larvæ and cocoons. With this intent, my formicarium was made ready for the summer, fresh earth was placed in the glass nests, and dark coverings were laid upon them to protect the inmates from the light. These preparations being completed, it only remained to introduce some families of ants to their new abode.

A week of sunshine was favorable to the success of an ant-collecting expedition, and no better hunting-ground could be desired than a neighboring field, where large flat stones lay scattered through the thickly growing timothy. Under such stones ants are fond of building. Nevertheless, some search was necessary before they could be found. The tall grass, just shedding its pollen, waved in the wind, grasshoppers skipped in every direction, and slugs and creeping things appeared under every stone that was lifted; but where were the ants?

At length, on overturning a large flat piece of sandstone, a wild scene of confusion proclaimed that a colony of small yellow ants had been surprised. With one consent all rushed to the rescue of the larvæ and the cocoons. These helpless creatures had been arranged in orderly groups, with no thought that the dreaded daylight was to be so suddenly poured upon them; for young ants require the soothing influences of darkness for their development. Their guardians were evidently horrified at this sudden exposure to the sunshine, and if left to themselves would soon have disappeared, young ones and all, into the earth, as dwellers in Western towns rush to the cellar on the approach of a cyclone; but the trowel was quickly at work, and earth, ants, cocoons and all were transferred to the collecting-box before they realized what had befallen them.

There was no effort to escape. The ants were only too glad to find themselves in the dark once more, and they crawled into the very heart of their nest, or what remained of it, where they perhaps discussed the calamity and appointed a committee of arrangements to bring the demoralized colony into order once more. Their meeting was soon interrupted. Their introduction to the formicarium was accomplished by a process of gentle shaking, which transferred a few ants from the old nest to the new one, where they ran wildly about

like cats let loose in a strange house; after which the glass roof and dark covering were replaced. The old nest was then scattered over the frame close by, some care being necessary to dislodge the ants without injuring them. They were greatly excited, but still their first care was for the precious larvæ and cocoons, and they naturally knew of no refuge but the ruins of their old home; so I was obliged to crumble the lumps of earth and scatter them as much as possible to prevent the ants from burrowing into them.

However, hardly ten minutes had passed when they discovered the dark, quiet glass nest. Whether the pioneers that had been first placed inside found their way out and reported its advantages, or whether those outside accidentally found their way in, is a difficult question to answer when the case is that of several hundred little yellow people all exactly alike; but, however they discovered it, they were soon at work running to and from the nest, carrying in the helpless little ones and hastening back for more. The process of removal was now fairly under way, and as the ants had taken the matter into their own hands—or, more accurately, jaws—they required little assistance. Thus in three hours' time all was accomplished, the ants were safely in their new home, and the ruins of the old nest were swept away.

It was remarkable to see how quickly these nervous little creatures settled themselves in their new surroundings. Late in the evening they were still actively running about the nest, arranging the cocoons and dragging particles of earth about, with every indication of desperate haste; though it was not apparent, to any eye but that of an ant, what the work was that must be accomplished before daylight. The next morning, some walls and fortifications showed that the industrious little creatures had probably worked all night.

It was reasonable to suppose that their labors had given them an appetite; and, as they showed no disposition to leave the nest, an ant was coaxed out on the point of a straw, and placed on a paper near by on which was a drop of molasses. Of course she ran the other way at first,—for ants will on no account go the way one wishes them to,—but at last she discovered the molasses, and, though it must have been her first taste of such food, it evidently suited her palate. In a few moments another ant, that had been wandering about the platform, likewise discovered this fountain of sweetness, and showed equal pleasure, partaking freely and waving her antennæ with every appearance of satisfaction.

Twenty minutes passed, while the two friends went on blissfully imbibing the nectar, but as those in the nest were unaware of its nearness, none came forth to share in the feast. But an ant must become satiated even with molasses after a while. The two ants, at about the same time, tore themselves away and started for the entrance to the nest, which was only two or three inches distant. One of them found her way with little trouble, but the other showed a degree of stupidity which suggested that overindulgence in molasses had affected her intellect. She wandered about in every direction, straying as far as the lower platform before she eventually reached the door; but as soon as she arrived on the threshold she ran briskly in, and joined her companion, who was already feeding the others from her own supply, after the custom of ants. It was curious to see the hungry ants clustering around their friends and caressing them with their antennæ, evidently coaxing to be fed. The fortunate ant put her jaws to those of one friend after another, and fed them much as an old bird feeds its young.

But the most good-natured ant would weary in time of so many calls upon its generosity. These two had not been able to take enough food to supply the whole colony, and would naturally prefer to direct their comrades to the spot where they could obtain molasses for themselves. The question was, whether their powers were equal to this need.

My doubts on this point were soon settled. In less than three minutes from the time the first ant came among them, there was a general rush from the nest to the molasses; none of the ants showing the hesitation of the original discoverers, but rushing straight to the paper, swarming over it, and surrounding the drop, where they stood drinking with the greatest eagerness. As many as fourteen could be seen feasting at one time, new-comers trying to push

away the others, and eagerly taking possession of the first vacancy; but there was no fighting, and each seemed to give way good-naturedly to her sisters.



ANTS EATING MOLASSES, AND ANTS AT HOME.

Now, all these ants had been in the nest nearly twenty-four hours, ignorant of the supply of food that had been placed outside, and their general rush toward it as soon as the two pioneers had returned from the region of plenty gives strong evidence that a report of the discovery had been made, and clear directions given as to where it was. Of course the ants might have inferred from the sample of food brought to them that more was to be obtained near by; but this alone hardly accounts for the readiness with which all turned in the right direction.

After this exhibition of intelligence, I naturally looked for still more wonderful acts on the part of these small creatures; but often found them, it must be confessed, showing a degree of stupidity equaled only by the obstinacy with which they would refuse to abide by the laws science has laid down for them.

It is a well-known fact that two colonies of ants, even belonging to the same species, cannot live peaceably together in the same nest, and all intruders are promptly expelled by the rightful owners. Accordingly, before taking another family of ants, I prepared a nest on the lowest platform of the formicarium for their reception. By way of experiment the new nest was made with a wooden floor, which warped badly, throwing the whole out of balance and causing general disorder. Thus the new family, the night after their arrival, found themselves in a very trying position. These ants were brown ones, rather larger than their neighbors, but less numerous. Like the yellow ants, however, they

had valuable cocoons to protect, and it was plain that matters must be arranged differently.

How they decided the matter — whether they called a council and took a vote, whether some bold spirit set the example and all the others followed, whether there was faction and disagreement or not — will never be known. But on visiting the formicarium in the morning, an astonishing performance on the part of the brown ants was revealed. Every larva and cocoon had been carried from the uncomfortable nest on the lower platform to their neighbors' quarters on the upper one, and the brown ants gathered in a group at one corner of the nest in which the yellow ants were already domiciled.

Now, such a proceeding as this was utterly opposed to all known rules for the conduct of ants or any other settlers, but no such reflection seemed to trouble the minds of the invading family. Quite regardless of the impropriety of their behavior, the brown ants ran in and out, paying no heed to the yellows excepting when they came into direct collision; and on these occasions both parties retreated in equal confusion. The yellow ants showed no disposition to drive out their unexpected guests, and, indeed, seemed hardly aware of the invasion. This was probably because they had not become thoroughly acquainted with their own domain, and did not realize that they had full sway over the whole glass nest, all other ants being intruders on their territory.

However, the nest was not very large, and as the two families extended their borders it was inevitable that they must one day come into direct contact. What would happen in such a case? Would the contending parties decide their right of way by open warfare? Would anything satisfy either side short of the extermination of the other? Or would they form a treaty of peace, and present to the world the hitherto unknown spectacle of two ant colonies living side by side in one nest?

The brown ants, as before, settled the question. The warped wooden nest had been replaced by a glass one, as well made as that of the yellow ants, but it had remained vacant while the foolish browns stayed in a hostile encampment. For their situation was a hazardous one, and they knew it. However imperfectly the yellows realized their own right to the whole nest, the browns understood that they were living in a territory that did not belong to them, and they did not feel at home. After a week's time, during which they shifted their heap of cocoons from one side of the nest to the other, and showed extreme nervousness, they again decided on a revolutionary proceeding.

One morning the larvæ and cocoons that the brown ants had so carefully cherished were not to be found. A very few full-grown ants were running about in an agitated manner, suggesting at first the thought that the expected crisis had surely come, and the yellows, having won the day, had slain their enemies and confiscated their cocoons. But such a battle would have left some traces, and none were to be seen; so I sought an explanation elsewhere.

The answer was not hard to find. The restless brown ants had moved for the second time, carrying every young one down to the new nest on the lower platform, and there had stowed them away! They had been very sly about it, for instead of coming down the front part of the formicarium, where they would have been in plain sight, they had slipped out the other entrance, down the supporting post, and in at the rear entrance of the lower nest, where they continued to go in and out.

And in regard to these corridors, it must be said that they are not quite what the fancy sometimes pictures, at least in the artificial nests. The tendency of my ants was always to consult comfort rather than symmetry, and while they worked industriously, clearing spaces and passageways, there seemed little attempt at regular arrangement; and they constantly altered their plans, pulling down one wall to build another.

But the most melancholy example that my ants gave of their tendency to fly in the face of established tradition, was the utter want of individual affection they manifested. Their one idea was the welfare of the community, and to this all individual claims must be sacrificed. An able-bodied ant being rescued, half drowned, from the water surrounding the formicarium, and placed among a group of her friends, they at once surrounded her with eager welcome,

stroking her with their antennæ; while some that had been enjoying the rich juice of a raspberry came to refresh her with a little of that pleasant cordial. Why? They could not afford to lose a good worker.

This may seem a very ungenerous view to take of the ants' behavior on this occasion, but unfortunately a second incident presented the reverse side of the picture very strongly. Another ant which had fallen into the water was placed on the platform near her comrades. This one had met with some injuries, and writhed about painfully, unable to walk. The first friend that came near touched her slightly and passed on, and several more in succession manifested equal indifference. One ant alone made some effort to lift the helpless sufferer in her jaws, but soon abandoned the attempt, and the poor creature at last died in convulsions; to which distressing spectacle none of her comrades paid the slightest attention. Undoubtedly they saw at a glance that the ant's injuries were too serious to be cured, and therefore it was no use wasting their time tending a helpless creature that could never be anything but a burden to the community.

It may be that not all ants manifest this hardness of heart, but the dwellers in my formicarium show very little sensibility. They are inclined, moreover, to take a base advantage of their enemies' misfortunes. One of the brown ants, running about the yellow ants' nest, where she had no business at all to be, encountered one of the rightful owners painfully making her way toward the center, where her friends were assembled. She had been in the water, and was coming home, dripping wet, to be assisted in the process of drying, and she looked very uncomfortable and awkward, because every loose particle of earth or straw clung to her antennæ and legs, and impeded her progress seriously. The brown, on first encountering her, fled precipitately; but, soon noticing the dilemma of her foe, she returned to the charge and attacked her ferociously. The yellow ant, indignant at this attempt to expel her from her own home, turned upon the intruder, and, though laboring under great disadvantages, defended herself so well that the brown ant at last let go, and retreated from the field.

On the whole, ants are a wonderful race, presenting traits, both good and bad, that lead to strange speculations concerning them, and affording a field for endless study.



THE ECLIPSE AS SEEN BY THE OTHER TOY, WHO STAYED IN BED.

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

By Lieut. R. H. Fletcher.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter XXI.

Nothing more was said about the ocean voyage or Mildred's visit to Cousin John's home for two days. But during that time Mildred went around with a very heavy heart. For though her mother had said she should do as she wished, and though she certainly did not wish to be left all alone in this strange land, she could not quite make up her mind to say so. She could not help but think that Mistress Barbara would have stayed. Then, too, as she had noted her mother's watchful care of her father during all these years, she really had often longed for an opportunity to do some great thing for him herself. She had dreamed of helping him to regain his lost health, or of bringing him back the wealth of the Fairleighs, by some great sacrifice of herself. And now here was a chance, and yet—she had no idea that it was so hard to sacrifice oneself when it came to the point. The truth was, she felt a little ashamed that she had not instantly said yes when her mother had first suggested the plan. They had done so much for her, surely she could do this for them. And yet—and yet—

It was the evening of the second day of the battle. Mildred was standing in front of the fire staring at the blaze, when her father, who was sitting near by, put out his hand and drew her to his side. "What is it, little woman?" he said. "Why are you so serious?"

"I was thinking about your going away," said Mildred.

"About *my* going away?" said her father, raising his brows. "And are you not going with me?"

"No, Papa," replied Mildred. "I am going to stay with Cousin John."

Mildred had had no intention of saying this when she began, but now the words were spoken, and, although her eyes filled with tears, her heart sang a hymn of victory.

Her father looked at her thoughtfully for a moment and then said, "Ah, my dear, how like your mother you are! At the same time," he continued, "I cannot afford to have my little girl made unhappy at any price. So I think you had better go with us after all."

"Oh, no, Papa," said Mildred, stoutly; "I sha'n't be unhappy. Cousin John has a very pretty home in Arcata, and a nice ranch in the country with cows and—and things on it, and I won't be unhappy. That is," she added desperately, "not *very* unhappy." And feeling that that was the best she could do, Mildred fled to her own room.

When her mother came to give Mildred her kiss that night after she was in bed, she put her arms around her and whispered such words as made Mildred very proud, and even glad. And her mother told her how sorry she would be not to have her little girl with her, and this comforted Mildred. And Mildred felt comforted to think that her father and mother would miss her. But the next day found her heart as heavy as ever again, and the struggle between her inclination and duty going on almost as hard as before her decision. Especially was this the case when her mother began preparing for their departure, and all of Mildred's things were put in a separate trunk. It required all of Mildred's courage to bear that.

At last came the day when the Australian steamer, which took passengers to Hawaii, was to sail. It so happened that the coast-steamer which was to carry Mr. Kenilworth and Mildred to Arcata left on the same day as the Australian steamer, only a few hours later. This was fortunate for Mildred, as it gave her less time to realize the woeful loneliness that took possession of her when she saw the great ship move slowly away from the dock, with her mother and father waving her a farewell from

its deck. The grief of that first parting was worse even than she had expected. She felt so utterly forsaken and miserable that she cried herself sick. She felt that she no longer cared what happened to her; and when she finally lost sight of those dear forms, and Cousin John tenderly lifted her into the carriage that was to take them to their own steamer, she crouched in a corner and paid no heed to his few words of consolation.

Chapter XXII.

The voyage to Humboldt Bay was not a long one, but, as Mildred was ill as well as unhappy, it seemed very long, and it was a great relief to get ashore again. Mr. Kenilworth's home was in Arcata, a small town at the head of Humboldt Bay. He also owned a large stock-ranch in the interior, where he spent a great deal of his time. His Arcata home was a pretty place—a white cottage in the middle of a big garden; and it was here that he brought Mildred after they had landed from the steamship. An old lady, with gray curls on each side of her face, welcomed them at the door, and was introduced by Cousin John as his relative, Mrs. Jenkins. Mrs. Jenkins immediately took charge of Mildred and showed her her room, a dainty little apartment, with a climbing rose at the window, and then did everything she could to make Mildred feel contented, if not happy.

But for the first day or two Mildred was too miserable to care for the pretty room with the climbing rose, or for the cottage, or even for the garden, wonderful though it was. Her only wish was for the day to pass, so that she might go to bed and think about her father and mother who were sailing away from her, farther and farther, and cry herself asleep. But as the days and nights came and went, she found that she was not weeping half as much as she intended to, and finally a night came when, being very tired, she fell asleep without weeping at all. Mildred rebuked herself for this the next morning, and refused to acknowledge that her grief was growing any less. But time softens all sorrows, and Mildred's was no exception.

It was about this time, when smiles were once more making their appearance on her face,—that is to say, about a week after her arrival at the cottage,—that Cousin John announced his intention of going to his ranch for a while.

"But I have been thinking, little cousin," he said, "that perhaps you will find it pleasanter to stay here in Arcata with Mrs. Jenkins while I am away."

But Mildred, looking very much disappointed, exclaimed, "Oh, Cousin John, I would much rather go with you."

"Would you, really?" he said. "But I am afraid you will find it somewhat rough at the ranch-house, and not at all what you have been used to."

"But I don't mind that," protested Mildred. "Indeed, I would rather go with you, if you will let me."

"Of course I will let you, and be glad to have you," said Cousin John. "I was only thinking about your comfort; and, after all, it will be easy enough for you to come back if you don't like it."

So that being settled, the following morning a light spring-wagon, drawn by two big bay horses, drove up to the door, and Mildred's trunk was placed in it. Mildred herself, in her long ulster and traveling-cap, looking, as Mrs. Jenkins said, like a little boy, took her place on the front seat by the side of Cousin John, who drove. Then, as she waved her hand in farewell to Mrs. Jenkins, the spirited horses quickly carried them out of sight of the pretty white cottage, through the town, and out to the level, sandy road by the salt marshes.

Crossing Mad River bridge, they lost sight of the sea and began climbing the road winding along the river-bank, which, in turn, they left to enter the great redwood forests. Sweetwater Ranch, as Mr. Kenilworth's place was called, was about thirty miles from Arcata, in the foot-hills of the Coast Range. When Mildred asked if thirty miles was not a very long drive, Cousin John smiled and said no, that it would not take them very long. Then Mildred asked if he had many horses on the ranch.

"No," said Cousin John, "not many; probably about thirty."

"I call that many," said Mildred.

"Do you?" he said. "They don't think it is many in California,—that is, for a stock ranch."

"But you have got lots of cows, have n't you?" said Mildred.

"Well," said Cousin John, "perhaps you will think so; I have about a thousand head."

"Oh!" said Mildred. She could not get used to the bigness of everything in this country.

After leaving the forests, where the lumbermen were felling the giant redwoods, they started up a long grade. When at last they reached the top, Mildred saw range after range of mountains extending off into the east, black pine forests covering their sides, and their tops capped with glittering snow. Deep, dark cañons stretched far beneath her—so far that an eagle sailing over the tree-tops looked no bigger than a fly; while far away in the direction from which they had come a silver line marked the ocean.

"It is almost like being a bird," said Mildred, as Cousin John stopped to let her look at the scene.

"It must be a hungry bird, then," said Cousin John. "We generally lunch here."

So they drove into a little grove of timber, and drew up by a spring. While Cousin John watered the horses, Mildred got the lunch out of the wagon, and making a table-cloth of a napkin, spread it on the grass. That was a very pleasant meal—in fact it was really a picnic; and when Mildred once more took her seat in the wagon, she felt more than ever like a bird.



"MILDRED SAW RANGE AFTER RANGE OF MOUNTAINS EXTENDING OFF INTO THE EAST."

The scenery now grew wilder and the road rougher. No more ranches were seen, and as they descended the mountain the forest closed in upon them on all sides. But it was very beautiful. They crossed many little brooks babbling noisily over the boulders, while mosses and ferns of all sorts grew on each side of the way. Squirrels scampered along in front of them, or perched on fallen trees and stared at them with round, bright eyes. The road kept

getting steeper and more broken, so that Mildred had to cling to Cousin John's arm to keep from falling out. The constant jolting and swaying was making her very tired. It was now nearly four o'clock, and Mildred was hoping that they did not have much farther to go, when suddenly and most unexpectedly to her they emerged from the dim green light of the forest into a glare of sunlight. In front of them was a stream, on the other side was an open valley, and back of that again the mountains; in the middle of the valley were half a dozen houses, and pointing to these Mr. Kenilworth announced that they had arrived at the ranch.

CHAPTER XXIII.

No sign of life was to be seen around the houses as the wagon forded the creek, except that a dog, lying on one of the porches, sprang up and came bounding toward them, barking furiously. When he saw Mr. Kenilworth, however, he stopped and began wagging his tail, in fact his whole body, in an apologetic way, and frisked about them till they stopped in front of the best-looking of the houses. Attracted by the barking of the dog, a tall, thin woman, in a faded calico dress and sunbonnet, came out, shading her eyes with her hand.

"Why, good lan'! is that you, Mr. John?" she said. "I did n't allow that you 'd git yere much afore sundown. An' that 's the little gal, is it? Howdy, Sissie? Glad to see ye, to be shore. I reckon ye did n't fergit the ile, did ye, Mr. John? 'Cause we 're plumb out of it."

And while she talked the woman busily began getting the bundles out of the wagon. Meantime Mr. Kenilworth lifted Mildred down, and then unloaded the trunk and the heavier packages. While this was going on, Mildred looked about her. The house was long and low, a story and a half high, with a porch in front of it. A big chimney built of stones and clay was at one end. The shingles on the roof were moss-covered, and the house itself, though it had once been painted, looked dark and weather-beaten. A rough, high picket-fence stood around it, inclosing a yard. On the tops of the pickets were stuck empty cartridge-shells, while deer-horns, bleached white by the sun and rain, ornamented the posts. Upon the gate was nailed a board on which was printed in very straggling letters the request, "Pleas shut the gait." Mildred wondered why, as there was nothing in the yard but dry grass and stones.

Then Mr. Kenilworth, having finished the unloading of the wagon, said, "I 'm going to the stable, Mildred. I 'll be back in a moment. Go right in with Mrs. Stokes, and make yourself at home."

"I reckon ye 'd like to wash," said Mrs. Stokes, looking at Mildred curiously, yet kindly.

"Yes," said Mildred, "if you please."

"Will ye go up-sta'rs to yer room er out to the pump? Ye kin do w'ichever ye like."

"I would rather go to my room," said Mildred.

"All right," said Mrs. Stokes; "come 'long, an' I 'll show ye whar 't is."

Following Mrs. Stokes into the house, Mildred found herself in what was called the living-room. At one end was a big, open fireplace, and at the other what seemed a closet, the door of which Mrs. Stokes opened, disclosing a flight of steps, and up these she climbed, followed by Mildred.

"This is yer room," said Mrs. Stokes, when she reached the top.

Mildred looked around. The room was small and had a sloping ceiling, just like the attic at home. The walls were made of boards and papered, the paper being stained in places where the rain had leaked through. The floor was covered with a rag carpet, and when Mrs. Stokes walked across it the boards creaked and the room shook. A white muslin curtain was drawn across the window and a brightly colored patchwork quilt was on the bed. On the bureau was a fat, red velvet pincushion covered with beads, and from the ceiling hung an ornament made of perforated cardboard, worsted, and beads, known as a "castle in the air."

"My gal made 'em," said Mrs. Stokes, when Mildred looked at these works of art.

"Did she?" said Mildred.

"Yes," said Mrs. Stokes, slowly rubbing her chin and gazing at Mildred very seriously.

"They are very pretty," said Mildred.

"My gal made 'em," repeated Mrs. Stokes.

"Where is she now?" asked Mildred.

"She 's dead," said Mrs. Stokes.

"Oh!" said Mildred. "I—I 'm sorry."

"Are ye?" said Mrs. Stokes, looking slowly around the room. Then with a sigh she added, "Well, I reckon I 'm a-wastin' time up yere. If ye want anythin', jes' let me know." And turning quickly she descended the stairs, leaving Mildred quite surprised at the suddenness of her disappearance, and somewhat depressed by being so unexpectedly told of the death of Mrs. Stokes's little girl.

Quickly making her toilet, Mildred went down into the living-room. There was no one there, and so she sat down on a home-made lounge that was covered with a horse-blanket, and looked out of the window. The sun was setting and the forest across the creek looked dark and gloomy. The valley was so still that the rippling of the water could be heard. The scene was not cheering, and Mildred was beginning to feel very forlorn when she heard Cousin John's voice outside calling:

"Bud! Oh, Bud! Come in here and make a fire!"

The next moment Cousin John entered the room, quickly followed by a boy of fourteen, dressed in a blue shirt and overalls, a slouch-hat, and stogy boots, and carrying in his arms a load of fire-wood.

"Now then, Mildred," said Cousin John, brightly, "this is Bud, Mrs. Stokes's son; and whenever you want a fire made in here, or anything else, when I 'm not around, you just go to Bud for it."

The boy, who was kneeling on the hearth, looked up at Mildred without saying anything, and then went on making the fire. Taking a match from his pocket, he slowly drew it along the leg of his overalls and held it to the kindling, and the next moment there was a cheerful blaze roaring up the chimney. Bud sat on his heels and watched the result of his labors for a moment, and then, looking up at Mildred, nodded his head and said pleasantly:

"What Mr. John says goes, ye understan'."

At that moment a strange moaning sound was heard outside.

"What 's that?" said Mildred, uneasily.

"It 's the horn for supper," answered Bud, promptly.

Then Mrs. Stokes put her head in at the door, and said, "Supper 's ready, folks."

At this announcement they all went in to the dining-room, which was next to the living-room. The long table was set with a coarse but clean white cloth and steel knives and forks. Mr. Kenilworth sat at the head of the table with Mildred next to him, and Mrs. Stokes sat at the other end, with her husband, who was foreman of the ranch, next to her. Then some six or eight sunburned, bearded men, dressed like the cow-boys Mildred had seen on the plains, came in, and hanging up their slouch-hats, sat down. The Chinese cook quickly filled the table with big dishes of "deer-meat," bacon, vegetables, bread, butter, and milk, and the dishes were as quickly emptied by Mr. Stokes and the vaqueros. Indeed, Mildred herself had a very fine appetite after her long ride.

Supper finished, Mildred and Cousin John went back to the fireside, and she talked while Cousin John smoked his pipe. Every one retired very early at the ranch, and so it was not long before bedtime arrived. When Cousin John bade Mildred good-night, he told her that Mrs. Stokes slept up-stairs in the room next to hers, and that he had a room just underneath, and that she must try not to feel lonely. Nevertheless, Mildred did feel very lonely. The night was so dark when she looked out of her window, and so still; there was positively no sound but that of the water flowing at the edge of the solemn forest. Her father and mother had never seemed so far away, and she felt utterly alone in a strange land. And after she had said her prayers she crept into bed, and burying her head in a pillow, she once more cried herself asleep.

Chapter XXIV.

But the next morning, when Mildred awoke with the sunlight streaming into her room, all of these gloomy fancies had disappeared, and she arose and dressed, feeling as blithe as the meadow-lark that was piping out his little soul on the gate-post beneath her window. Going down-stairs, she found no one in the living-room, and so wandered out and around the

house. As she passed the kitchen, some one startled her by calling out, "Hello!"

Mildred looked all around without seeing where the voice came from, and then, hearing a chuckle just over her head, she looked up and discovered Wing, the Chinese cook, at work by an open window.

"How you do?" he said, when Mildred had replied to his unexpected greeting.

Mildred answered, "I 'm very well, thank you."

"Tha 's good," said Wing. Then he said, "Wha 's you' name?"

Mildred told him.

"Tha 's good," said Wing. "You come he' live?"

"Just for a little while," said Mildred.

"Tha 's good," said Wing. And then, as his work took him away from the window, Mildred heard him squeaking out some queer Chinese song which sounded like the singing of a tea-kettle.

Continuing her explorations, Mildred made a great discovery, which was no less a fact than that there were numbers of chickens and ducks and turkeys of all sizes and ages in the yard back of the house. The old turkey-gobblers were very grand and dignified, and at sight of Mildred began to put on a great many airs, fluffing up their feathers and strutting along with their wings trailing on the ground. It reminded Mildred of Amanda's description of how the gentlemen used to dance the minuet. Only, just at that moment, Wing happened to throw something from the kitchen door, whereupon the turkeys, forgetting their dignity, picked up their feathers and raced with the rest of the fowls to get their share. Mrs. Stokes called Mildred in to breakfast just as she was making friends with the downy little chickens and ducks; and while she was eating breakfast Cousin John came in, every one else having finished and gone off to work hours before.

Cousin John was dressed like a cow-boy this morning, and when Mildred spoke of it, he laughed and said, "Well, out here I am a cow-boy. And so," he added, sitting down opposite her, "you don't think the ranch will be too lonely for you."

"No," said Mildred. "I did last night, but I don't this morning."

"Well," said Cousin John, "I am glad of that. I told Pedro to bring in a horse for you to ride. He has got him outside now, and is going to try him with a blanket. Come; you would like to see him."

Mildred was very eager to see the horse, and so she hurriedly finished her breakfast and went out on the front porch. Pedro was a Mexican whom Mildred remembered having seen at supper the night before. The horse, a pretty little bay animal with an intelligent head, was snuffing suspiciously at Pedro, who had made a skirt for himself out of a blanket. This, Cousin John explained to Mildred, was intended to accustom the horse to the flapping of a dress; "Dandy," as the horse was named, never having been ridden by a woman. Sure enough, Pedro presently sprang into the saddle and allowed the blanket to wave around Dandy's legs, whereupon the horse began to rear and buck, which made not the slightest difference to Pedro. Then the horse, finding that the blanket was not going to hurt him, quieted down a little, and Pedro rode off with him up the valley.

"He will be all right in a day or two," said Cousin John; "he is very gentle. And now, as I have to go down to Rocky Bar on some business, I will leave you to amuse yourself as well as you can." And swinging himself on the back of his big, brown horse, Mr. Kenilworth waved his hand to Mildred; and he, too, galloped away.

Mildred was about to return to her friends the chickens, but on the road she met Mrs. Stokes, who was going to the corral to milk the cows; so she went with her instead, and made friends with the calves. After that she wandered down to the stables, where she found Pedro grooming her horse after his run. Pedro was a good-natured fellow, and talked to her about her horse in badly broken English, and presently let her feed Dandy. By this time the horn was moaning out its call to dinner. After dinner, Mr. Stokes, the foreman, invited her to ride with him on the big ranch-wagon. There were four horses to this wagon, and the seat was so high up in the air that there was nothing for Mildred to rest her feet on, so that Mr. Stokes made her hold to

his arm. It seemed to Mildred like being in a circus, perched up there with four horses down in front of her, and she felt quite excited and, if the truth must be told, a little scared. But she soon got rid of this feeling, because Mr. Stokes appeared to think nothing whatever of driving four horses with a little girl or two hanging on his arm.

But to tell all that Mildred said or did on that first day at Sweet-water ranch, and on the days that followed, would fill a book by itself. And so we must pass these little adventures by. Only it must not be supposed that all of Mildred's days were happy ones. This being the rainy season in California, there were many wet days when she had to stay in the house, and having nothing to do, she became cross and homesick and was not altogether an agreeable companion. At these times she was rather inclined to look upon herself as a martyr who deserved a great deal of sympathy. But she did not get it from Mrs. Stokes, nor from Bud, nor from Wing, the Chinese cook.

"Wha' fo' you cly?" said Wing, one day, about a week after Mildred's arrival.

"Because," replied Mildred, pouting.

"I t'ink maybe you cly-baby," said Wing.



"PEDRO LET MILDRED FEED DANDY."

"I am not!" said Mildred, angrily; and she complained to Mrs. Stokes of Wing's impertinence.

But Mrs. Stokes smiled grimly, and said, "I reckon he war n't so fur from the truth, Milderd. You see, out yere we ain't got much use fer cryin'; thar 's too much work to be done."

Then Mildred tried to make Mrs. Stokes understand the great sacrifice she had made in

consenting to stay with Cousin John while her father and mother were away. But Mrs. Stokes did not seem to think much of this; on the contrary, she said:

"'Pears to me like there 's heaps o' children 'u'd jump out o' their skins to be in yer place. I reckon the trouble with you, Milderd, is that you think too much 'bout yerself an' not enough 'bout other folks. S'pose everybody was to cry when they ain't happy, what kind of a place would this yere earth be to live on? Thar 's one thing certain: we would n't need no rain."

Mildred was very indignant with Mrs. Stokes for her lack of sympathy and for telling her that she was selfish, and so she sat down by the window and looked out at the wet fields and the dim, misty forest beyond, without making any reply; which was her way when offended. Presently Mrs. Stokes went out and returned with a basket of mending, with which she sat down before the fire.

"Ye must n't take on 'bout what I said to ye jest now," she said; "not that it ain't the truth, but 'cause it ain't none o' my business. All the same, ye 're a good little girl, an' it seems a pity yer ma raised ye to be above doin' anythin' 'cept pleasin' yerself; 'cause thar ain't nothin' like work fer gettin' rid o' the cries."

Now, Mildred could bear being reproached herself, but she could not bear having her mother reproached. So she faced around upon Mrs. Stokes, and said in a tremulous voice:

"You don't know anything about mama! She did not 'raise' me to be above doing anything, and you have no right to say so!"

"Why," said Mrs. Stokes, "I never seen ye do anythin' sense ye b'en yere."

"Because there is nothing for me to do," said Mildred.

"'Pears to me like there was a heap to do," said Mrs. Stokes. "Thar 's Bud, he waits on ye like he was hired to do it, an' yet when he busted a suspender-button offn his overalls ye did n't offer to sew it on. Mr. John does a heap fer you, an' though ye 're on his ranch ye ain't offered to set the table, or hunt the eggs, or any o' them things a little gal might do."

"I did n't know that Cousin John wanted me to," said Mildred, still very indignant.

"He don't," said Mrs. Stokes. "It ain't that the ranch needs yer help. I 'm talkin' 'bout what ye might offer to do. To tell ye the truth, Milderd, I kind o' like ye, an' I can't bear to see ye frettin' an' worryin' fer want of a little plain talk. Maybe I give it to ye a little too plain; but ye must n't mind, it 's only my way."

But Mildred did mind it, and although she did not cry any more, it took a whole day for her to recover from the hurt and resentment of Mrs. Stokes's words. Perhaps it was more pride than anything else that caused Mildred to go out in the chicken-yard the next morning, and gather up the eggs and bring them to Mrs. Stokes in the kitchen. Whatever it was, Mrs. Stokes good-naturedly thanked her, and later on, when Mildred set the table for dinner, she said more gently than was usual with her:

"Ye mind me mightily o' my own little gal, Milderd; ye do fer a fact."

Mildred's heart softened toward Mrs. Stokes at this, and indeed it was not long before they became very good friends. As for Cousin John, Mildred could plainly see that he was amused and pleased with her little efforts to help, and that was reward enough in itself.

Among the other duties that Mildred took upon herself, curiously enough, was that of teaching Wing. This came about as follows: One day Mildred was in the living-room mending her riding-skirt, when she heard a great noise in the dining-room as of shuffling feet and chairs being knocked about, the sound of slaps and blows, and above all Wing's voice raised in anger. Now Mildred was somewhat afraid of Wing. He was a very big man, and he did not shave his head neatly and wear his cue nicely braided down his back, like the Chinese in San Francisco. His hair stood up on end all around his head, and his cue was loosely coiled on top, giving a fierce look to his rather ugly face. So now, as she heard his loud voice and the blows, she was startled, and laying aside her work, she listened. Then she heard Wing say, "Wha' fo' you come in heah? I show you!" and bang! went something.

This so alarmed Mildred that she thought she would run out of the front door and around the house and call Mrs. Stokes. Then it suddenly occurred to her that Mistress Barbara

never would have done that. Mistress Barbara would have been brave and have found out what was the matter before giving an alarm. So Mildred determined to be brave. Step by step, holding her breath, she went on tiptoe to the door and opened it. And the dreadful sight which met her gaze was this: Wing, all alone, was killing flies!

"Wha' fo' you come heah! Did n' I tell you no come in house, hey?" bawled Wing, and bang! went the dish-rag. "I teach-ee you do wha' I say, nex' time!" Slap! from the rag. "Buzz-z-z!" said Wing, mimicking the noise of the flies; "I make-a you buzz!" and smack! went the rag again.

Just then Wing caught sight of Mildred. "Hello," he said; "how you do?"

Mildred, checking an inclination to run away, said very politely, "I 'm very well, thank you," though he had asked her the same question several times before that day.

"Tha 's good," said Wing; "I heap kill fly. Too much-ee fly no good. All-ee same—all-ee same—" Wing stopped and rolled his eyes in search of a word—"What you call-ee him?"

"I don't know what you mean?" said Mildred, doubtfully.

"Hold on," said Wing; "I get book."

And going into the kitchen, he returned with a curious-looking book made of light brown paper stitched together, and covered with queer marks. These proved to be Chinese words, and underneath them were the English translations. Wing, beginning at the back of the book, turned over the leaves, working toward the front, and reading from the bottom of the page to the top, while Mildred looked on wonderingly. At last he found the word, and showing it, said, "What you call-ee him?"

"Oh," said Mildred, reading the translation, "nuisance."

"Yaas!" cried Wing, grinning from ear to ear; "noo-sance! Fly heap noo-sance."

"You speak English very well, Wing," said Mildred, relieved to find him so amiable.

"Yaas," said Wing, smiling wider than ever. "You t'ink so?"

"Yes," said Mildred. "Did you learn it from this book?"

"Maybe, some," said Wing. "Some time no can honderstan' book. How you say that?" he added, at the same time pointing with his slim yellow forefinger to this very long word: "Requestaskcivilly."

At first Mildred thought it was Chinese, and was very much puzzled.

"You no sabé?" said Wing, in surprise.

"Oh!" said Mildred, beginning to laugh, "I see. It means, 'Request, ask civilly.'"

"Yaas," said Wing, "tha 's it."

"Why, how funny," said Mildred. "They are all written that way."

Then there were such words as "Ruefully," "Cherishadislike," "Antagonistically," and others that it was plain had been plucked bodily out of an English dictionary.

"I should think it would be very hard," said Mildred, after trying to explain to Wing the blunder of the Chinese book-maker.

"Yaas," said Wing, "it velly hard. Yes'-day, one Chinaman he come. He velly old, he work twonty-fi' yeah in mine. He tell-ee me he want money."

"Did you give it to him?" said Mildred.

"Yaas," said Wing, indifferently. "He velly old; no can work. All-ee same, I want catch-ee that word; how you call-ee him?" Again Wing's forefinger pointed to the page.

"Subscribe," said Mildred.

"Yaas," said Wing, greatly excited, "subsclibe. I no like-ee that old man, he too high-toned. But he no can work, no can catch-ee gold. He want to go back to China. All Chinaman subsclibe. Me subsclibe, tha 's it. Subsclibe!" And throwing back his head, Wing laughed, "Ha! ha! ha!"

"Wing," said Mildred, laughing too, "whenever you want to know about these words, you come to me and I 'll tell you."

"All light," said Wing, "you tell-ee me. Tha 's good! Good-by!"

And Wing went off into the kitchen, chuckling and repeating to himself with great satisfaction, "Subsclibe."

And after that Wing would often come to Mildred for assistance in his studies, and Cousin John, hearing of it, playfully gave her the name of "the little schoolma'am."

(To be concluded.)

A Kitten by Post.



By Estelle M. Hart.

Kitten "Fluff's" birthplace was a big, round basket in the back room of the Rushtown post-office. There she spent the first days of her life, with her two sisters, Kitten "Gray" and Kitten "Spot." For the first week or two of their lives they were very quiet, contented kittens. All they wanted was to eat and sleep, and Mother "Muff" attended to their meals and kept the house—that is, the basket—very quiet while they slept. One day they found out two things: one was, that the world was n't bounded by the circumference of their basket; the other was, that their legs were made to walk with. At first it was a great deal of trouble to make their legs go the way they wanted to have them, but after a few days' practice they found, to their great satisfaction, that their legs would not only go where they wanted to have them, but would go very fast, indeed. What fun they had when they found that out! How they scampered after each other and after Mother Muff, if she chanced to go to the door to see what the weather was like! Mother Muff was very proud of her kittens. She said to herself that they were certainly the smartest family of kittens she had ever had; and, as they were the only ones she had ever had, I am quite sure she was right. One day they went through the door into the post-office. What a curious place it was! Kitten Gray and Kitten Fluff examined all the desks and chairs and nooks and corners, and got acquainted with Postmaster Jones and several of the clerks; but Kitten Spot, who was of a very quiet, uninvestigating turn of mind, was the one who found the mail-bags. There they were, flat, empty things, thrown in a pile in a corner.

"What a splendid place to lie down and take a nap!" thought Kitten Spot; so she curled herself into a little ball on the leather bags.

Then Kitten Gray and Kitten Fluff thought that they were very tired also, and, following Kitten Spot's example, they cuddled down beside her and were fast asleep in a minute.

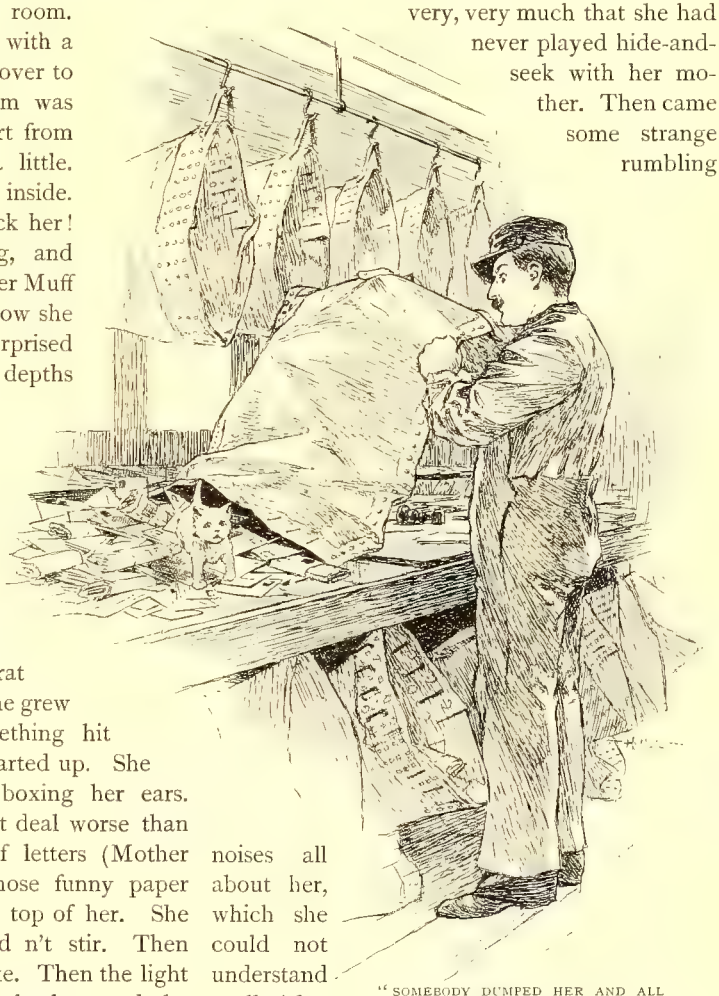
When Mother Muff walked in, a little later, she was shocked to see where her children were sleeping. She knew that mail-bags are very precious things. She had heard of dreadful things that Uncle Sam had done to people who tampered with mail-bags. She was almost sure she heard Uncle Sam's step outside. She picked up the kittens, one at a time, by the nice little handle at the back of their necks, and hurried with them to their good, safe basket. Then she gave them a long lecture about their conduct, which she was almost certain they would never forget. But whenever they went into the office, they always felt so sleepy when they got into the corner where the mail-bags were, that they did forget, and were sure to get into a bunch and go to sleep.

Mother Muff was dreadfully worried; but after she learned that Postmaster Jones only

laughed when he saw them there, she felt a little easier, and thought perhaps, if that dreadful Uncle Sam should happen to come in, that Mr. Jones would plead for the kittens, and perhaps Uncle Sam would excuse them, they were so very young.

One morning, when Kitten Spot was finishing her after-breakfast nap, and Mother Muff was attending to Kitten Gray's bath, Kitten Fluff was enjoying a little waltz, with her tail for a partner. Before she knew it, she had waltzed through the open door into the post-office and half across the room. Then she stopped short, and with a great deal of dignity walked over to the mail-bags. One of them was lying by itself, somewhat apart from the others, and was open a little. Kitten Fluff poked her nose inside. Then such a bright idea struck her! She would go into the bag, and hide from Mother Muff. Mother Muff would think she was lost. How she would hunt for her, and how surprised she would be to find her in the depths of the bag! It was a very long way to the bottom of that bag, but Kitten Fluff pushed her way in, and cuddled down very still, hiding her nose in her paws to smother a laugh. But before you could count ten she was asleep, and dreaming of a great big rat she was going to catch when she grew up. All of a sudden, something hit her ever so many raps. She started up. She thought Mother Muff was boxing her ears. But it was something a great deal worse than that. There were dozens of letters (Mother Muff had told her what those funny paper things were) falling down on top of her. She was so frightened she could n't stir. Then there was a terrible earthquake. Then the light was all shut out at the top of the bag, and she heard a little click. Oh, dear, it was so dark, and those dreadful letters kept pushing and crowding her so! She did n't want to hide from Mother Muff any more, but called for her again and again. But, alas! the leather walls were very thick, and no sound reached Mother Muff's ears.

What a terrible time poor Kitten Fluff had! The bag was picked up and carried a long way, and thrown down again very hard. Kitten Fluff was pretty sure some of her bones must be broken. Then the air in the mail-bag was very close; she had a very bad headache and a dreadful palpitation of the heart. She was sure she was going to die. She wished she had always been a good kitten, and she wished very, very much that she had never played hide-and-seek with her mother. Then came some strange rumbling noises all about her, which she could not understand at all. After a while she fell asleep; but she dreamed such a bad dream about a large dog that was running after her, that she was glad when she woke up.



"SOMEBODY DUMPED HER AND ALL THE LETTERS OUT."

After a long while (Kitten Fluff thought it

must be several years), the bag was moved again. She had another shaking, and lo, a wonderful thing happened! Somebody opened the end of the bag, and dumped her and all of the letters out upon a shelf in a very long, narrow room. For a minute she was so surprised she did n't know what to do; but the next instant she jumped down and rushed wildly across the floor, to see if she still had the use of her legs.

"Great Cæsar!" said one of the men.

That was n't Kitten Fluff's name, at all, but she was too much astonished to tell the man so.

A little man came up from the other end of the car—she heard the men call it a car afterward—and exclaimed, "Well, that 's the most curious mail-package I ever saw!"

Then the little man took her up by the nape of the neck, just as her mother always did. She liked that man very much.

"Well, I declare!" said he, "if this is n't one of those identical kittens that I saw up in the Rushtown post-office last week. I can tell it by that odd white ring on its tail."

Kitten Fluff had never cared much for rings before, but she was very glad now that her tail was ornamented with one. She told all her troubles to the little man, in kitten language, and as he was something of a student in languages, he understood all she said. He said something to the big man about telegraphing ahead and having her sent back from Greatville. Kitten Fluff was a little worried at first, for she did n't suppose there was any way of going back except in a mail-bag; but the little man looked so kind that she made up her mind to trust him, and went to sleep on his overcoat thrown over a chair.

Pretty soon the train stopped, and a man came to the car door with a light wooden box and a pan of milk.

Kitten Fluff had almost forgotten how hungry she was in her excitement. But she always lunched at ten o'clock, and now it was nearly noon, so that she really was very hungry indeed; and milk was her favorite food.

After she had lapped a great deal, the little man said, "No time to spare, Kit; the up-train is nearly due."

Then he put her in the wooden box, and nailed some slats over one side. She did n't like it very much, but it was a vast improvement on the mail-bag. There was some writing on the top of the box, which she could n't see; but she caught sight of the big placard, "WITH GREAT CARE." She wondered what that meant. She did n't have time to inquire, however, because another train came up just then by the side of theirs, and she was put into one of the cars on that train. She enjoyed the ride home very much, because she was near a window, and could look and enjoy the scenery.

It was late in the afternoon when the train reached Rushtown, and there at the station was the errand-boy, Mike, whom she knew quite well. He took the wooden box, with its big label, under his arm.

"Be jabers!" said he, "you 're a foine traveler. I always said you war the loikeliest wan o' the lot."

What a time there was when Kitten Fluff reached the post-office! The postmaster and all the clerks had some word of greeting for her, but there was no one else half so glad to see her as Mother Muff, and no one else whom she was half so glad to see.



A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



My Dolly has been so quiet and sad
That nothing appeared to rouse her;
So I thought perhaps it would make her glad
To give her a ride on Towser.
I pushed him off the step in the sun –
He looked so lazy and idle –
For a saddle I fastened my apron on,
And my ribbon sash for a bridle.



Then Dolly sat on his back to ride,
And he neither growled nor grumbled;
I held her hand and walked by her side
Till I suddenly tripped and tumbled!
Poor Dolly fell with a dreadful crash –
For of course I couldn't hold her –
One arm and one leg went all to smash,
And a great crack came in her shoulder.

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

By Laura E. Richards.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

Chapter X.

OUR GUESTS.

Many interesting visitors came and went, both at Green Peace and the Valley,—many more than I can recollect. The visit of Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, made no impression upon me, as I was only a year old when he came to this country; but there was a great reception for him at Green Peace, and many people assembled to do honor to the brave man who had tried so hard to free his country from the Austrian yoke, and had so nearly succeeded. I remember a certain hat, which we younger children firmly believed to have been his, though I have since been informed that we were mistaken. At all events, we used to play with the hat (I wonder whose it was!) under this impression, and it formed an important element in "dressing up," which was one of our chief delights.

One child would put on "Kossuth's hat," another Lord Byron's helmet, a superb affair of steel and gold, which had been given to our father in Greece, after Byron's death (N. B. We ought not to have been allowed to touch so precious a relic, far less to dress up in it!); while a third would appropriate a charming little square Polish cap of fine scarlet, which ought to have belonged to Thaddeus of Warsaw, but did not, I fear.

What pleasant things we had to dress up in! There was our father's wedding-coat, bright blue, with brass buttons, and the waistcoat he had worn with it, white satin with raised velvet flowers. Such a fine waistcoat! There were two embroidered crape gowns which had been our grandmother's, with waists a few inches long, and long, skimp skirts; and the striped blue and yellow moiré, which our mother had worn in some private theatricals — that was beyond description! And the white gauze with gold flounces—oh! and the peach-blossom silk with flowers all over it—ah!

But this is a digression, and has nothing whatever to do with our guests, who never played dressing up, that I can remember.

One of our most frequent visitors at Green Peace was the great statesman and patriot, Charles Sumner. He was a very dear friend of our father's, and they loved to be together whenever the strenuous business of their lives would permit.

We children used to call Mr. Sumner "the Harmless Giant"; and indeed he was very kind to us, and had always a pleasant word for us, in that deep, melodious voice which no one, once hearing it, could ever forget. He towered above us to what seemed an enormous height; yet we were told that he stood six feet in his stockings—no more. This impression being made on Laura's mind, she was used to employ the great senator as an imaginary foot-rule,—six-foot rule, I should say,—and, until she was almost a woman grown, would measure a thing, in her own mind, by saying "two feet higher than Mr. Sumner," or "twice as high as Mr. Sumner," as the case might be. I can remember him carrying the baby Maud on his shoulder, and bowing his lofty crest to pass through the doorway. Sometimes his mother, Madam Sumner, came with him, a gracious and charming old lady. I am told that on a day when she was spending an hour at Green Peace, and sitting in the parlor window with our mother, Laura felt it incumbent upon her to entertain the distinguished visitor; so, being arrayed in her best white frock, she took up her station on the gravel path below the window, and filling a little basket with gravel, proceeded to pour it over her head, exclaiming, "Mit Humner! hee my ektibiton!" This meant "exhibition." Laura could not

pronounce the letter S in childhood's happy hour. "Mama," she would say, if she saw our mother look grave, "Id you had? Why id you had?" and then she would bring a doll's dish, or it might be a saucepan, and give it to her mother and say, with infinite satisfaction, "Dere! 'mooge you'helf wid dat!"

Another ever welcome guest was John A. Andrew, the great War Governor, as we loved to call him. He was not governor in those days, that is, when I first remember him; but he was then, as always, one of the most delightful of men. Who else could tell a story with such exquisite humor? The stories themselves were better than any others, but his way of telling them set every word in gold. The very sound of his voice made the air brighter and warmer, and his own delightful atmosphere of sunny geniality went always with him. That was a wonderful evening, when, at one of our parties, some scenes from Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring" were given. Our mother was "Countess Gruffanuff," our father "Kutasoff Hedzoff." Governor Andrew took the part of "Prince Bulbo," while Flossy made a sprightly "Angelica," and Julia, as "Betsinda," was a vision of rarest beauty. I cannot remember who was "Prince Giglio," but the figure of "Bulbo," with closely curling hair, his fine face aglow with merriment, and the magic rose in his buttonhole, comes distinctly before me.

Who were the guests at those dinner-parties so well remembered? Alas! I know not. Great people they often were, famous men and women, who talked, no doubt, brilliantly and delightfully. But is it their conversation which lingers like a charm in my memory? Again, alas! my recollection is of finger-bowls, crimson and purple, which sang beneath the wetted finger of some kindly elder; of almonds and raisins and bonbons, mystic, wonderful, all gauze and tinsel and silver paper, with flat pieces of red sugar within. The red sugar was something of an anticlimax, after the splendors of its envelop, being insipidly sweet, with no special flavor. The scent of coffee comes back to me, rich, delicious, breathing of "the golden days of good Haroun Alraschid." We were never allowed to drink coffee or tea, but standing by our mother's chair, just before saying good-night, we received the most exquisite dainty the world afforded: a "coffee-duck," which to the ignorant is explained to be a lump of sugar dipped in coffee—black coffee, *bien entendu*—and held in the amber liquid till it begins to melt in delicious "honeycomb." This was probably the true ambrosia of the gods. And then we said good-night, and—and—went and begged the cook for a "whip," or some "floating-island," or a piece of frosted cake. Was it strange that occasionally, after one of these feasts, Laura could not sleep, and was smitten with the "terror by night" (it was generally a locomotive which was coming in at the window to annihilate her; Julia was the one who used to weep at night for fear of foxes), and would come trotting down into the lighted drawing-room, among all the silks and satins, arrayed in the simple garment known as a "leg-nightgown," demanding her mother? Ay, and I remember that she always got her mother, too.

But these guests? I remember the great Professor Agassiz, with his wise, kindly face and genial smile. I can see him putting sugar into his coffee, lump after lump, till it stood up above the liquid like one of his own glaciers. I remember all the "Abolition" leaders, for our own parents were stanch abolitionists, and worked heart and soul for the cause of freedom. I remember when Swedish ships came into Boston Harbor, probably for the express purpose of filling our parlors with fair-haired officers, wonderful, magnificent, shining with epaulets and buttons. There may have been other reasons for the visit; there may have been deep political designs, and all manner of mysteries relating to the peace of nations. I know not. But I know that there was a little midshipman in white trousers, who danced with Laura, and made her a bow afterward and said, "I tanks you for de polska." He was a dear little midshipman! There was an admiral, too, who corresponded more or less with Southey's description:

> And last of all an admiral came,—
> A terrible man with a terrible name,—
> A name which, you all must know very well,
> Nobody can speak and nobody can spell.

The admiral said to Harry, "I understand you shall not go to sea in future times?" and that is all I remember about him.

I remember Charlotte Cushman, the great actress and noble woman, who was a dear friend of our mother's; with a deep, vibrating, melodious voice, and a strong, almost masculine face, full of wisdom and kindliness.

I remember Edwin Booth, in the early days, when his brilliant genius and the splendor of his melancholy beauty were taking all hearts by storm. He was very shy, this all-powerful "Richelieu," this conquering "Richard," this princely "Hamlet." He came to a party given in his honor by our mother, and instead of talking to all the fine people who were dying for a word with him, he spent nearly the whole evening in a corner with little Maud, who enjoyed herself immensely. What wonder, when he made dolls for her out of handkerchiefs, and danced them with dramatic fervor? She was very gracious to Mr. Booth, which was a good thing; for one never knew just what Maud would say or do. Truth compels me to say that she was the *enfant terrible* of the family, and that the elders always trembled when visitors noticed or caressed the beautiful child.

One day, I remember, a very wise and learned man came to Green Peace to see our mother,—a man of high reputation, and withal a valued friend. He was fond of children, and took Maud on his knee, meaning to have a pleasant chat with her. But Maud fixed her great gray eyes on him, and surveyed him with an air of keen and hostile criticism. "What makes all those little red lines in your nose?" she asked, after an ominous silence. Mr. H——, somewhat taken aback, explained as well as he could the nature of the veins, and our mother was about to send the child on some suddenly-bethought-of errand, when her clear, melodious voice broke out again, relentless, insistent: "Do you know, I think you are the ugliest man I ever saw in my life!" "That will do, Maud!" said Mr. H——, putting her down from his knee. "You are charming, but you may go now, my dear." Then he and our mother both tried to become very much interested in metaphysics; and next day he went and asked a mutual friend if he were really the ugliest man that ever was seen, telling her what Maud had said.

Again, there was a certain acquaintance—long since dead—who was in the habit of making interminable calls at Green Peace, and who would talk by the hour together without pausing. Our parents were often wearied by this gentleman's conversational powers, and one of them—let this be a warning to young and old—chanced one day to speak of him in Maud's hearing as "a great bore." This was enough! The next time the unlucky talker appeared, the child ran up to him, and greeted him cordially with "How do you, bore? Oh, you great bore!" A quick-witted friend who was in the room instantly asked Mr. S—— if he had seen the copy of Snyder's "Boar Hunt" which our father had lately bought, thinking it better that he should fancy himself addressed as a beast of the forest than as *Borus humanus;* but he kept his own counsel, and we never knew what he really thought of Maud's greeting.

But of all visitors at either house, there was one whom we loved more than all others put together. Marked with a white stone was the happy day which brought the wonderful uncle, the fairy godfather, the realization of all that is delightful in man, to Green Peace or the Valley. Uncle Sam Ward!—uncle by adoption to half the young people he knew, but our very own uncle, our mother's beloved brother. We might have said to him, with Shelley,

> Rarely, rarely comest thou,
> Spirit of delight!

for he was a busy man, and Washington was a long way off: but when he did come, as I said, it was a golden day. We fairly smothered him, each child wanting to sit on his knee, to see his great watch, and the wonderful sapphire that he always wore on his little finger. Then he must sing for us; and he would sing the old Studenten Lieder in his full, joyous voice: but he must always wind up with "Balzoroschko Schnego" (at least that is what it sounded like), a certain Polish drinking-song, in which he sneezed and yodeled, and did all kinds of wonderful things.

Then would come an hour of quiet talk with our mother, when we knew enough to be silent and listen, feeling, perhaps, rather than realiz-

ing, that it was not a common privilege to listen to such talk.

"No matter how much I may differ from Sam Ward in principles or opinion," said Charles Sumner once, "when I have been with him five minutes, I forget everything except that he is the most delightful man in the world."

Again (but this was the least part of the pleasure), he never came empty-handed. Now it was a basket of wonderful peaches, which he thought might rival ours; now a gold bracelet for a niece's wrist; now a beautiful book, or a pretty dress-pattern that had caught his eye in some shop-window. Now he came direct from South America, bringing for our mother a silver pitcher which he had won as a prize at a shooting-match in Paraguay. One of us will never forget being waked in the gray dawn of a summer morning at the Valley, by the sound of a voice singing outside — will never forget creeping to the window, and peeping out through the blinds. There on the door-step stood the fairy uncle, with a great basket of peaches beside him; and he was singing the lovely old French song, which has always since then seemed to me to belong to him:

Noble Châtelaine,
Voyez notre peine,
Et dans vos domaines
Rendez charité!
Voyez le disgrace,
Qui nous menace,
Et donnez, par grace,
L'hospitalité!
Toi que je révère,
Entends ma prière,
O Dieu tutelaire,
Viens dans ta bonté,
Pour sauver l'innocence,
Et que ta puissance
Un jour recompense
L'hospitalité!

There is no sweeter song. And do you think we did not tumble into our clothes and rush down, in wrappers, in petticoats, in whatever gown could be most quickly put on, and unbar the door, and bring the dear wanderer in, with joyful cries, with laughter, almost with tears of pure pleasure?

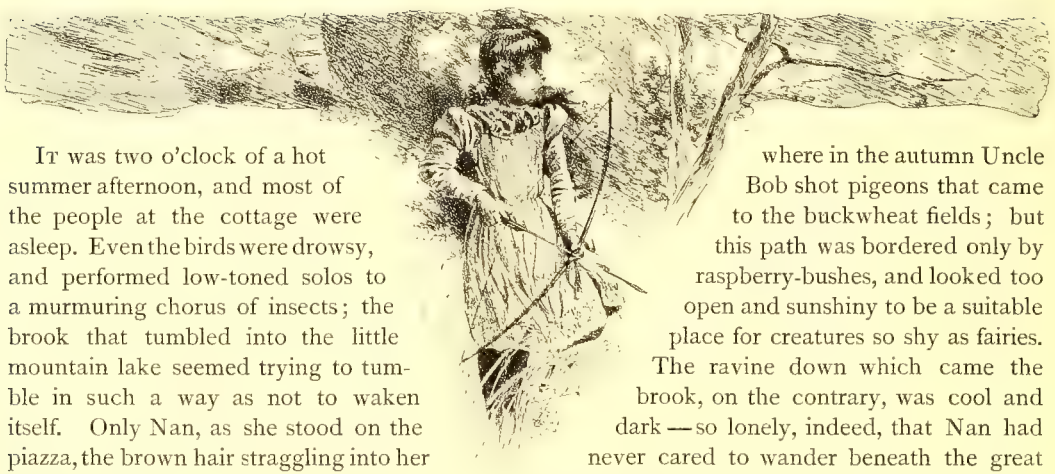
Ah, that was "long ago and long ago"; and now the kind uncle, the great heart that overflowed with love and charity and good will to all human kind, has passed through another door, and will not return. Be sure that on knocking at that white portal, he found hospitality within.

And now it is time that these rambling notes should draw to a close. There are many things that I might still speak of. But, after all, long ago *is* long ago, and these glimpses of our happy childhood must necessarily be fragmentary and brief. I trust they may have given pleasure to some children: I wish all childhood might be as bright, as happy, as free from care or sorrow, as was ours.



NAN'S COLLECTING.

By Francis S. Palmer.



It was two o'clock of a hot summer afternoon, and most of the people at the cottage were asleep. Even the birds were drowsy, and performed low-toned solos to a murmuring chorus of insects; the brook that tumbled into the little mountain lake seemed trying to tumble in such a way as not to waken itself. Only Nan, as she stood on the piazza, the brown hair straggling into her eyes, was free from anything suggesting drowsiness.

She had been advised to read during the hour after luncheon, if it was impossible to sleep like other people. Bravely she had gone to work, and for ten minutes had read a book which told of the gnomes and pygmies and giants which are said to abound in the Black Forest.

Nan was practical and patriotic; it seemed to her that if such things were found in Germany,—a country no way superior to the United States,—there should also be interesting creatures here in the Adirondacks. These quiet evergreen woods were as fit homes for fairies as any Black Forest.

Before long she tired of reading, and wished to do something more lively; for Nan, it must be confessed, was the least bit of a tomboy. If there was nothing else to do, she could take a walk into some part of the forest. She would have liked a shot-gun as companion in her wanderings; but that would hardly do, and she had to content herself with a bow and arrows. She got these weapons, and now stood on the piazza, wondering in which direction to go.

There was the path near the lake-shore, where in the autumn Uncle Bob shot pigeons that came to the buckwheat fields; but this path was bordered only by raspberry-bushes, and looked too open and sunshiny to be a suitable place for creatures so shy as fairies. The ravine down which came the brook, on the contrary, was cool and dark—so lonely, indeed, that Nan had never cared to wander beneath the great hemlocks which grew there. This afternoon, however, she resolved to be more bold; and, keeping near the brook, she ventured into the woods.

After walking a short distance, she found the ravine becoming wider; its sides grew steep, and moss-covered boulders checked the course of the brook. Nan sat down on one of these stones, and looked around. No fairies, giants, nor any of the strange things which the book told of were in sight,—not even a little man dressed in green to dance on the moss and tell of buried treasure, as is said to happen often in Old World woods.

While the girl was waiting there, wishing she might capture something unusual for Uncle Bob, who was a naturalist and had collections of all kinds of queer creatures, a striped squirrel, or chipmunk, hopped upon a log and uttered the shrill chirp which tells of expectation or alarm. True to its warning, another animal came pattering along. Nan fitted an arrow to the bow; perhaps she was to discover something as strange as the creatures written about. But no weird shape pushed its way through the bushes; only a little gray animal

with big, bright eyes; and before Nan could draw the bow, it scurried away.

Soon a red squirrel, which had been frisking in the branches of a spruce-tree, began to chatter and scold—but not at Nan. A small brownish animal was climbing the spruce.

As the girl took a step forward, it turned to look at her in mild astonishment; then scrambled clumsily up the tree-trunk.

Nan felt sure her naturalist uncle would like this creature to add to his collections; for she decided that it was a sable or pine-marten. Only a few days before, Uncle Bob had said he wanted a sable to put among his stuffed animals; and when she asked what a sable was like, he had said: "A sable, more properly called a pine-marten, is a small brown animal spending most of its life in trees."

Here was a small brown animal in a tree. "It must be a sable," thought Nan, looking it over; "I 'll catch it for Uncle Bob."

So she fitted her best arrow to the string, and drew the bow with all her strength. But as she was aiming, the string snapped, and the arrow fell limply to the ground.

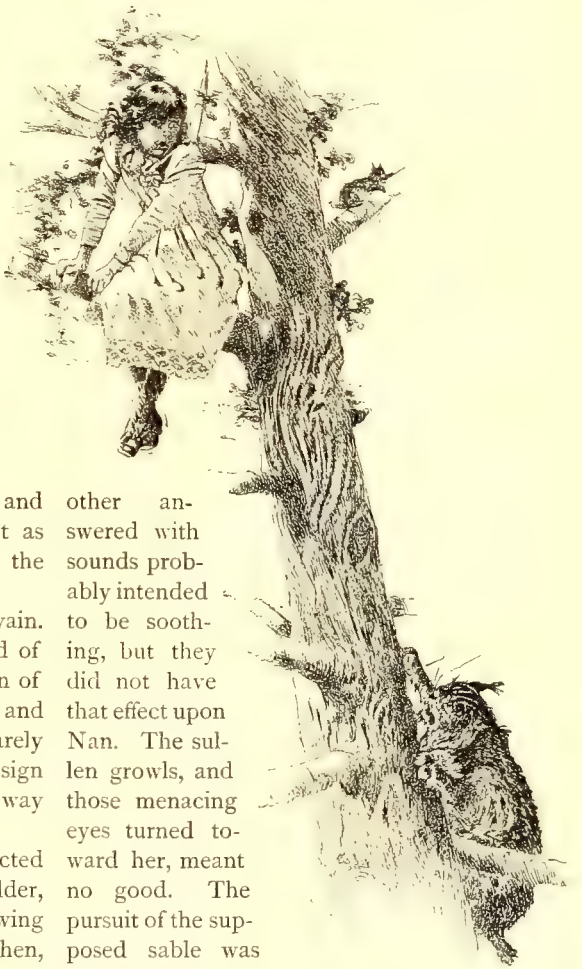
She tried to remedy matters, but in vain. Then she got several pebbles from the bed of the brook, for she was a living contradiction of the notion that no girl can throw a stone; and soon one of the pebbles hit the animal squarely in the side. It whimpered, but made no sign of coming down. There seemed only one way of capturing it: she must climb the tree.

When Nan's mind was made up, she acted promptly. Fastening the bow on her shoulder, she clambered into the spruce. Low-growing branches made it easy to climb; and, then, she was as nimble as a boy, though she indulged her taste for climbing only when she was alone.

Seeing her coming, the animal began to show fear, crying and whining. She was about to reach for it with the end of her bow, when she heard soft steps on the ground below. Looking down, she encountered the sharp eyes of a tawny, cat-like animal with tufted ears and short tail, as large, perhaps, as a spaniel.

The conviction flashed through the girl's mind that this creature had something to do with the "sable" in the tree; the two possessed a strong family likeness. Perhaps the larger was the mother, and the cries of its young had brought it to the spot.

The little one continued to whine, and the other answered with sounds probably intended to be soothing, but they did not have that effect upon Nan. The sullen growls, and those menacing eyes turned toward her, meant no good. The pursuit of the supposed sable was forgotten in the painful interest with which she watched the movements of this new arrival.



"NAN WAS IN A PANIC OF FEAR."

Several times it paced around the tree, sniffing and growling; then, snarling, it crawled slowly upward. The girl, perched in a fork of the tree, was in a panic of fear.

"Quick, Nan!" cried her uncle's voice, "scramble out on that branch, and drop. I 'll catch you!"

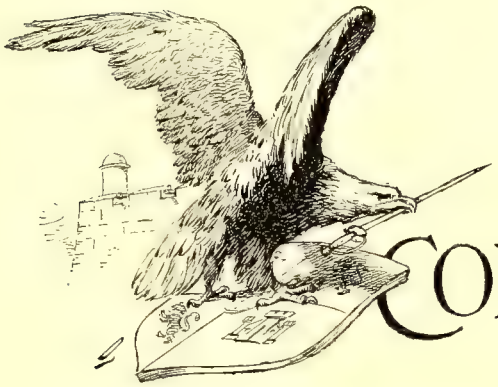
Her energies revived, and she dragged herself along the branch. Below she saw a familiar figure. Swinging down and relaxing her hold, she fell twelve feet, and was caught in the strong arms of Uncle Bob.

The animal which had so frightened Nan did not offer to follow, as her uncle led her rapidly down the ravine.

"Now, my venturesome niece," said he, at last, "how did you manage to get into a tree between an old lynx and her kitten? You were in a dangerous situation when I happened along."

"I only meant to get the little one,—which I thought was a sable,—for your collection; but the bowstring snapped and I could n't tie it again, so I had to climb the tree. Then the fierce animal came."

"I thank you for your kind intentions," said Uncle Bob, "but I would n't try to collect anything so dangerous as a lynx-kitten which is still in the charge of its mother. Lynxes are not common in these woods, and you 'll probably never see another. But if you do, don't meddle with it."



THE LAST CONQUISTADOR

BY E. S. BROOKS.

The earlier Spanish fighters in America delighted in the title of *el conquistadores*, the conquerors. This story of the boy who made the last stand for Spain in the Mississippi country was suggested to me by Mr. George W. Cable, who had been impressed by the pluck and loyalty of young Louis Grandpré.

THERE was trouble and turmoil in the Spanish fort at Baton Rouge. There was disquiet and unrest through all that section of Louisiana that was not yet free from the authority of Spain.

It was the summer of the year 1810. Emigrants from the pushing States along the Atlantic seaboard and from the scarcely conquered forests of the West were seeking homes within that fair and fertile southern country, through which the mighty Mississippi cuts its winding way to the Mexican Gulf. And, as they came, they brought with them into all that soft southland between the Mississippi and the Pearl, the sturdy breezes of personal liberty and civil freedom. With this spirit they imbued the frontier folk among whom they came to settle, and, as a result, they grew more and more aggressive toward the slender garrison that, in the tumbledown fort at Baton Rouge, sought to maintain some show of authority in that region for King Ferdinand of Spain.

It was but a sorry show, withal. Rood by rood, that once magnificent empire that De Soto had conquered for his king—long held by France, and again, through fifty years, a province of Spain,—was fast slipping away from the Don's unsteady hand. The shifting fortunes of war and of diplomacy had even before this crisis-year of 1810 reduced Spain's possessions along the Mississippi to a section

not very much larger than the little northern State of Delaware.

And even this strip of Spanish territory the American pioneers openly coveted. Joining to themselves the disaffected ones among the French colonists, and those who, remembering the Don O'Reilly's iron hand, had ever hated Spain, the new-comers, by bluster and artifice, by much talk and the most persistent scoffing at Spain's shadow of authority, were drawing nearer and nearer to their prize. And now the only "lion in the path" seemed but a very weak one—a boy of sixteen, stationed in an old and crumbling fort at Baton Rouge.

This was the way of it. Don Carlos de Grandpré, governor and *commandant* for Spain at Baton Rouge, was dead. His successor, the *intendant* Delusas, had, through fear or in the hope of obtaining succor, absented himself from his post, leaving in charge as only officer, Louis Grandpré, the son of the former governor.

But Louis Grandpré was no ordinary boy. Reared amid all the dangers and hardships of a frontier post, he had been compelled to assume and accept responsibilities early in life.

The mingled French and Spanish blood that flowed in his veins bore in it some strain of the old-time heroism which had marked the days of paladin and Cid; and Louis Grandpré's one legacy from his father, the *commandant*, was this maxim of the camp: A soldier's first duty is obedience; his watchword, "Loyalty to King, to Country, and to Flag."

He was a child of that fair southern land, and its forests and savannas, its bayous, lakes, and rivers, its flowers and birds, and even its tropic tangle of morass and swamp, were all dear to his heart. Above them the flag of his king had waved for half a century, and to defend them from the enemies of his king was his duty as a soldier and a son of Spain.

Knowing this of him, we can understand the full meaning of the defiant attitude and the flushed face of the boy *commandant* of Baton Rouge as, on a bright July morning of 1810, he listened to the report with which the old half-pay sergeant, Estevan Sera, who had served under this lad's father, came to headquarters.

"My *capitan!*"

"Well, sergeant?"

"Here has come to us sorry news from above. Pedro the Natchez is just in from the Bayou Sara country, and tells of much plotting against us. The Americans are to march upon Baton Rouge speedily, and have vowed to drive us out."

"Well, sergeant, to threaten is easy, but to do is harder work. Let the Americans try us if they will. We can but do our duty. Who leads them on?"

"*El capitan* Thomas heads the riflemen, and with the dragoons comes that son of Satan, Depassau, to whom your father once gave life. One hundred men and forty is the force they bring—and what can we hope to do?"

"What, sergeant, but hold the fort for Spain and for the king! For that we are here. To that our lives are pledged; and, unless other orders come to me from Pensacola, that will I strive to do. A soldier of Spain can but do his duty—and die."

With many a "*caramba!*" of protest and many a half-grumble at this simple but unpleasant doctrine of his young *commandant*, the old sergeant shuffled away; and yet, even though he could not accept the alternative, he could not but rejoice over the pluck and courage of this boy whom he had watched and tutored almost from the cradle.

Misfortune is fleet of foot. Even before young Grandpré had time to strengthen his works and decently equip his command, the enemy was on the march. Depassau with forty dragoons was approaching by the St. Francisville road, and Thomas, with more than eighty riflemen, had bivouacked in the pine-woods to the south.

Matters looked black indeed for the young *commandant* of the Spanish fort.

Louis Grandpré knew—none better—the character of the foemen whom he must face in fight. The dragoons, as the sergeant had called them, were bold horsemen—"cow-boys" of that early day. Full of the tireless spirit, the daring, and the recklessness that a free rein on the broad savannas of the southwest gives to every ranger of the prairie and the plains, their charges were irresistible, their saber-swings were death. The riflemen were northern foresters—desperate fighters, quick of eye, unerring of aim,

sharp-shooters, and sure shooters all. Horse and foot alike were, as he knew, distinguished for a hardihood, a dash, and an alertness in action that not one of the lazy veterans in his crippled fort was capable of resisting.

For this was his condition: To this whirlwind of "Yankee" invasion he could oppose only a garrison of less than fifty worn-out Spanish soldiers in a decaying and half dismantled fort, upon which scarcely a touch of repair had been made since the days—a half-dozen years before—when his father, Don Carlos, had successfully withstood just such an invasion of Yankee malcontents—though with a much more serviceable garrison and against a much less thoroughly organized foe.

Riding into the plaza, or "grand square," of the little town of Baton Rouge, Louis stood beneath the ample folds of the big Spanish banner.

"Long live King Ferdinand!" he cried; and then he summoned all true subjects of Spain to rally to the support of the king's garrison.

"Until other orders shall come to me," he said, "I am here to defend the charge that has been given into my hands—the fort of Baton Rouge, your town, and the king's authority in this his province. He who sides with the invaders is a traitor to the king, and Spain knows no mercy to traitors. Let all true sons and subjects of Spain follow me into the fort!"

There was in the ringing voice and determined words of this manly boy an enthusiasm that had its effect upon certain of the townspeople. But when, with the banner still floating over his head and with fife and drum playing a martial air, the young *commandant* rode back through the gate of the fort, less than forty of the "loyal subjects of Spain" followed him from the town.

Arming them hastily, he placed them in the rear rank, behind the regular garrison, and then, marshaling his little army on the parade, just within the gates, he bade his men, in a few earnest words, stand fast for the king.

It was a most unpromising-looking army. It numbered less than a hundred men all told.

Could he depend upon them? He felt assured that not much confidence was to be placed in his new recruits from the town; and as for the soldiers of his garrison—well, even there he was uncertain. Most of them were old and invalided soldiers who had long been strangers to a battle, and very many of them were little better than cripples—sorry-looking fellows all when it came to standing before a cavalry charge or facing riflemen's fire.

But upon them alone he must depend. He could look nowhere for succor, from no quarter could he expect it. Far to the eastward lay Pensacola and the little Spanish province of Florida—scarcely better provided for defense or resistance than was his threatened post of Baton Rouge.



"HE BADE HIS MEN STAND FAST FOR THE KING."

All about him, crowding into the very smallest show of authority and space the contracted limits of the province he was set to guard, stretched the lands that the Americans had bought from France—lands forever lost to Spain. Within the "Territory of Orleans" to the

south — American in ownership, Creole and French in population — there were to be found few indeed ready to lift a hand in his behalf, to strengthen the arm or train the guns of Spain.

To the east the Mississippi territory was fast filling up with Northern folk, English by birth and blood, Americans all in future and in desire. The failure of Colonel Aaron Burr had shown how hard it was to win these new settlers in the south from their allegiance to the spreading and successful American Republic.

Louis Grandpré knew well enough that the end was not far off. He knew, too, that the days of Spain's sovereignty in the Mississippi Valley were doomed, and that, when the flag of his king came down from the tall staff upon the time-stained blockhouse in the fort, the last vestige of Spain's authority would be swept away.

The post of Baton Rouge was Spain's forlorn hope, left despairingly upon the bayous of Louisiana. And he, as its commander, must stand or fall with it. From this there was no escape when one felt, as did this boy of sixteen, that obedience to orders was the one duty of a soldier. To defend his post successfully seemed an impossibility; to surrender it, when he had been charged with its security, would, in his eyes, be no less than a crime. And so, deliberately, manfully, unfalteringly, he chose the impossible. It should not be said of Louis Grandpré that the son of his father had proved unfaithful to his trust. Rather should it be said of him that, though a boy, he had faced his duty bravely and stood steadfast to the end.

A determination, once taken, is the strongest incentive to action. This boy *commandant* of a ruined post knew his task to be a hopeless one, and yet, so confident is youth, so full of hope is the boyish heart, that, as he glanced up and down the lines of his sorry-looking "army," he actually felt an inspiration toward victory. For a thought came to him that brought the flush of pride to his face and set the fires of courage aflame in his heart — the thought that here, encompassed all about by determined foemen and held at bay in an unfriendly land, he was to make one last stand for the honor of Spain, to try one last issue with fate for the glory of his country and his flag.

His proud bearing affected even the weak and nerveless band who acknowledged him as their captain. They had grumbled loudly over his boyish determination to resist attack, but now the valor and devotion that lived in their young *commandant's* face and words did much toward reassuring them. They were soldiers of Spain, and that name itself, for many a year, had been full of terror to the foe. So, as they stood thus drawn up in battle array upon the parade, they even began to boast of what they once had done, and of what they would do again. *Los Americanos* should see what it meant to face in fight the gentlemen of Spain!

Alas! it is always so easy to promise; but performance, as we shall see, is quite another matter.

"The gentlemen of Spain" had not long to wait. There was a clatter of hoofs through the the deserted town, a ringing Yankee cheer, and the shrill call of the bugle demanding a parley at the gate.

Somewhat stiff of joint, old Sergeant Sera started to answer the summons; but even as the rickety gate swung open, the reckless and unconventional Depassau, contrary to all the rules of war, dashed through the gate at the head of his forty horsemen, overthrowing in the rush the slow-going old sergeant. Dazed and dumfounded at his sudden overthrow and at this breach of military etiquette, old Sera picked himself up, bruised and grumbling, and then burst into a torrent of hot Spanish exclamations more pertinent than polite.

The ranks of the Spanish garrison recoiled perceptibly before this unexpected onset. But Louis Grandpré, sword in hand, faced the intruders.

"Sirs!" he demanded, "what means this armed and hostile entrance into a fortress of the King of Spain?"

"What, young Grandpré! — are you the captain here?" Depassau said, with a laugh, as he reined in his horse. "Well, we want the fort; that 's what it means. Or — if you must have it in better form: In the name of the people of the sovereign State of West Florida I demand the instant surrender of the fortress of Baton Rouge!"

"Captain Depassau," the young *commandant*

replied, "this post of Baton Rouge, belonging to His Majesty King Ferdinand of Spain, has been left in my charge, as intendant, by my superior, the governor of Baton Rouge. He has left with me no orders to hand over the fort to others. Much less has he permitted me to surrender it to a parcel of rebels, as are these you lead. Until other commands come to me from the governor I am here to defend this post, and that I will do with my life. Unless you retire at once, I shall order my soldiers to fire upon you!"

"Well crowed, young game-cock!" cried Depassau, while a chorus of laughter from his band echoed his words. "Why, what a young fire-eater it is! Most noble *Señor Intendente*,"—and, doffing his hat, he bent low in mock courtesy to the boy, who, with drawn sword, stood so defiantly in his path,—"we regret to inconvenience so valiant a *caballero*, but we have taken a fancy to this post of Baton Rouge, and we mean to have it—town, fort, *commandant*, and all!" and, swooping down upon the lad, he would have seized him as a prisoner. But Louis Grandpré was as active as he was valiant. Deftly dodging the attempt at capture—"Ha, Depassau!" he shouted, "traitor and double traitor, would you seek to turn a parley into an attack? Holo, my men! Ready! Fire! Drive these traitors out!"



"DOFFING HIS HAT, HE BENT LOW IN MOCK COURTESY TO THE BOY."

And, with ringing voice and waving sword, he turned toward the ranks of his garrison to inspire them to instant action. Not a man was there!

Those Spanish soldiers had a healthily developed fear of *los Americanos*. The long rifles and the ready sabers of those Yankees, their unerring aim and their resistless dash, were not pleasant enemies to face in the open field. They believed their only safety lay behind stout walls.

So it was that, quietly, but hastily and unanimously, the garrison of Baton Rouge had deemed discretion the better part of valor, and, without awaiting the formality of the word of command, had withdrawn into the blockhouse that formed the inner defense of every frontier fort of the last century.

Depassau's horsemen laughed in loud derision. But on Louis Grandpré's face anger and sorrow alike raised the flush of shame.

"Cowards!" he cried, turning to the blockhouse, "would you run from a parcel of Yankee rebels? Holo there! Come out! To your captain, my men! For Spain! For Spain!"

"Come, come, Louis, my lad," Depassau said patronizingly, "I don't want to hurt you. I want only this fort, and have it I will. Your men are afraid to fight. What is the use of holding out longer? Pull down your Spanish flag from the blockhouse yonder; march out

your men, and we will put you on your way to Pensacola, without a scratch. Come; give up your sword."

"Never!" answered the boy, haughtily. "My sword is my king's. I would rather die than break my promise. It is my duty to hold this post for my master, King Ferdinand, and hold it I will—or die!"

"We have wasted too much time on you already," Depassau angrily broke out. "For the blockhouse, boys! Charge!"

And at his word the horsemen dashed up to the tumble-down palisade that protected the door to the blockhouse, set in an angle of the fort.

But, quick as was their action, Louis Grandpré was before them. With a spring he cleared the space that lay before the palisade, closed and barred the rickety gate, and the next instant was within the blockhouse rallying his men.

But they refused to be rallied.

"Of what use is it to make a stand against them, my *capitan?*" old Sergeant Sera asked. "It is only to meet death. Their rifles and their sabers are too strong for us to face."

"What! would you have me too turn traitor, and basely give up what I am charged to defend?" the boy indignantly demanded. "Is it thus, O Sergeant, that my father would have done—or Galvez, the young hero who won this very fort of Baton Rouge from the English? No; they would have fought to the death! Holo, my men! twenty of you to the port-holes with your guns. Fire when I bid you. Do you, Sera, look to the defenses. The rest—you who love Spain and honor your king—follow me and drive the rebels out!"

And, sword in hand, young Grandpré rushed from the blockhouse to meet the foe—alone!

At that very instant, with a loud war-whoop, in through the southern gate of the fort dashed Thomas and his eighty border rifles. Beneath the blows of the dismounted dragoons the crazy gate of the palisade went down with a crash, and with a mighty cheer the Americans swarmed into the inclosure.

"Back, on your lives! Ho, in the blockhouse there! Fire on these rebels!"

With his back firmly set against the blockhouse wall, his lifted sword flashing in the sunlight, before them all he stood defiant—one against a hundred!

There came a clatter of horsemen charging up to the door of the blockhouse; there rang out a volley from the Northern rifles as the



"LOUIS GRANDPRÉ RUSHED FROM THE BLOCKHOUSE—ALONE!"

besiegers rushed in—and that was all! At the door that shielded his craven garrison,—within the fort which, because he had no instruction to surrender it, he deemed it his duty to defend to the last,—Louis Grandpré fell.

"Long live King Ferdinand!" he cried. "Santiago and Spain!"

And so he died—a martyr to duty.

Then, surrounded by the resistless invaders, the thoroughly frightened garrison cried aloud for quarter, the Spanish flag came fluttering down, and the last hold of Spain upon the valley of the Mississippi was broken.

Not alone to the soldier of freedom does death in the hour of victory or defeat bring glory everlasting. Even to him who, in the face of certain disaster, upholds the honor of his flag, is praise abounding due.

Louis Grandpré died a hero. And American boys who honor the brave can assuredly pause in their pride in all that is American to bestow a word of appreciation upon the gallant lad who was faithful to his trust, and manfully struck the last blow for Spain in the land where Spain had won and lost an empire.

A TROUBLESOME MODEL.

By Meredith Nugent.



Not long ago I had a nonpareil, or "painted finch," a South American bird, from which I was making a drawing. He was a bright little bird, but certainly was not a good model.

I caught him at work one day, "touching up" a drawing I had just finished. It happened in this way: I was called out from the studio to speak to a caller, and during my short absence my feathered friend — who seemed to be a meddlesome fellow — plunged into the bowl of painting-water to take a bath.

With wings and tail he vigorously sprayed the colored liquid all over the drawing, and before long had changed my picture — a painting of birds — to something more nearly resembling a fireworks display on the Fourth of July.

When I came back to the studio he was putting on the finishing-touches; but as soon as he caught sight of me he flew out of my reach.

I will not attempt to describe to you my feelings at that time; but I will simply say that within a few days after this event I presented the feathered model to a delightful old lady who is fond of birds and flowers. She thought him "a lovely bird — he was so cute"; but one day when the neat old lady had finished watering her window-plants, the nonpareil saw an opportunity to show her how "cute" he could be. He proceeded to take a bath in the muddy water and spatter it over the clean, white curtains. This was a bit of fun just to his taste. In fact, whenever and wherever a chance offered he would bathe. If the faucet were left running, he would get under it and almost drown himself. I have seen him on a cold winter's day bathe and bathe again, until he was so thoroughly chilled that I feared he would die.

On these occasions I would take him in my hands and hold him by the heater until he was warm and dry; but I have always suspected that he had very little sympathy with my method of making him comfortable, and he plainly showed that he much preferred the "water-cure" to this drying process.

MR. SOMEBODY.

By Laura E. Richards.

My little one came to me weeping, weeping,
Over her bright cheeks the bright tears creeping:
"Oh! Mama, 't is raining and pouring away!
We cannot go to the picnic to-day."

I took the darling up in my lap,
And tried to make light of the great mishap:
"Be patient, my child, with the rain; for oh!
It makes Mr. Somebody's garden grow.
Yes, it makes Mr. Somebody's garden grow."

My little one came to me sighing, sighing,
Almost ready again for crying:
"Oh! Mama, the sun is so fiery hot,
The flowers I planted have died on the spot."

I took the darling up on my knee,
And kissed and spoke to her cheerily:
"Be glad, my child, of the sun to-day!
It helps Mr. Somebody make his hay.
Yes, it helps Mr. Somebody make his hay."

There 's many a thing may seem "quite too bad!"
For this little lass or that little lad;
But the thing that to you may the hardest be,
May fill Mr. Somebody's heart with glee.
Yes! may fill Mr. Somebody's heart with glee.



MAZEPPA.

THE KEYS TO THE STUDENT'S SUCCESS.

By Isabel Craven.

Hugh McVicker was pulling his lower lip with chagrin, a frown knitted his brow, and an air of dissatisfaction rested upon every feature. There lay the cause on the table before him: his examination report of school-work, with its average far, far below what it should be. He rested his head upon his hand and surveyed the paper ruefully.

He sighed as he looked, and thought of what his father had told him, last night,—that if he were promoted he might enter Lawrenceville school. Hugh's one desire was to go to Lawrenceville school, chiefly for the foot-ball, it must be confessed; for we must speak truly and say that none of Hugh's longings lay in the line of scholarship. And now here were his reports, no better than the time before. He had asked to be sent to Lawrenceville then, but his father had distinctly refused; and he had told Hugh that story about the old farmer who took his son away from college because he was not going to spend a thousand dollars on a five-dollar boy. Somehow that story impressed him just now as it had not done when it was told him. He had laughed at it then. But now the thought of it made him move rather uneasily in his seat. Was he a five-dollar boy? He gave his head a defiant little shake; he would not like any one else to say that of him; but looking the matter squarely in the face, he had to acknowledge he had not been up to the average boy in school-work. There were a number of boys in the class-room upon whom he had rather looked down, but they certainly surpassed him there.

He had heard some one say that an ordinary mind could go along quite easily in the common school, as it is graded nowadays, and be promoted every term. Was he less than ordinary? He was n't at all vain, or, as the boys sometimes expressed it, "stuck on himself," but he did think he might be rated as an ordinary boy. But there were his marks to the contrary —everything far below eighty, and no prospect of promotion in those figures.

He could not blame his teachers; he felt they liked him and had helped him in every way. No, the fault lay in himself. Now, how could he reach it? There were his monthly reports; any one of them would have passed him if they could have been used for promotion. But his examination-papers were bad, and there must he seek the cause of his low marks. His examinations—how had he come up to them? Was it with a clear mind? No, his brain was in a tangle from which he could not extricate one date of history, one fact of science, one proposition or rule of grammar; and yet through the quarter he had recited his lessons correctly enough to get good marks.

Here between these two facts lay the evil. Now, how to stamp it out. "It 's just here," went on Hugh's thoughts; "it 's in the studying; I 've got to do something about it." Hugh thought long, thought until the bell rang and he had to rise and make himself ready to join the family at the tea-table.

"What did you get?" said his sister Mollie to him, as they were all seated round.

"Get what? get where?" responded Hugh, purposely evading the question.

His mother looked up as he spoke. He returned her glance, and she knew, without a word from him, the answer. A little shadow went over her face. Hugh hated to see her look like that. The last week or two before examination the thoughts of the whole family had dwelt upon Hugh and his chance for promotion. They had been disappointed so often that it was always an anxious time with them.

There was no reason why he should not succeed: he was quick-witted enough outside of books, expressed himself very well indeed, in conversation, was not self-conscious in any

degree — no circumstances seemed ever to discompose him; but the fact remained that it always took him two terms to get through a class.

His sister went on teasingly. "Come on, Hugh," she said, "tell us about your report, you know."

His father's attention was caught by the word report. "Why, yes, Hugh; how did you succeed? Do I see you blushing with honors?"

Hugh saw he was in for it. He gave an inarticulate reply. Then he spoke out:

"Well, I have my report," he said; "but I am not willing to show it to any one."

"That sounds unkind; you should let us share your triumph," said Mollie, with a knowing little laugh.

Hugh gave her a threatening look, but at this time some one came to the door and called his father away, a diversion was made, and Hugh, happily, escaped further questioning.

He saw his father before he went to bed. "Father," he said, "will you not pass over my report this time? It is not what you would like, and I am going in for another examination after vacation. They will let me have it if I ask for it."

His father looked at him.

"All right, my son," he finally said; "but if you are going to work this summer, remember what Anthony Trollope said was the recipe for successful novel-writing."

"What was that, Father?"

"A bit of shoemaker's wax in the seat of one's chair."

Hugh laughed, but it set him thinking again. "That means keeping at it," he thought, "not letting yourself be interfered with by chance things." He saw the sense of that. But how to fix the wandering thoughts? There would be the hardest work of all. You may say what you please about shoemaker's wax: a boy might sit in his chair all day long with his book before him, but if his thoughts are to go astray, he might as well follow them with his body.

There was the difficulty, wandering thoughts; that was what made him fail, and the remedy was concentration of mind. He knew that. He knew that in studying his lessons for every day he gave himself very little time over them, and in order to be prepared he had to give his mind directly and completely to the book. He generally knew those lessons, too, during the recitation; but, alas! they slipped from him as quickly as they had been acquired.

That was why he failed in examination; he had not sufficient grasp of his subject. So with concentration of mind must go something else, and that was retention by memory. Hugh had at last got in his hand the tools for his work; but back of them must be a will to succeed, and in front an object in view.

These, then, are the four keys of success for the student:

Concentration of mind.
Retention by memory.
Will to succeed.
Object in view.

Hugh wrote these out in a clear hand and pasted them up in front of his desk, and then he set to work; and as he worked he felt he was in no wise doing what he had planned if he did not keep these four things uppermost. And he found he had to keep them *all* going. The will to succeed was always with him, and always he had his object in view; but the hard thing was to concentrate his thoughts, and still harder was it for his ease-loving mind to retain what he learned.

But he set himself tasks. He gave himself fifteen minutes to do certain work, and if he had not done it in that time he considered he had failed; and if he had done it, and yet when the next day came he could not remember what he had learned, he considered he had failed again.

At first it was difficult to force his laggard mind to do what he required of it. It was "soft," as they say of an unused horse; but from day to day, steady work stiffened its staying qualities. Hugh trained his mind exactly as he would have trained and exercised the muscles of his body. Let the boy who sits down to his lesson be convinced that he is mentally to exert himself, that there must be an active cudgeling of the subject before him until he masters it. No listless, fitful doings will bring success.

As the summer went on, Hugh found his

work becoming easier and easier. It took less time, too; he was often surprised at that. Twenty minutes' concentration of mind now would carry him over ground that would have required an hour or two in the past. He did not give up the pleasures that come to a boy through the summer; he did not have to, for, after all, thanks to concentration of mind, the time spent over his books he scarcely missed.

When Hugh went in to be examined, before the beginning of the fall term, he was more than successful; for in his effort for concentration of mind and retention by memory he had so strengthened his mental powers that it was no trouble to him to be questioned. He had all his subjects at his fingers' ends, as we say, and he felt a curious sort of pleasure in handling them—much as he had felt, one time, when his father had let him hold the lines over the four-in-hand. Now his thoughts responded as quickly to the question as the well-trained beasts had then to the slightest turn of his wrist, and he felt the strange exultation that comes when one recognizes that he has the mastery over creatures which but for his controlling spirit have the power to go far astray.

It was a glad boy who came home from that examination. But he was somewhat sobered when he went into his father's library that evening.

"So you are ready for Lawrenceville, are you, my boy?" said his father. "I was afraid, last June, you would miss it."

"Yes, I am ready; but, Father, if you do not mind I will stay on for another year at the town school."

"I thought Lawrenceville was the goal."

"It was. I started in for this examination with that object in view; but I would like now to go another year to the school here, so that when I do leave, it will be from a higher grade."

There are many boys like Hugh: sorry (if not ashamed) on examination day for their disappointment. Often they hunt about for some one to put the blame upon. But let them, like Hugh, be honest enough to put the blame on their own shoulders, and like him, too, let them turn about and boldly lay hold of the keys of success:

Concentration of mind; retention by memory; will to succeed; object in view.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscript cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

MANY a little girl among our readers will sympathize with the little mother told about in this lively bit of verse, received from a welcome correspondent, Julia B. M.:

A "MOST SATISFACTORY DOLL."

A MINIATURE mother, our little one sat
In the midst of her children the dolls:
Some tall and some short, some thin and some fat—
Sweet Rosies, black Dinahs, and Polls.

There were French dolls from Paris with all the fine arts—
They could walk, talk, or sleep at their ease;
But the doll she loved best in her deep heart of hearts
Was the rag doll who sat on her knees.

When we asked her the reason of poor Raggy's sway,
"Oh, she 's so satisfact'ry," she said.
"When we go out to walk her bonnet will stay—
I can stick the pin straight through her head."

JULIA B. M——.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I am only a little girl nine years old, and I thought, perhaps, you would find a little room in your magazine for my little letter.

We have taken ST. NICHOLAS since the year it began, long before I can remember, and now we could never do without it. Good-by. Your little friend,

MILDRED C——.

WINNABOU, N. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the country on a large plantation. It is a lovely place. There are about a hundred colored people that live here in the quarters. We live in a big white house in the center of a large grove. There is only one white family on the place. Perhaps you would like to know the names of some of the little negro babies. Well, here they are: King David Kelly, King Solomon Guy, and Queen Anne George Ginwright. Then there is a Rose and a Lily, and they are so cute and black. I go to school in the morning, and in the afternoon I swing in my hammock. I love to swing very much, indeed. We had such a mild winter that I was able to swing every afternoon, except on rainy days. I like the Southern winters. I am glad that spring has come again. I am eleven years old. We live not far from Wilmington—about thirteen miles.

I have a large, handsome cat named "Tom." I had a young ox named "Billy," but I have sold him to my brother. I hope that you will live always.

I am your constant reader,

KATHARINE MACRAE J——.

MARCH 27, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. I composed these verses one day while I was walking home from school. Mama does not know I am going to send them to you. I hope they will find a place in the pages of your magazine.

Yours truly, THEODORA G——.

A SAD MISTAKE.

As I sauntered slowly homeward
One bright October day,
I saw a sight I 'd often seen
Upon the broad highway.

I saw a little maiden,
Within her hand a book,
And on her arm a basket swung
At every step she took.

"Fared you well to-day, my little maid?"
I asked, my footsteps slacking.
"Oh, yes, right well, sir," she replied,
"But still—one thing was lacking."

"And what was that, my little maid?"
I said, as now I halted.
"Grandma gave me for my lunch
The butter that was n't salted."

THEODORA G——.

ANTWERP, BELGIUM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have only just commenced to subscribe to you, and I find you very interesting. I began with reading "The Admiral's Caravan," and enjoy it immensely; it is with impatience I await your next number.

I dare say you know Antwerp is very flat, and for that reason it is easy in winter, when the snow lies thick upon the ground, for the sledges to run. It is really pretty to see them going at a great rate along the boulevards, and to hear their little bells jingling. You would think yourself in Russia instead of in Belgium. I am a Belgian girl. I hope you will excuse my English, as I am not very perfect in that language.

Yours sincerely, M. E——.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. Bloomfield. I. 1. Bloom. 2. Large. 3. Orbit. 4. Ogive. 5. Meter II. 1. Field. 2. Indue. 3. Educt. 4. Lucre. 5. Deter.——ANAGRAM. William Makepeace Thackeray.

PI.

The yellow golden-rod is dressed
In gala-day attire;
The glowing redweed by the fence
Shines like a crimson fire;
And from the hot field's farthest edge
The cricket's soft refrain
With mellow accent tells the tale
That August 's here again.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Farragut; finals, Napoleon. Cross-words: 1. Fashion. 2. Alabama. 3. Rat-trap. 4. Rotundo. 5. Abuttal. 6. Germane. 7. Undergo. 8. Tertian.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Crab. 2. Race. 3. Ache. 4. Beer. II. 1. Drab. 2. Rase. 3. Asia. 4. Beam. III. 1. Root. 2. Ogre. 3. Ores. 4. Test. IV. 1. Mart. 2. Area. 3. Rear. 4. Tart.

AN OCTAGON. 1. Sap. 2. Acrid. 3. Scatter. 4. Article. 5. Pitched. 6. Deles. 7. Red.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Above all other things is justice: success is a good thing; wealth is good, also; honor is better; but justice excels them all."

WORD-BUILDING. I, in, tin, tine, tinge, meting, terming, meriting, remitting.

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE. From 1 to 2, Antwerp; 1 to 3, Algiers; 2 to 4, Potomac; 3 to 4, Saranac; 5 to 6, Manilla; 5 to 7, Moravia; 6 to 8, Atlanta; 7 to 8, Almeida; 1 to 5, Anam; 2 to 6, Para; 4 to 8, Cuba; 3 to 7, Sana.

HOLLOW STAR. From 1 to 2, stridor; 1 to 3, saddled; 2 to 3, recited; 4 to 5, derided; 4 to 6, deduced; 5 to 6, deleted.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Noble. 2. Niece. 3. Dally. 4. Paste. 5. Terse.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Central letters, the alphabet. Cross-words: 1. coAst. 2. caBle. 3. maCaw. 4. seDan. 5. shEet. 6. waFer. 7. riGht. 8. otHer. 9. quIck. 10. raJah. 11. piKed. 12. meLon. 13. hoMes. 14. wiNce. 15. grOpe. 16. upPer. 17. piQue. 18. coRal. 19. upSet. 20. alTer. 21. moUth. 22. noVel. 23. boWer. 24. boXer. 25. loYal. 26. raZor.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Maud E. Palmer — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co. — L. O. E. — Paul Reese — Josephine Sherwood — "Uncle Mung" — Ida C. Thallon — Arthur Gride — "Guion Line" and Alpha Slate Co.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Marion Alice Perkins, 1 — Elaine S., 1 — Hannah R. Sprague, 1 — "Emmett," 1 — J. A. Frothingham, 1 — Gwendolen Reid, 4 — Chester B. Sumner, 11 — Julia Johnson, 1 — G. B. Dyer, 10 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Eleanor Ogier, 1 — Voa, 1 — Katharine Van Cochnet. 3 — Miriam Coste, 1 — E. T. B, 1 — Clara S. Barker, 2 — Hubert L. Bingay, 11 — Rosalie Bloomingdale, 11 — Dora F. Hereford, 8 — Nellie Archer, 3 — No Name, Edgefield Junction, 3 — "May and '79," 7 — Blanche and Fred, 11 — Nellie L. Howes, 9 — E. M. G., 11 — Jo and I, 11 — L. W. A., A. W. A., and A. P. C. A., 5 — Marie Thérèse B., 4 — Agnes C. Leaycraft, 2 — No Name, Waterbury, 7 — No Name, Chicago, 7 — Ida and Alice, 11 — Olive Gale, 4.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals each name a cathedral town of England.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Immature. 2. Soda-ash. 3. A people. 4. A small animal found in Madagascar. 5. Sufficient. 6. To range. 7. Shatters. 8. Disquietude. 9. To retreat. 10. At a distance, but within view.

J. W. F.

PI.

SONON rea nunsy, wram, dan slilt,
A dongle heaz shoregan eht lhil;
Brame nishsune si no het frool
Stuj hitwin eht pone rood;
Listl eht circteks lacl nda krace,
Veren fundo, hoguth glon ew kese,
Tof comse tafin torper fo nug,
Suby lifes uzzb ni eth nus,
Ni bresmepet.

DOUBLE SQUARES.

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. . . . .

I. 1. SOUR substances. 2. The weight by which gems are weighed. 3. Enraged. 4. One who dates. 5. Severe.

INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. A southern constellation. 2. A small animal. 3. The goddess of discord.

II. 1. HAVING wings. 2. A large basin. 3. An old word meaning to lower. 4. A term used in grammar denoting the final end or purpose. 5. To establish.

INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. A reverential salutation. 2. The French word for valley. 3. A masculine name.

XELIS.

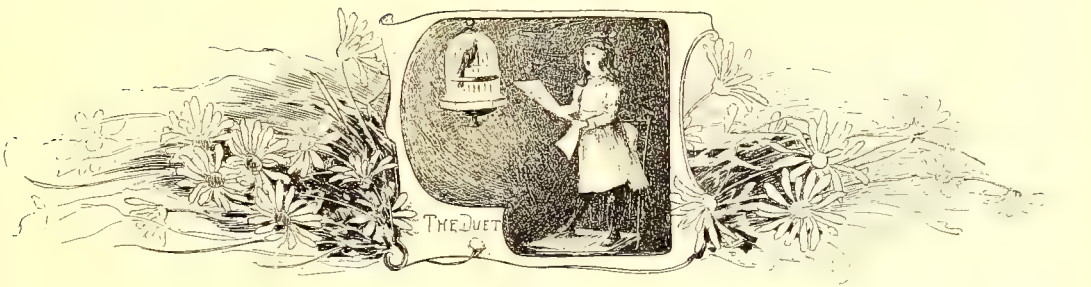
A NOTABLE DINNER.

IT was a remarkable dinner. The twenty-one writers who sat down to it belonged to different periods and nationalities. They were (1) hearty; (2) scalds; (3) a naughty exclamation; (4) a cover for the head; (5) a color; (6) a short jacket; (7) a heath; (8) habitations; (9) a stout rope used by sailors; (10) fleet; (11) an ecclesiastical dignitary; (12) a hard substance; (13) lengthy, and a companion; (14) a pleasure-ground, and a human being; (15) a young sheep; (16) a combustible substance and a crest; (17) resembling the coverings of mollusks; (18) a color, and depart; (19) one who makes barrels; (20) to purchase and to hurry; (21) to invoke evil upon, and a small farm.

The dinner consisted of (22) an imitation animal; (23) a fine color; served with (24) colors, and (25) colored letters; then came a (26) favorite essayist with (27) a place where money is coined, sauce; and (28) a country of Europe, and (29) a survivor of the deluge. Of course there were the usual (30) cooking-utensil and a group of letters; (31) a vehicle and period; (32) pounds; (33) to cure by salting; (34) three and one fifth grains, Troy weight; (35) to drag, a comrade, and letters; with (36) predicaments, and (37) the symbol of peace.

For dessert there were (38) confused type, (39) mates; (40) turns informer; and (41) a vessel, a beverage, and to leap. Last of all were served (42) a letter, and (43) the cry made by certain birds, and to recompense, with (44) a woman of refinement, and handles.

O.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy letters, and am a quotation from one of the letters of Horace Walpole.

My 39-20-9-49 is enlightened. My 14-65-30 is triumphed. My 26-57-60-5 is a musical instrument. My 34-52-28-45 is part of a tea-kettle, and my 8-22-62-1-54 is what often issues from it. My 35 is an important letter. My 59-68-18-43-24-50 are cases for transporting fruit. My 47-32-64-11-37-31 are evil spirits. My 61-7-29-16 is proper. My 41-55-13-70-53 is a time of darkness. My 10-36-4-15-42-58-66-21 is shrill. My 2-67-51-25-38-46 is a great gun. My 69-3-27-48-12 is an ecclesiastical dignitary. My 56-44-33-6-23-63-19-40-17 is an Irishman's cudgel.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

1	9	17
2	10	18
3	11	19
4	12	20
5	13	21
6	14	22
7	15	23
8	16	24

FROM 1 to 9, confusion; from 2 to 10, to refer; from 3 to 11, a sharp instrument for cutting; from 4 to 12, a famous painter; from 5 to 13, one of the books of the Bible; from 6 to 14, a beginner; from 7 to 15, a sign of the zodiac; from 8 to 16, division; from 9 to 17, a one-wheeled conveyance; from 10 to 18, a feminine name; from 11 to 19, to draw out; from 12 to 20, character; from 13 to 21, to impede; from 14 to 22, to record; from 15 to 23, a blue dyestuff; from 16 to 24, a fine woolen fabric.

The letters represented by the numbers from 1 to 8, from 9 to 16, and from 17 to 24, each name a famous battle. "ISHMAEL."

DIAMOND.

1. IN diamond. 2. A vehicle. 3. A wood noted for its durability and fragrant odor. 4. The surname of a president of the United States. 5. A city of Switzerland. 6. An animal. 7. In diamond. W. N. S.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell an honorary epithet given to David Garrick.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A masculine nickname. 2. An article very often used. 3. A farming implement. 4. A wager. 5. To incline the head with a quick motion. 6. Since. 7. To lubricate. 8. A falsehood. 9. A cavity containing a fluid. 10. An exclamation. 11. A vehicle. 12. A dowry. 13. Depressed. 14. A cooling substance. 15. A masculine name. 16. A fruit of certain trees. 17. The amount. O. B. G.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in capture, but not in loose;
My second, in voyage, but not in cruise;
My third is in baggage, but not in trunk;
My fourth is in cabin, but not in bunk;
My fifth is in active, but not in dull;
My sixth is in calico, never in mull;
My seventh, in sloping, but not in slant;
My whole is the name of a famous plant.

O. B. G.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A VOWEL. 2. A verb. 3. A master. 4. A father. 5. A county. 6. To administer confession and absolution to. 7. A Turkish or Persian monk. 8. Shattered. 9. Withered. ELDRED IUNGERICH.

HALF-SQUARES.

I. 1. A PANORAMA of the interior of a building, seen from within. 2. Supreme power. 3. To suppose. 4. To resound. 5. A verb. 6. A pronoun. 7. A letter.

II. 1. A mark or expression of applause. 2. The common name of the gorse-hatcher. 3. A feminine name. 4. A single thing. 5. A river of Scotland. 6. A pronoun. 7. A letter. C. D.

A STAIR PUZZLE.

1	20
2	19
3	18
4	17
5	16
6	15
7	14
8	13
9	12
10	11

1 and 20, a personal pronoun; from 2 to 19, a pronoun; from 3 to 18, the name of two Roman patriots; from 4 to 17, a seaport town of Japan; from 5 to 16, pointing; from 6 to 15, to show; from 7 to 14, defamatory; from 8 to 13, derangement with regard to one subject only; from 9 to 12, a musical term denoting a certain time; from 10 to 11, pertaining to shows.

From 1 to 10, a certain day in September; from 11 to 20, something often eaten on that day. F. S. F.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

TO ST. NICHOLAS GIRLS AND BOYS

A SUGGESTION FROM THE PUBLISHERS



Do you like ST. NICHOLAS?

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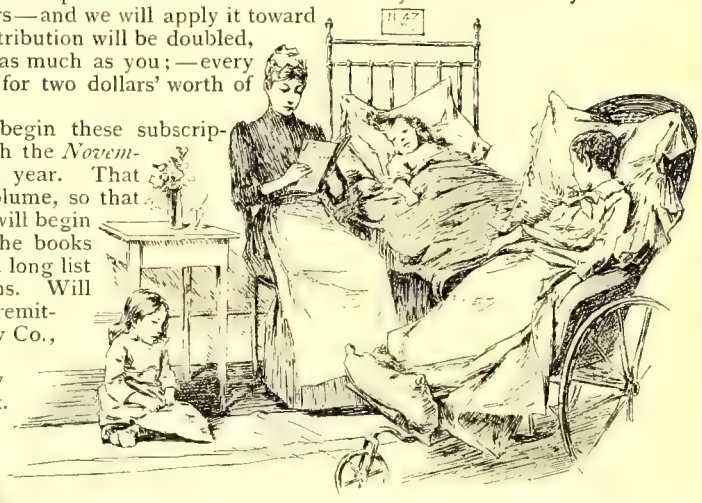
Did you ever think about the hundreds of thousands of other boys and girls who would like it too, but who are not able to pay for it? Doubtless a good many of you have; perhaps some of you send your old numbers where they do a great deal of good when you are through with them—into the tenement houses, where little folks get from its pages their first ideas of a cleaner, sweeter life,—into hospitals, where the leaves are worn through by the hundreds of tiny fingers that turn them.

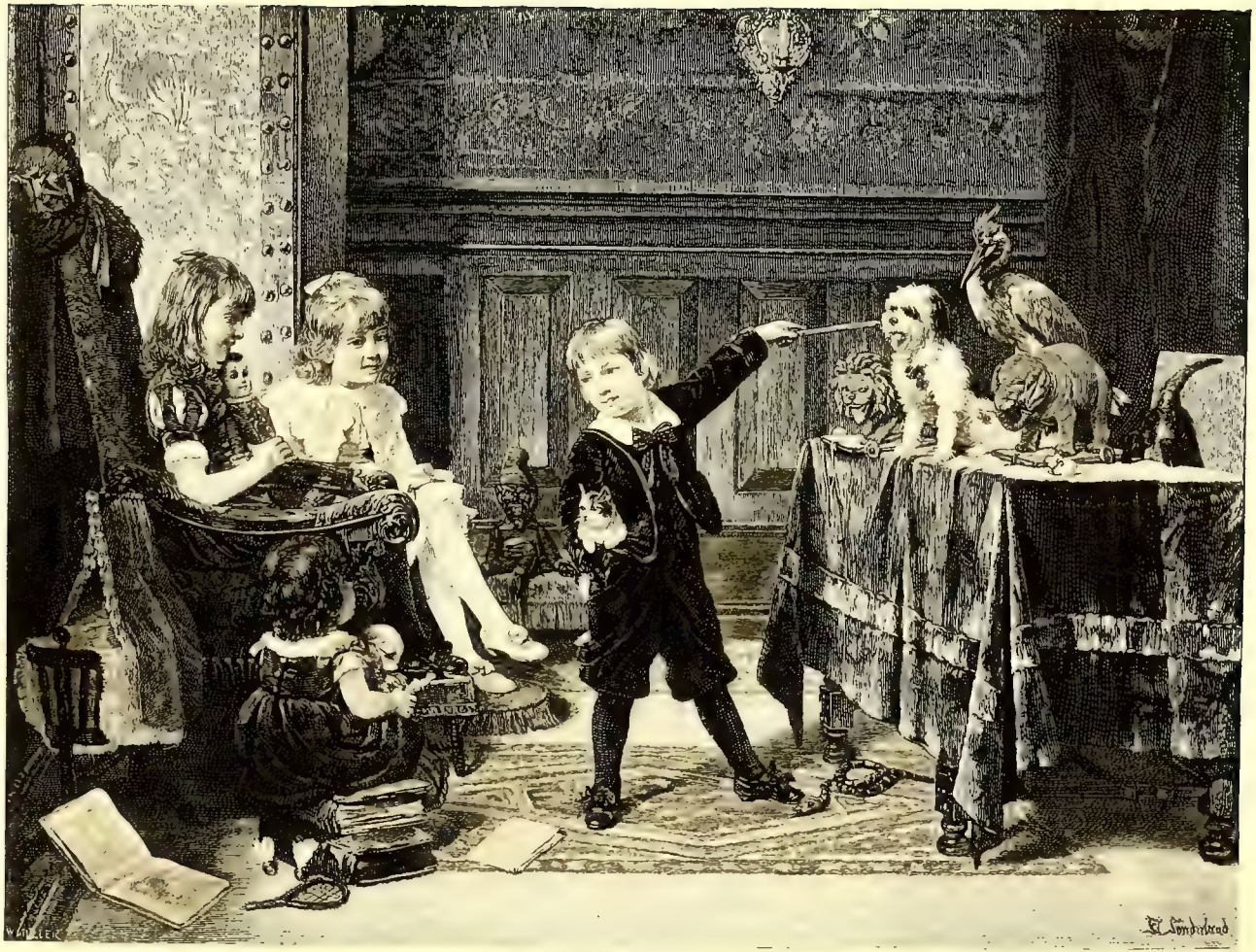
We have been thinking how to reach some of these children,—how to reach just as many of them as we can. Perhaps the way to reach the most children who would not get ST. NICHOLAS otherwise, would be to send the magazine to orphan asylums and children's hospitals and to all the institutions in the country where there are children. Perhaps there are five thousand such institutions, with an average of a hundred children in each,—half a million children who could be reached with five thousand subscriptions. Of course *we* could send ST. NICHOLAS to them, but that would be a very expensive gift, and it would be entirely *our* gift, and we want you to help. We will give our share; we will give one subscription for every one you send us, and if you do not feel able to send a whole subscription we will receive sums of money in any amount and apply it toward the "Fresh Literature Fund." There is a "Fresh Air Fund,"—why not "Fresh Literature"?

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A MENAGERIE PERFORMANCE.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY FR. SONDERLAND, BY PERMISSION OF BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIX. OCTOBER, 1892. NO. 12.



BY MRS. CHARLES F. HARTT.

I.

ASTRONOMERS tell us that once upon a time the earth was melted throughout, as the sun perhaps is to-day; but in the lapse of ages the outside of it cooled down until a crust formed all over its surface. This is the "solid ground" on which we live, and we shall presently see that it is not so solid as it appears. Scientific men differ as to the exact thickness of this crust, but a majority believe that it cannot be greater in proportion to the diameter of the earth than the thickness of an egg-shell to the mass of an egg.

Now it is true that the depth reached by the deepest mines is but trifling in comparison with the thickness of this crust, yet it is sufficient to enable us to prove the law that the deeper we penetrate the earth the hotter it grows, and at the rate of about one degree for every ninety feet of descent. Artesian wells bored to a depth of two or three thousand feet always bring up warm water, and hot springs often appear to come from still greater depths.

It seems rather appalling, but, according to this reasoning, at a depth of about twenty miles the rocks must be red hot, and, a little further inside, everything must be melted; and this ocean of lava is the foundation on which rest the "everlasting hills," as we often call them.

It would take too long to tell you how the crust of the earth has risen and sunk on this molten sea — lifting its surface above the ocean to form land, and sinking away down under water; how it has crumpled up like the skin of a drying apple, only that the crumplings were hundreds or thousands of feet high and sometimes extended thousands of miles, forming mountain-chains. You will learn all this by and by, when you study geology. What you

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need to know now, in order to understand how volcanoes are formed, is the fact that this crust has cracked through from time to time with immense cracks, some of which have extended for hundreds of miles.

If lava were only melted rock, it might be thrown out with less noise, but it is full of intensely heated water and gases of various kinds tremendously compressed. Now it may be a new idea to some of my young readers, that water may be made extremely hot and yet not boil. If you put some water in a tea-kettle and set it on the stove, you must heat it up to 212 degrees Fahrenheit before it will boil, and it will not get any hotter, no matter how fierce you may make the fire beneath it.

If some water is put in a strong vessel corked tight, it will be found that the steam which is formed and cannot escape presses on the water, and it may be heated much above 212 degrees without boiling; but if the pressure be suddenly removed, the water flashes into steam, and there is a tremendous explosion.

When I was a child, I corked up some water, one day, in a stout vial, and set it on a stove. Wondering why it did not boil, and not knowing any better, I at last took out the stopper, when it exploded, driving out the contents of the bottle. I narrowly escaped a scalding.

The water had been too much heated, and of course as soon as the pressure was taken off, it flashed into steam. Precisely what happened to the water in the bottle, happens in a volcanic eruption. As the melted rock with the imprisoned water and gases comes up toward the surface of the earth, and the pressure grows less, it at last reaches a point where the water instantly changes into steam. Then, in the crevice in which this takes place, the steam and liberated gases blow out everything before them, straight up into the air with a puff of smoke and steam, and a noise to which a cannon is but a pop-gun. Great rocks are sometimes torn off from below and hurled miles into the air, and sometimes the lava, liquid as water and exceedingly brilliant, is spouted up like a fountain to a height of several thousand feet. The explosions are sometimes so terrible that tracts of land a mile square are blown bodily into the air. Of course when so great a quantity of loose stuff is thrown out of the earth, it must be piled up in a huge heap or mountain, which slopes off in every direction from the opening. This is always kept clear by explosion, so as to form a great gulf like a funnel in the top of the mountain. The gulf or funnel is called the "crater." A crater may be very large, as for instance that of Kilauea in the Sandwich Islands, which is two miles long, a mile wide, and 800 feet deep, with a constantly boiling lake of fire at the bottom.

Let any reader who wishes to form some idea of a stream of lava, go to see an iron-furnace when the iron is being drawn. The melted metal, so bright that it blinds the eye, spouts out from the opening in the furnace, and rapidly runs down like water into the channels made in the sand to receive it; but the farther it goes the cooler it gets. It soon becomes sticky and covered with scum, and by and by it only creeps along. So the lava soon cools, the surface "rises" like yeast, and becomes spongy and hard, and cracks up, and, at a distance from the source, the lava-stream looks like a river of furnace-clinkers moving slowly along, the fragments on the surface rolling over one another with a rattling noise.

There are volcanoes all over the world. They occur all along the Pacific coast, on the western side as well as the eastern, all the way from Bering Strait to New Zealand. There are volcanoes in Africa, in the Mediterranean, the West Indies, and even amid the eternal ice and snows that surround the southern pole. Iceland is especially noted for its volcanoes, which have burst forth from time to time in the most fearful eruptions. On one occasion the volcano of Skaptar Jökull poured out a stream of lava which, flowing into the bed of a river, dried it up. The flowing lava followed the bed of the river until it came to a lake, which it filled up, and, soon after, it reached a tremendous abyss over which a magnificent waterfall had formerly plunged. Here, too, the lava took the place of water, and formed a cataract of fire which must have been a grand and awful sight.

Of course all volcanoes are not of the same age. Many have been formed within the last

few centuries, and we have descriptions of several from eye-witnesses who watched their formation.

About the middle of the last century there lived on the elevated plain of Malpais, in Mexico, a planter by the name of Jorullo (pronounced Ho-rool'yo). All had gone along quietly enough in that neighborhood up to beautiful bay of Baiæ, on which anciently stood a little town called Tripergola. In the years 1537 and 1538 a great many earthquakes were felt in the vicinity, but on the afternoon of Sunday, the 29th of September, 1538, fire burst out of the ground, ashes, mud, and stones were hurled out, and, in a single night, a volcanic mountain 440 feet high was thrown up,



CRATER OF KILAUEA, SANDWICH ISLANDS, IN 1866.

June, 1759, when, under the plain, were heard terrible subterranean noises. Then earthquakes followed, and continued for two months, and presently the ground burst open, a terrific eruption took place, and a volcano was formed upon Señor Jorullo's plantation. When Humboldt visited the spot about forty years afterward, he found, in addition to the principal volcano, an immense number of little oven-like vents scattered over the plain, and still hot and smoking.

Just to the north of Naples in Italy is the very near the town. Its fires speedily died out; the Italians call it Monte Nuovo, or the New Mountain.

Tremendous eruptions may take place from a volcano without an accompanying earthquake, and the vicinity of an active volcano may be one of comparative safety, so far as earthquakes are concerned. If you throw a stone into a pond you know that a circular wave, or several such waves, are formed, which extend in every direction, disturbing the whole surface of the pond. If anything is floating on the water, as,



VOLCANO FORMED ON SEÑOR JORULLO'S PLANTATION, MEXICO, IN 1759.

for instance, a chip, when the wave reaches the object, it rises and falls for a moment and then soon becomes quiet in the same place. Similar waves may be formed in iron or wood or rock. When a heavy train is passing, you know how the ground jars and shakes, even at a considerable distance. This is because waves are formed in the ground like those formed in the water when disturbed by the fall of a stone. Now if, owing to some disturbance below, the rock-crust of the earth should suddenly rise or fall or be shaken, waves would start off with tremendous rapidity in every direction. When these waves pass under a place they jar or shake it, more or less severely, causing an earthquake or earth-tremble. Some of these waves in the rock are several feet high, and as they move at the rate of from thirteen to eighty miles in a minute, when they pass under a town it may be shaken down or tossed up, like the men on a chess-board when one gives it a rap underneath; and in the twinkling of an eye the largest buildings may be overthrown. Sometimes the earth jumps up beneath the feet, sometimes it sinks suddenly down, and sometimes the motion is from side to side, so that trees lash the ground with their tops. There is something inexpressibly dreadful about an earthquake. There is the sudden subterranean thunder, then the violent shaking of the



MONTE NUOVO, ITALY, FORMED DURING A SINGLE NIGHT IN 1538.

earth, the crash of falling buildings, and the cries of affrighted men, women, and children rushing hither and thither for safety. But where is safety to be found when the earth itself is rocking?

Earthquakes sometimes disturb the sea and cause the formation of immense waves, which pass across entire oceans and break upon the shores to a height far above that reached during the severest storms. Earthquake-waves following earthquakes have done terrible damage to cities and settlements on the shores of Chili and Peru, the Sandwich Islands, the West Indies, and elsewhere.

II.

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

By Professor Frederick D. Chester.

It may be asked, why do we speak of volcanoes and earthquakes in the same breath? I answer, because the two are as closely related as a boiler and its safety-valve. After the great earthquake of July, 1883, upon the island of Ischia, in the Mediterranean, Mount Vesuvius, which lay just across the Bay of Naples, began to smoke and discharge lava. The same thing occurs after nearly every earthquake, if there is a volcano near by. The earthquake comes first, and then the volcano sends out its steam with a hissing, growling noise, very much as steam escapes from the safety-valve of a boiler. Now, a safety-valve is for the purpose of relieving the boiler when there is danger of its bursting because of an excess of steam-pressure. For similar reasons, when there is too much steam in the earth, there is danger of an explosion, and in all real earthquakes, the ground quakes, heaves, and splits because of these explosive shocks, until the volcano opens its valves. Then the earthquake ceases. So the volcano is the safety-valve of an earthquake.

Geographies sometimes tell us that a volcano is a mountain from which issue smoke and flame; but this is not correct. When you see pictures of dark, curling pillars or clouds of what appears to be smoke pouring out of a mountain, be assured it is not smoke, but steam darkened by the flying ashes. The mountain in the picture may look as if it would burn down in a few hours; but this is only an appearance. In reality, the red-hot melted rock or lava is lighting up the clouds of steam, so that they resemble flames of fire. If you have ever seen the fireman of a locomotive open the fire-door at night, you may remember how the steam was illuminated until the whole engine seemed ablaze. This will make you understand why active volcanoes appear to be burning.

But a volcano also throws out immense masses of stones, ashes, cinders, and lava. Imagine a single volcano pouring out at one time enough of all these things to make a pile as large as three Mont Blancs!—or another throwing out enough material at a single explosion to cover all of Germany two feet deep!

Now, let us consider how so much rock gets melted, and whence so much steam comes. You know, even if you have never tried it, that it takes a great deal of heat to melt a rock; as much as it takes to melt iron and copper. Many rocks can hardly be melted. The hardest way to melt a rock is to dry it in an oven, and then put it in a furnace. But there is another way to do it, whereby it requires but one quarter as hot a fire. A piece of cold lava, such as may have been brought from some volcano as a specimen, is broken up fine, and mixed with water until a stiff mud is formed. Then a strong steel tube, closed at one end, is filled with the mud, after which the other end also is closed, and the whole put into the fire. Experiment has proved that the mud thus confined will not require nearly so hot a fire to melt the particles of rock, as would be necessary if the latter were dry. But, you say, how can this be?—for wet things resist the action of heat better than dry. The explanation is probably this: the water in the mud which you put in the thick steel tube changes, when heated, into steam, and this steam, having no means of escape, is under great pressure. While ordinary steam, such as comes out of the spout of a tea-kettle, is very hot, and is capable of dissolving rocks very slowly, steam which is under great pressure, as in the tube, becomes much hotter, and has therefore greater power to dissolve substances.

Considering this, we can see why the steam confined in the tube should easily dissolve some of the rock, and that a portion of it being thus dissolved, the remainder would more easily become liquid, just as the melting of a small portion of butter hastens the melting of the rest. We shall find that rocks which lie deep under the ground are melted in much the same way as are the particles of lava in the tube, but with this difference, that the water in the former case is under such pressure that none of it can ever turn into steam.

You may ask why the water is under so great a pressure. You must remember that where the rocks are melted is at a depth of at least four or five miles, and that all water in the rocks at this depth would therefore be pressed upon by rocks four or five miles in thickness. If you consider what a pressure is brought to bear upon the lowest stone of a great tower by the stones above, you will better understand why water at great depths is so confined that it cannot become steam. If you were to go down into a mine, you would find that the deeper you penetrated, the hotter it would be. In one great mine in Nevada the air is so hot



VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION. (BY PERMISSION, FROM "THE NEW ASTRONOMY," BY PROFESSOR S. P. LANGLEY.)

that it is necessary to pump down cold air so that men may work in it. Deeper still, it probably is hot enough to melt the rocks.

But there is another fact to be learned. When it rains, some of the water soaks into the earth and through the rocks, by different ways, until it reaches hundreds and thousands of feet below the surface. So much is found in some deep mines that it would require many fire-engines to pump it all out as fast as it comes in.

We are now prepared to learn more about volcanoes. A volcano is often declared to be a mountain; but this is not always the case. We learn from geology that most of the ancient volcanoes, before men were created, were not mountains at all, but merely cracks in the ground, from which proceeded steam, melted rock, and other matter. But if an opening in the ground keeps pouring out melted rock, it makes a vast accumulation of lava about the crack, until it may build up a real mountain. As the steam always tries to escape upward through the fissure it forces the lava up with it until the crater is full, and looks like a lake of fire, or a great kettle of red-hot slag. Just before the volcano pours out the melted rock, it often acts as you may have seen porridge do when it is cooking on the stove. The porridge gurgles and bubbles, and the surface heaves as jets of steam escape. It then sinks, and rises again a little higher than before, until, if you continue the heating, the porridge may rise so high that it boils over and runs down the sides of the kettle. The porridge gurgles, bubbles, and heaves because the steam is trying to escape into the air; and, as the steam seeks the air through a great lake of lava, the latter bubbles, gurgles, and heaves, just as the porridge does, until it boils over and runs down the sides of the mountain like a river of fire. Besides the noise made by the boiling lava just before an eruption, there are sometimes all sorts of other terrible sounds heard. The steam often escapes with a deafening hiss, as if many locomotives had opened their valves at once; and again, it has such power that stones, cinders, hot lava, and sometimes even pieces of the mountain, are thrown far into the air, to fall again with a tremendous rattling noise.

It is a well-known fact that the action of volcanoes is not continuous. Generally the crater is in a hardened condition, from the cooling of the lava, and steam is emitted only in places where the lava melts again. But after slumbering for years, the awful thing will suddenly awake anew, and pour out a flood of fire.

What is the cause of this period of inaction? The steam has been exhausted, and a period of eight or ten years or more may elapse before the earth can again have absorbed sufficient water to make steam enough for sending out the lava.

We are now ready to speak of the earthquakes, and discover, so far as we may, how they are caused and what they are. I have already mentioned the dreadful earthquake of July, 1883, that occurred upon the little island of Ischia, fifteen miles across the bay from

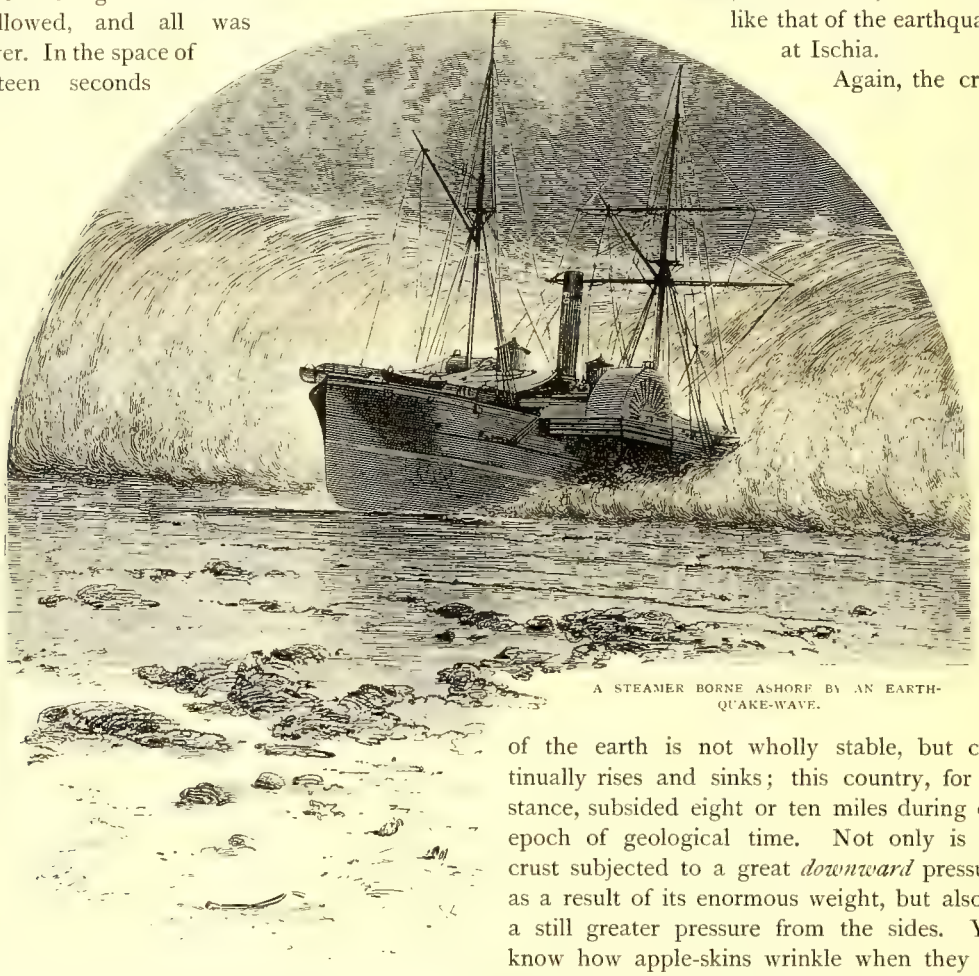


A VESSEL LEFT FAR INLAND AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE-WAVE. (SEE PAGE 892.)

Naples. It was nearly ten o'clock on a Saturday night. The week's work was done. The fishermen had drawn up their boats on the beach, and were in their homes. Hundreds

of picturesque hotels and cottages nestled peacefully amid the tropical foliage. The hotels were thronged with visitors, and the theater was crowded.

Suddenly a tremendous shock was felt, and a sound heard like the thundering of a train over a bridge. Two more shocks followed, and all was over. In the space of fifteen seconds three towns had been destroyed and thousands of people had lost their lives. And yet this shocking occurrence by no means equals some similar calamities where far larger tracts of country and cities with tens of thousands of inhabitants have suffered.



A STEAMER BORNE ASHORE BY AN EARTHQUAKE-WAVE.

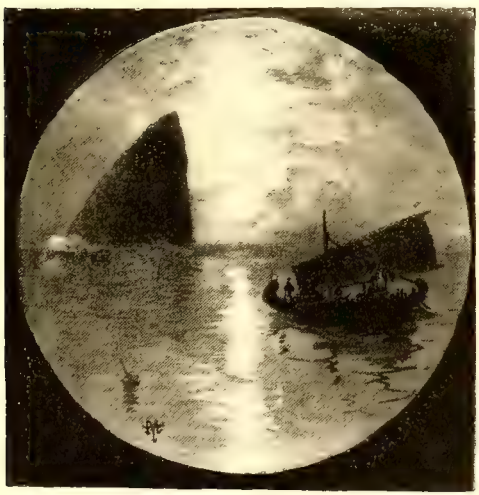
We have already said that an earthquake takes place when there is too much steam under the ground; but remember that it is a sudden explosion, and not slow upward pressure. Supposing there were a hundred boilers, or more, buried four or five miles beneath the surface of the earth, and that they should all burst: we should have a result similar to an earthquake. The ground would shake, heave, subside, and even crack open in great fissures. You would hear a noise which might be low and muffled, like thunder, or a sound like that of the earthquake at Ischia.

Again, the crust of the earth is not wholly stable, but continually rises and sinks; this country, for instance, subsided eight or ten miles during one epoch of geological time. Not only is the crust subjected to a great *downward* pressure, as a result of its enormous weight, but also to a still greater pressure from the sides. You know how apple-skins wrinkle when they are baked; that is because the apple under the skin shrinks when the juice cooks out; as the skin does not contract as fast as the apple, it wrinkles when it is brought closer together. Now, the earth is not unlike the apple: there is the outer crust, which corresponds to the skin, and there is the inner earth, which corresponds to the apple. As the inner earth tends to contract faster than the crust, the latter tends to wrinkle. But as the crust of the earth is rigid, it does not wrinkle easily and resists the great



KRAKATOA IN ERUPTION. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

side-pressure. After the crust has withstood this side-pressure for a long time, and been at the same time pressed down very hard by its own weight, it may suddenly break with a snap, and a terrific jar is the result. In many



REMAINS OF KRAKATOA AFTER THE ERUPTION.

earthquakes, the violent crash is followed by a sudden sinking of the ground, which buries whole towns. This is because the crust is broken, and sinks rapidly by its own weight.

So earthquakes may be caused in two ways: first, by the explosion of steam beneath the surface of the earth; second, by the sudden snapping of the earth's crust. Either of these, of course, would jar the surface of the earth. Sometimes it shakes back and forth, or up and down; sometimes it rocks like a cradle; but the usual effect is a trembling motion, produced as if by some great shock dealt from below.

While we usually think of earthquakes as taking place on land, they do, indeed, occur with equal devastation in the ocean. That point in the earth at which the explosion or breaking takes place is called the earthquake-focus; and from it what are known as earthquake-waves pass to the surface. What do these earthquake-waves resemble? Take a basin full of water, and dip a glass tube in it. Blow through the tube and you will see bubbles rising to the surface, and circular waves passing out. The disturbance at the bottom of the basin corresponds with the explosion or snapping of the crust at the earthquake-focus, with that difference that instead of water-waves, the latter produces earth-waves, passing through the ground. When the city of Lisbon, Portugal, was destroyed, the earthquake took place in the bot-

tom of the sea, fifty miles west of the city. Yet it so agitated the water that a wave sixty feet high dashed over Lisbon, destroying it and its inhabitants in the space of six minutes. Another earthquake, occurring just off the coast of Peru, made such a gigantic wave that a large vessel was thrown several miles inland. These are called earthquake-waves. They are the largest known waves, and are caused by the heaving and rocking of the bed of the sea. In deep water such waves are not very high, but their motion extends far down into the ocean. When they reach shallower water, however, they heap up like a gigantic wall, and, with a force more terrible than fire or sword, they sweep on, bearing destruction with them. Huge ships are tossed like straws far inland, or mingle their ruin with that of a harbor town.



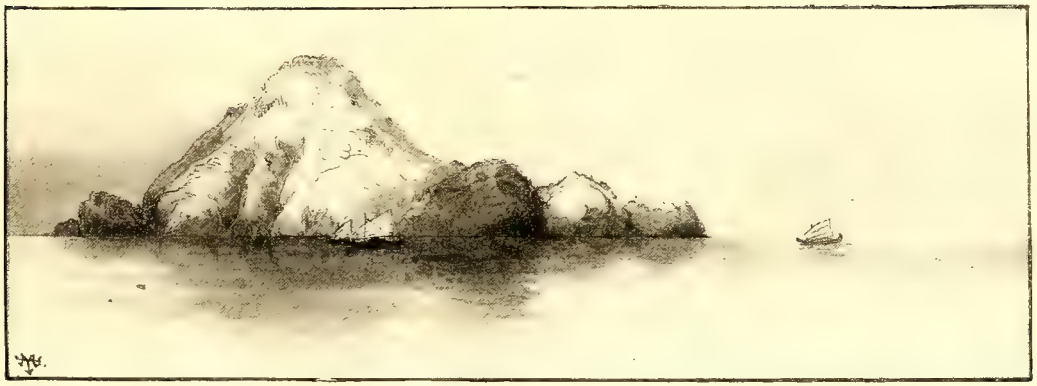
THE EARTHQUAKE-WAVE PASSING OVER THE LIGHTHOUSE ON POINT ANJER.

The terrible volcanic eruption of August, 1883, which occurred off the coast of Java, caused the sudden destruction of thirty-two thousand people, as the disastrous waves engulfed the coast, destroying the homes of the natives. If you will look at a map, you will see that the island of Java runs in a nearly east and west direction, and that it is separated from the island of Sumatra by a channel of water called the Strait of Sunda. In this strait, adjoining the west end of Java, are a number of volcanic islands, one of which is known as Krakatoa. Krakatoa, which is but a volcanic mountain rising from the sea, began to be in eruption in May, 1883.

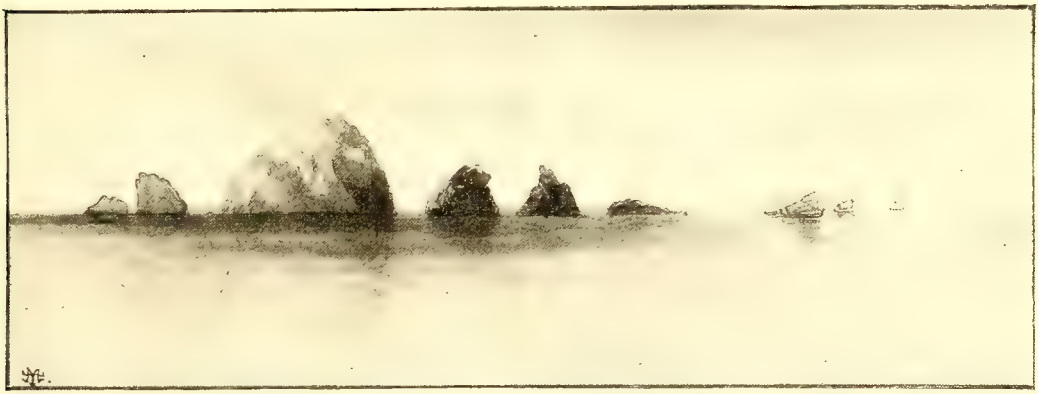
At that time the steam escaped from the crater in puffs, sometimes white, sometimes gray or black with ashes, much as it does from the stack of a locomotive. Viewed from afar, this steam apparently rose to a height of thousands of feet, where, caught by currents of air, it was spread out over the mountain in a vast canopy of cloud. This, however, was but a preliminary operation. The great eruption, with its attendant earthquake-waves, did not begin until August 26. At about four o'clock in the afternoon of that day a series of reports, like the firing of heavy cannon, were heard proceeding from Krakatoa. These reports, becoming louder and louder, continued until night, when a thunder-storm, accompanied by a high wind, arose. The air was thick with falling ashes, and the sea, agitated by earthquake-waves, put all vessels into deadly peril.

Enveloped in the unnatural darkness, but hearing the advance of the waves, the natives on shore sought refuge in the mountains. All through the night these appalling waves were heard. Throughout the morning the rain of ashes continued, and by noon the entire coast was plunged in complete darkness.

The violence of the earthquake-waves increased, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon appeared in the neighborhood of Kra-



THE ISLAND "'THWART THE WAY," BEFORE THE PASSING OF THE EARTHQUAKE-WAVE.



SIX ISLETS FORMED FROM THE ISLAND "'THWART THE WAY," AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.
[FROM SKETCHES BY CAPTAIN JOSEPH T. CONANT.]

katoa the largest wave of all. Approaching the southwest coast of Java, it rose to a height of over one hundred feet, passing over and totally destroying the lighthouse of Anjer, a tower 151 feet high, besides overwhelming many towns.

The same great earthquake-wave passed over a neighboring island known as "'Thwart the way" and converted it into six rocky islets.

In the mean time Krakatoa was in violent eruption, throwing enormous quantities of ashes, cinders, and stones high into the air. The bottom of the sea in the neighborhood of the mountain heaved restlessly — here depressed, there elevated. The island of Krakatoa was rent in deep fissures, from which escaped jets of steam with slight explosions, and the entire northern portion, including fully half of the volcano itself, sank to a depth of over a hundred feet beneath the sea!

THE EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.

By Ewing Gibson.

On Tuesday, the 31st of August, 1886, every one in Charleston, South Carolina, complained of the severe heat and sultriness of the air. Not a breath cooled the atmosphere, parched by the burning summer sun's rays. In the afternoon the usual sea breeze failed to appear, and there was no relief from the intense closeness and almost overpowering warmth. The sky was clear, but with a misty, steamy appearance which reminded one strongly of glowing, tropical countries.

As the night came on, the absence of the glare of the sun was the only relief to the parched and panting population. Seated in the parlor of a large three-storied brick house in the central portion of the city, I spent the

evening after tea conversing with two friends who had called to see me. After a few hours of pleasant conversation, one of my friends said it was time to leave. Taking out his watch, he continued, "Six minutes of ten, and—*what is that?*" A low, deep rumbling noise as of thunder, only beneath instead of above us, coming from afar and approaching us nearer and nearer, muttering and groaning, and ever increasing in volume, —it was upon us in an instant.

The massive brick house we were in began to sway from side to side—gently at first with a rhythmical motion, then gradually increasing in force, until, springing to our feet, we seized one another by the hand and gazed with blanched and awe-struck faces at the tottering walls around us. We felt the floor beneath our feet heaving like the deck of a storm-tossed vessel, and heard the crashing of the falling masonry and ruins on every side. With almost stilled hearts we realized that we were in the power of an earthquake. The motion of the house, never ceasing, became now vertical. Up and down it went as though some monstrous giant had taken it in his hands as a plaything and were tossing it like a ball for his amusement. Recalling our dazed senses, and staggering to our feet as best we could, with one accord we rushed down the steps leading to the front door, and, grasping the handle, turned it. In vain—the door was jammed, and we were compelled to wait like rats in a trap until the shock had passed!

Concentrating its energies into one final, convulsive effort, the huge earth-wave passed and left the earth palpitating and heaving like a tired animal. There came crashing down into our garden-plot the chimneys from the house in front of ours. Fortunately the falling bricks injured none of us. Making another trial, we succeeded in opening the door and rushed into the street.



STREET SCENE DURING THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE.

Now there came upon us an overpowering, suffocating odor of sulphur and brimstone,

which filled the whole atmosphere. We were surrounded by a crowd of neighbors—men, women, and children—who had rushed out of their houses, as we had done, and who stood with us in the middle of the street, awaiting they knew not what.

Suddenly there came again to our ears the now dreaded rumbling sound. Like some fierce animal, growling and seeking its victim, it approached, and we all prepared ourselves for the worst. The shock came, and for a moment the crowd was awed into silence. Fortunately this shock was not nearly so severe as the first. The earth became still once more, and the roaring died away in the distance

How the people shunned their houses and spent that and succeeding nights in the streets, private gardens, and on public squares, is well known from the many accounts given in the daily and illustrated papers at the time.

So perfectly still and calm was the air during the night, that a lamp which was taken out in the open air burnt as steadily as though protected in a room, and no flickering revealed the presence of a breath of wind.

Again, some strong and powerful buildings in certain portions of the city were wrecked completely, while others older and undoubtedly weaker passed through the shock unharmed. A house on one corner was perfectly shattered, while, just a few hundred feet away, the house on the opposite corner was not damaged in the slightest except that a little plastering was shaken down.

Knowing that a city with a population of sixty thousand had been wrecked and shattered in every direction by an earthquake, one would expect the death-list to be enormous; but not more than about forty were killed outright, and but a few more were wounded. Had the shock occurred in the day-time, when the streets were thronged, the loss of life must have been terrible.

MY BETTY.

By Laura E. Richards.

When I sit and hold her little hand,
My Betty,
Then all the vexing troubles seem to shrink,
Grow small and petty.
It does not matter any more
That ink is spilt on parlor floor;
That gown is caught upon the latch,—
And not the smallest bit to match;
That cook is going, housemaid gone,
And coming guests to meet alone.
It matters not at all, you see,
For I have Betty, and Betty has me.

When I sit and hold her little hand,
My Betty,
Then all the pretty, foolish nursery talk
Grows wise and witty.
I 'm glad to know that "Pussy Mow"
Was frightened at the wooden cow;
I mourn for "Dolly's" broken head,
And for the sawdust she has shed;
I take with joy the cups of tea
From wooden tea-pot poured for me:
And all goes well, because, you see,
I play with Betty, and Betty with me.

When I walk and hold her little hand,
My Betty,
Then every humble weed beside the way
Grows pink and pretty.
The clover never was so red,
Their purest white the daisies spread,
The buttercups begin to dance,
The reeds salute with lifted lance,
The very tallest trees we pass
Bend down to greet my little lass:
And these things make my joy, you see,
For I love Betty, and Betty loves me.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

By M. O. Kobbé.

When I was in Antwerp, a twelvemonth ago,
Where the roofs are all fluted and red,
I met this old lady in clattering shoes,
With this queer flapping cap on her head.





I was dressed up in my best Sunday clothes,
But I thought, from her stare, it was easy to see
That to her I looked just as outlandish and queer
As she looked old-fashioned and funny to me!

A LAND AND WATER TUSSLE.

By Clarence Pullen.



ARTIN CRAUTHBERT was at his favorite fishing-stand at Beaver Pool on the Black Hollow stream. This chosen spot from which to swing his rod was a large granite rock which rose abruptly from the water, clear of the shore, giving a fine chance to cast his line and flies far out upon the broad surface of the pool. The August day was fine; sport had been good through the morning, and promised, after the midday lull, to pick up again; and he thought himself a lucky and happy boy.

The scene was in northern New York, in the partly cleared country upon the eastern borders of the Adirondack region. It was not an uncommon thing in this locality for beasts of prey to come out of the woods to destroy the sheep, pigs, calves, and colts of the farmers living on the skirts of the great forest. The bounties paid for wild animals' scalps, and the slaughter made by fur-hunters, only partly availed to keep these predatory creatures in check.

Among the residents of the Black Hollow region, Mr. Jonathan Crauthbert, a prosperous and respected farmer, had his home in one of the wildest parts of this debatable ground between humanity and the wild beasts. At the time of which I write, Martin Crauthbert, his brother's son, from New York city, was spending the summer's vacation at his uncle's farm. The young visitor was a thorough-going city boy, inexperienced in country life and ways; but he made himself at home amid his new surroundings, and, while laughing a little at what they termed his "greenness," the people of the household, seeing that he "put on no airs," took kindly to him and made his stay as pleasant as possible.

He had brought with him a fowling-piece and fishing-tackle, and proceeded at once eagerly to put these implements into use. There was not to be had at that season much sport with the gun; the pigeons that settled down on the grain-fields, and the hawks and crows that menaced his uncle's poultry, comprised about all that offered in the way of legitimate shooting.

The fishing in the neighborhood was excellent. His favorite stream for that purpose, the Black Hollow brook, was a waterway so large that logs were floated on it in the spring. Its waters, clear and cold, had not at that time been much visited by sportsmen from the cities, and the trout-fishing that they afforded was fine. Rising among wooded hills, this stream flows for several miles through the fields of a partly cleared country, and the remainder of its course to the lake where it empties, lies through the low forest region from which it derives its name.

Soon after reëntering the wooded country it expands into a long, smooth reach about three hundred feet long by sixty feet in width, formed originally by an old beaver dam, the ruins of which still hold back the water sufficiently to form the sheet known as the Beaver Pool. Near the head of this pool, upon the south side, is the rock locally known as the "Fishing-Rock," upon which we find Martin Crauthbert seated. This large, smooth boulder rises out of water six feet deep. Its sides are smooth and steep, and its top is four feet above the surface at the ordinary stage of water. Martin, in the first week of his visit, had whipped up and down the stream, and had found the pool to be the best fishing place for midsummer, when trout were seeking the deeper water. Here the fish were generally larger than those found in the swift current of the broken country; and to cast his line over its broad, placid

surface was pleasanter and more profitable than to tramp along rough wooded banks and tangle his flies in the branches that overhung its upper waters where they foamed downward over rocks and ledges.

Something had happened this day to remind him that he was in the backwoods. As he had left the house in the morning, with fishing-rod in hand, his uncle stood in the yard listening with little pleasure to the story of a farm laborer who had brought in from a remote pasture two "pelts," or skins, which he reported as taken from dead and partly devoured sheep recently killed by some wild animal — a bear was indicated by the tracks about the bodies.

"They 're gittin' around early this year," said the man. "Them varmints ginerally do their sheep-killin' arter the comin' of frost, or in the early spring."

"It must be the work of a she-bear and cubs," said Mr. Crauthbert. "Unless we can kill or frighten them away, she 'll be picking at the flock till snow flies."

Martin listened to this conversation with interest. He did not know much about bears outside of menageries, but what he had heard of them had given him an idea that they were undesirable customers to meet at large.

"Would a bear attack a person that came across him in the woods, Uncle?" he asked.

"A male bear would n't be likely to show fight unless he was cornered," was the reply. "But with a she-bear and cubs it 's different. She 'll tackle anything that comes near where they are. If you ever run across such a family in your hunting and fishing trips, you 'd better get away from 'em as fast as you can."

As a result of this conversation Martin decided to take his pistol with him on his fishing trip. The weapon was a little twenty-two caliber affair which in the western country would have been regarded not more seriously than a popgun; but the city boy, unpractised in woodcraft, thought it a formidable weapon to rely upon should he encounter any wild beast of the forest.

With the tiny pistol and a box of cartridges in his pocket, he had arrived with his fishing-gear at the Beaver Pool. The space of ten feet that lay between the high bank and the rock was spanned by a birch-tree trunk about eight inches through. Upon this he had learned to walk with ease and certainty. He had folded his coat upon the rock for a seat, and he stood and sat by turns as he cast his line, hooking and landing fish, most of the time at a lively rate. By noon he had filled his creel with trout, and, before eating his luncheon, he had taken them to the shore, strung them upon a willow twig, and then, first dipping them in the stream, he had hung the "string" against the shady side of a large tree.

During the midday hours the fish took the bait languidly, or did not bite at all. Becoming tired of his cramped seat on the rock, Martin went ashore about the middle of the afternoon to rest himself by strolling about a little. He wandered here and there, picking and eating such berries as were still in season, and at last sat down under a tree.

The valley about the Beaver Pool is a dark, gloomy depression. It is covered with a thick pine growth bordered on higher lands by beech and maple woods. In places windfalls have covered great tracts with fallen trees, and through other parts fire has run, leaving black stumps and charred fallen tree-trunks, grown about with raspberry and blackberry bushes.

As Martin sat idly listening, half asleep, to the faint forest sounds, there came to his ears the sound of crackling bushes and rustling leaves; then a snuffing noise; and a small black animal, as large as a medium-sized dog, ran out into view from the undergrowth. At sight of the boy it gave a shrill cry and darted back into the bushes. Soon it came forth again, accompanied by another similar animal, and they both looked at the boy with a queer and quizzical expression.

The two little creatures ran swiftly hither and thither, turned over stones, munched checkerberry plums, and nipped at raspberries that remained on the bushes. From time to time they sat up and gazed longingly at the string of fish, with an eye on the young fisherman, or engaged in a scuffle which literally was "bear's play"; for in their sharp ears and pointed noses, shiny black skins and rolling gait, a practised woodsman would have recognized that the animals before him were bear

cubs. At any movement on the boy's part they dodged out of sight into the bushes, but, finding that they were not pursued, soon reappeared. Their antics were diverting to Martin, who would have enjoyed them less had he known the true character of the little creatures was better off without it just then, for had it been in hand he would have been tempted to a disastrous shot. When within a few feet of him, the bear whirled and ran back into the bushes, for the purpose, it seemed, of driving her cubs farther away. She then emerged again



"SHE SWAM ROUND THE BOY'S STRONGHOLD, TRYING TO FIND SOME POINT THAT COULD BE SCALED."

and recognized the probability that Mama Bear was not far away.

As the boy laughed at the cubs' performances, there came from the forest a quick rustling sound, as of some invisible large body, noiseless of footfall, advancing rapidly through the bushes, bending them to right and left; and a black head with pointed ears and angry eyes was raised above the undergrowth, disappeared, and in a moment more a full-grown bear, plainly the mother of the cubs, burst into sight and confronted Martin. At her approach the young bears ran into the bushes, but she, growling fiercely, ran at the boy.

Astonished and dismayed at an onslaught so sudden and unexpected, Martin remembered that he had left his pistol on the rock. He to make another rush at the alarmed boy, who very much wished himself safe out of the scrape. She repeated these tactics, disappearing in the bushes only to reappear at some other point and dash at the boy each time as if she would surely seize him.

With his slight knowledge of forest lore, the city boy was unaware that it is a common trick of the female bear to make a feint of fiercely attacking any creature that appears near her cubs, when really she does not mean to fight unless her offspring are actually imperiled. Had he known this, he might have felt less fear that she would lay hold of him.

Situated as he was between the bear and the water, Martin decided to regain the rock if he could. Stepping cautiously backward, he

reached the birch-tree trunk that served as bridge. At the moment he set his foot on it, one of the young bears darted out of the bushes and ran past him, almost brushing his legs. Finding itself so near the strange human creature, the little animal set up a cry which made matters at once as bad as possible; for the bear, believing her cub to be menaced, made her attack this time in dead earnest, plunging toward the boy with hair bristling, eyes glaring, and sharp teeth showing viciously in her foaming mouth.



MARTIN EXCHANGES PLACES WITH THE BEAR.

As her intended victim dashed over the foot-bridge to the rock, she reared at the brink on her hind legs, growling, to clutch him; then, falling upon all-fours, she started out upon the log toward him. Martin caught up the end of the tree-trunk to throw it from the rock; he moved none too quickly, for, with her weight upon the other end, he could scarcely raise it. But lift it he did, and dropped it clear of the rock just in time; and log and bear went together into the water.

The log rolled over as it fell, with the bear beneath it, and there was a great splashing before she could get from under it to the surface. But when her head appeared and she had swum clear of the log, instead of seeking the shore she came straight for Martin; and by the time he had secured his pistol her great paws were upreared against the rock as she rose from the water with an agile strength that took her almost upon its top at a bound.

The smooth rock afforded no hold to her claws, and she fell backward, while Martin in his excitement was trying to fire his revolver without first having cocked it. He recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to draw back the hammer as the bear came once more up the face of the rock, this time getting her head and shoulders as high as the top. As she struggled to secure a foothold, Martin discharged the pistol directly in her face, and fired two more shots at her as once again she soused back into the water.

She showed no signs that any of his shots had hit her, but seemed more angry and active than ever as she swam round the boy's stronghold, trying to find some point that could be scaled. The log, floating near the shore, had swung against the rock, and the bear now used it as a stepping-block. Scrambling over this support, she planted her hind feet upon it, and sprang upward a third time. Martin, who kept up his firing, delivered his last bullet as she came fully on the rock. Without waiting to see the effect of his shot, Martin turned and dived into the stream, as far from the rock as possible.

The waters closed above his head, and he swallowed more of the fluid than he liked, but in time he came to the surface, his joy over the return to free air greatly dampened by the expectation that his vindictive foe was waiting to pounce upon him. Fortunately, he was a good swimmer. He caught a glimpse of the threatening black form upon the high rock, and, diving at once, swam under water as long as he could, toward the other side of the pool. When he came up for breath, near the middle, it was with the fear that he should find the bear swimming

behind him, and the dismal thought that he might have the double unpleasantness of being torn and drowned at the same time. Hearing no sound of pursuit, he looked over his shoulder. The bear, still upon the rock, lay with her paws and head over the edge, as if she were about to plunge after him. But the head was quite limp.

The bear was dead! His last bullet had reached a vital spot.

Not daring to trust to appearances, and apprehensive that his indomitable foe might yet come to life, Martin swam to the opposite shore. He made his way through the alders to the head of the pool, and, keeping on the farther side of the stream, followed its bank out of the woods to the country road which took him to his uncle's house.

There he told his story, and guided the farm hands to where the bear lay stretched upon the rock with the pistol lying beside her. The cubs darted away at the approach of the searchers, and could not be found. The little creatures were large enough to shift for themselves; so they probably turned up in course of time as killers of sheep on their own account.

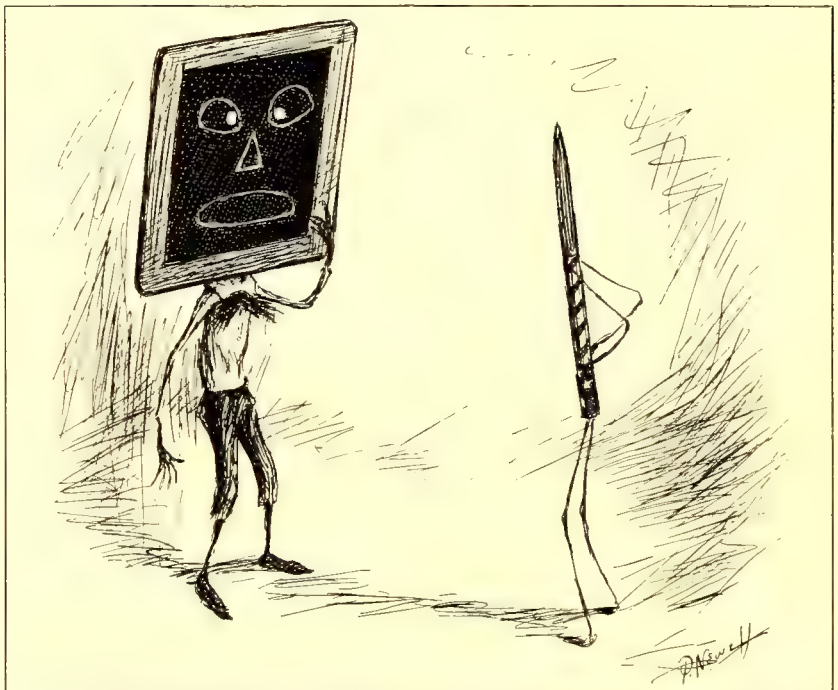




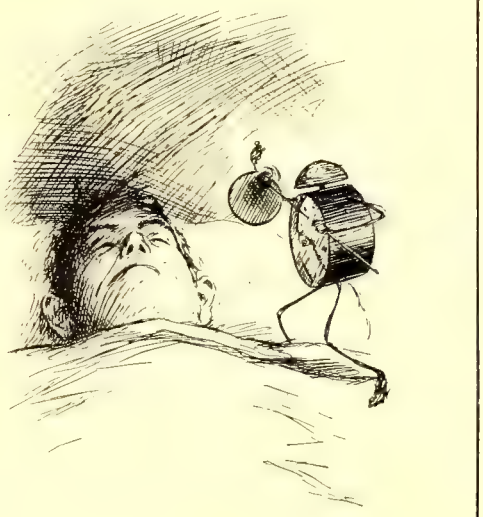
INDIAN SUMMER.

INANIMATE THINGS ANIMATED.

By P. Newell.

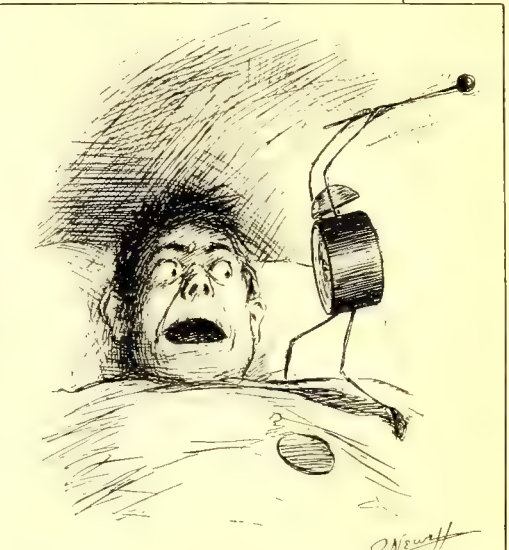


BOBBY SLATE TO BOBBY PENCIL—"WOULD YOU PLEASE RUB MY EYES OUT, AND DRAW THEM OVER? YOU PUT THEM IN SO CROOKED THAT ALL THE BOYS CALL ME 'SQUINT-EYE'!"



I.

ALARM-CLOCK (*pounding his gong*)—"Ding-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!"



II.

(*Throwing his gong aside*)—"Well, if a noise won't waken you, I 'll see what effect blows will have!" (Whack, whack, whack!)

A PAGE OF FUN.

By Malcolm Douglas.

"I 've found a cake!" said a sparrow;
And the other birds cried, "How nice!
Is there any frosting on it?"
"Yes, lots; it 's a cake of ice!"

The paper doll loved the china doll.
"Will you be my wife?" said he.
"Oh, you 're just shear nonsense," she laughed,
"that 's all!
You were n't cut out for me!"

A RIDDLE.

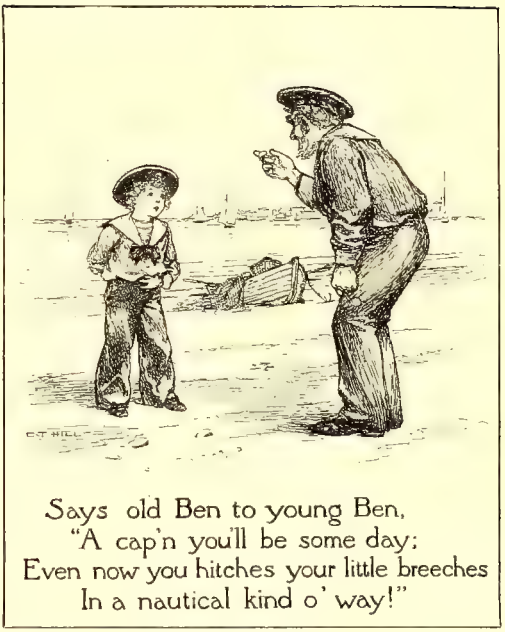
It only has two letters;
In print you 've often met it;
It has an eye, but cannot see;
Now guess right, and you 'll get it.

Said a thousand-legg'd worm,
As he gave a great squirm,
"Has any one seen a leg of mine?
If it can't be found,
I 'll have to get round
With only nine hundred and ninety-nine!"

In Dreamtiddy there 's a garden
Where candies grow all round;
And you don't need even a permit
To gather them by the pound.
There 's a finer assortment grows there
Than the best confectioners keep;
Who knows, now, but you have been there
And eaten them—in your sleep?

Nine little tailors stitched away,
All cross-legged, and in a row.
"How do you like it?" they were asked;
"Oh," said they, "it is just sew-sew."

A firefly with his tiny lamp
Played officer one night,
And made the rounds of all the flow'rs
To see that things went right;
And, happening to find a bee
Who 'd robbed a lily-bell,
He marched him straightway to a hive,
And put him in a cell.



Says old Ben to young Ben,
"A cap'n you'll be some day:
Even now you hitches your little breeches
In a nautical kind o' way!"

While a little man one night talked about—
I 've forgotten just what—the lights went out.
"Humph!" said the little man; "that will do;"
So all of the people went out too!



"In this cage there 's a Weewee,
A kind of bird so small
That with the strongest glasses
It can't be seen at all!"



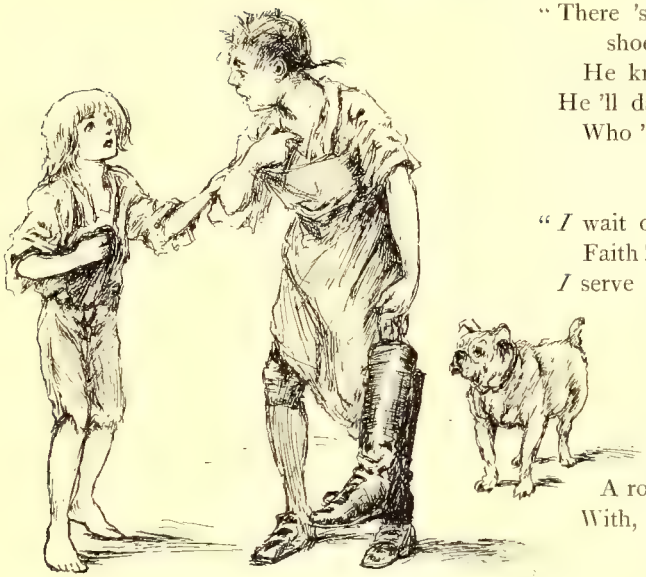
By M. Helen Fraser Lovett.

The palace tall and stately stands,
And still and cold and white;
And soldiers guard the palace gate
With flashing bayonets bright.

And frightened little peasant Carl
To pass them does not dare,
Although he has the king's own ring
As warrant to be there.

Full many a mile had traveled
The weary little feet;
And Carl his story on the way
Made ready to repeat:

How the king's life his father saved
In battle long ago,
And how the monarch gave the ring
His gratitude to show.



"'I SERVE THE MAN WHO 'S SERVANT TO THE MAN WHO SERVES THE KING.'"

"There 's Hans, who blacks the servants' shoes,
He knew my father, too;
He 'll dare to speak to some one else,
Who 'll tell me what to do."

"*I* wait on *you*, you beggar boy!
Faith! I 'll do no such thing.
I serve the man who 's servant to
The man who serves the *king!*

"And here 's my master now.
Be off!"
But as Carl turned away,
A rough, good-natured voice broke in
With, "What 's amiss to-day?"

How, prouder than of gold or ease,
He kept it to the end,
And, dying, said unto his child:
"The king will be your friend.

"Go to the palace with this, Carl"—
But here Carl's heart would sink;
For how to gain the monarch's ear
The poor boy could not think.

"If the king's servants are so grand,
How grand the king must be;
He 'll never notice, I 'm afraid,
A ragged boy like me.

Count Otto's valet well he knew,—
He 'd seen the man before;
And, taking heart again, poor Carl
His story told once more.



"'I 'D HAVE YOU KNOW I 'M SERVANT TO THE MAN WHO SERVES THE KING.'"

"Oh, sir! Hans says you 've seen the king,
And (though, of course, you 're grand)
Just through the palace door, perhaps,
You 'll let me hold your hand"—

Here the man frowned and shook his head.
"No, boy, it would n't do.
Of course I 'm sorry, but you see
That, even if 't is true,

"I should n't like to risk my place
For such a paltry thing.
I 'd have you know I 'm servant to
The man who serves the *king!*"

While poor Carl lingered near the door,
Or wandered to and fro,—
For, homeless, hungry, and forlorn,
He knew not where to go,—

A coach drew to the palace door,
And soon the palace street
Echoed with many voices
And the tread of hurrying feet.

"The king comes forth!" he heard them say;
And faster beat Carl's heart.
The king! Oh, that in all the crowd
Some one would take his part!

"The king!" "Not yet. Count Otto comes.
Look! there he is; this way."
A counselor, with kind, grave eyes,
Strode through that dense array.

Carl dried his tears with sudden thought—
"I 'm sure that *he* 'll believe."
And, pressing through the crowd, he caught
Count Otto by the sleeve.

He heard Carl's story kindly,
But turned to go his way:
"Ah, yes, poor child. I 'll take you
To the king; but not to-day.



"'SMALL HEED TO GIVE TO TRIFLES HAS THE MAN WHO SERVES THE KING.'"

Some other time. Just now I 've many
A more important thing.
Small heed to give to trifles
Has the man who serves the king."

"Room for the king!" "Stand back, you dolt!"
Soldiers and people cried.
And Carl was pulled by eager hands,
And roughly pushed aside.

The child could hardly see through tears;
But one thought filled his mind:
"The king! I 'll see the king at last,
Who was so hard to find."

And, breaking from the hindering hands,
He blocked the way once more
By which the king that instant came
Forth from the palace door.

A ragged, shivering, frightened child,
Barefoot, with tangled hair,
And courage born of hopelessness,
The king saw standing there.

"Let the child stay!" The crowd was still,
And Carl stood in amaze.

Was this kind voice the dreaded king's?
Was this the monarch's gaze?

Was *this* the king's?—this gracious face,
That looked down at the boy?
What cause for fear then could Carl have?
He almost laughed for joy.

"Oh, Sire! It 's true, then. Father said
That you would be my friend."
And, spite of waiting throngs, the king
The tale heard to the end.

"Your father saved my life, my child;
I will redeem the ring.
To serve his faithful people
Is the best right of a king."



TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

By Lieut. R. H. Fletcher.

Chapter XXV.

One morning—it was the day that began the second month—Mildred was going to ride with Cousin John to a distant part of the ranch, to see them "round up" a herd of cattle. She was standing on the porch waiting for Pedro to bring "Dandy," when the mail-rider came out of the forest opposite. Mildred ran to meet him as he cantered up to the house, her heart keeping time with her footsteps. The man stopped, and drawing a package from his saddle-bags, handed it to her with a "Good morning," and, putting spurs to his horse, was off and away down the trail to Rocky Bar.

Sitting down on the porch, Mildred eagerly untied the string. Besides the newspapers, which she cared nothing for, there were three letters. The first was for—Cousin John; the second was for—Cousin John; the third was for—Miss Mildred Dwight Fairleigh. And when she recognized the dear, familiar handwriting of her mother, Miss Mildred Dwight Fairleigh gave a little cry of joy and hugged the precious envelop to her breast. A few minutes later Cousin John came along, booted and spurred, and found Mildred, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, poring over a six-page letter.

"So," he said, "it has come at last, has it? Well, you deserve it." And sitting down beside her, he continued, "And now, tell me, what is the news?"

"They leave for home on the steamer of the 24th," said Mildred, in great excitement.

"Do they?" said Cousin John. "Well, then, they will be in San Francisco about the 3d of March—not quite three weeks."

"Oh, my! I am so glad!" cried Mildred, jumping up to dance a little, and then sitting down to the letter again. "And papa," she continued, "is ever so much better. Just listen to what mama says:

"I have good news to tell you about papa. The sea voyage has done him a great deal of good. We had very pleasant weather all of the time; the water was so smooth that he was able to sit out on deck all day long. And after his arrival here, we found that he had actually gained five pounds. Does not that nobly reward us—you and me? It is the rainy season here now, and we cannot be out of doors as much as I could wish; but still, papa enjoys the change. He likes being on the ocean best, however, and looks forward to returning to San Francisco with pleasure, partly on account of the good it does him, but mostly, he says, that he may see his little girl once more. As for me"—

Here Mildred hesitated and stopped, and then looked up at Cousin John and said shyly, "Then mama tells me how much she wants to see me."

"Exactly," said Cousin John, nodding his head; "I understand."

"But," said Mildred, "there 's a message for you. Mama says—let me see. Oh, yes, here it is:

"Remember us affectionately to Cousin John, and tell him that we often speak of him and of his kindness to us and to you."

"Thank you," said Cousin John; "that is a very nice message."

Then they talked about the letter a little more, and of the joy that was in store for Mildred when she should go back to San Francisco to welcome home the travelers.

"We will leave here in about a week or ten days," said Cousin John. "I can easily arrange matters on the ranch so that I can get away in that time. And then we will stay about a week in Arcata, where I have to attend to some business before we go to San Francisco."

It was a glorious ride that they took that morning up over the hills to the round-up.

Mildred had developed a natural fondness for horseback riding, and under Cousin John's instructions she had become a fearless rider. And this morning, being in high spirits, whenever the trail came out on an open level she challenged Cousin John to race, an amusement of which Dandy was quite as fond as Mildred.

When at last they reached the ridge, nearly a thousand feet above the level of the valley, they stopped to let the horses breathe, while Mr. Kenilworth dismounted to tighten the cinches. It had been raining the night before, and though the sun had come out there were still a few scattered clouds flying low over the tops of the distant pine forests, like sheep scrambling through brambles, leaving shreds and tatters of their fleecy mist scattered along the mountainside. A fresh, cold breeze was blowing, and the air was so clear that they could see the country for miles about. Mildred's black eyes were sparkling and her cheeks were a rosy red as she took off her hat and shook back the hair that had blown about her face.

"Well," said Cousin John, "I don't believe that your mother would know you, little vaquera, if she saw you now."

"No," said Mildred, laughing; "I don't believe that she would. Dear mama!" and she looked wistfully off to the west, where the unseen Pacific lay.

Chapter XXVI.

When the news of her approaching departure was spread over the ranch, Mildred was quite surprised and touched to find that every one was sorry to have her go. Mrs. Stokes openly declared that she did not know what she would do without her.

"Laws sakes!" she said, "I reckon it ain't meant fur ye to git lovin' anythin' too much in this world, 'cause ye 're bound to lose it — without it might be hard work; there 's always plenty o' that."

Mildred's last week at the ranch went quickly. Indeed, she could hardly realize that the time for her departure had come when the important morning arrived. Mrs. Stokes had been busy late into the night "gittin' things ready," though what there was to get ready she would have found it rather difficult to say.

She had helped Mildred pack her trunk, and in the morning when the wagon was at the door she appeared with her big sunbonnet drawn well over her head; and only Mildred, when she put her face inside that sunbonnet to kiss her good-by, knew that the good woman was crying.

As for Bud, he soon appeared with a big bunch of rare wild flowers which he did not seem to know what to do with. When Mildred went up to him to wish him good-by, she saw the flowers and exclaimed:

"Oh, Bud, you 've been up to Crow's Nest!" for she knew that this particular flower grew nowhere else.

"Well, you see," said Bud, hanging his head sheepishly, "I jest happened to be passin' by thar, an' I kinder thought mebby you might like to take 'em along."

Now Mildred knew very well that Bud must have got up very early in the morning to go to Crow's Nest, and that he had had to climb the face of the cliff at the risk of his neck for these flowers, which he knew to be her favorites. But she simply thanked him and said:

"It was very kind of you, Bud. I will take them home with me and press them, and keep them always to remind me of the ranch."

"Will ye?" said Bud, rubbing his hand up and down his overalls. "I wish ye would."

Then last of all there was Wing. He had come out and stowed away a big bundle in the wagon, which he explained to Mr. Kenilworth was "a li'l' lunch-ee fo' Mild'ed." And he now stood waiting with a grin on his face.

"Goo'-by," he said, as Mildred shook hands with him. "I t'ank-a you vella much. Bymby mebby you come again, stay long time. Tha 's good."

Then Mildred mounted to her seat by the side of Cousin John; the horses trotted down to the creek, splashed through it, and climbed the opposite bank. Mildred turned and waved her hand to the little group at the house; and the next moment they had entered the green darkness of the pine forest, and Sweet Water ranch was a thing of the past.

Chapter XXVII.

The sun was rising as the steamer from Humboldt came into San Francisco harbor

through the "Golden Gate." On the steamer's deck, as far forward as she could get, stood Mildred. As she watched the level rays of the sun gilding the top of Point Lobos lighthouse on the one hand, and the Cliff House on the other, and the red brick walls of Fort Point just beyond, and thought of the mother and father she was so soon to see, this seemed a real, a true "golden gate." Mildred could scarcely realize that two months had passed since she had sailed out of that harbor a most unhappy little girl; and yet in some ways it seemed as though she was two years rather than two months older.

The steamer swung in to the dock, and Cousin John helped her down the gang-plank and through the crowd of trucks and wagons and shouting hackmen. Entering a carriage, they were soon once again in the familiar courtyard of the hotel. Cousin John had arranged their departure from Arcata so that they had arrived in San Francisco on the day that the Australian steamer was expected. Mildred was in constant fear that it would arrive before they could be at the wharf to meet it; but it was late in the afternoon before it was signaled. Then Mildred immediately became so excited that she could only hurry down to the waiting carriage and sit there silently with her hands clasped, as they once more rattled through the crowded business streets to the city front. They reached the wharf in plenty of time to see the great ocean craft coming slowly up the bay, its glistening black sides looming out of the water, and its decks covered with people. It was too far off to distinguish faces, but at last Mildred caught sight of her mother and father standing together close by the rail. At the same moment her mother saw her and waved her handkerchief, and her father waved his hat. Amid an uproar of hoarse orders, the shouts and greetings of friends ashore to friends aboard, and the hissing of escaping steam, the hawsers were run out and made fast, and in a few minutes Mildred was once more in her mother's arms, and then in her father's. How they all got back to the hotel, Mildred never knew. It was not until her father had gone to lie down, and Cousin John had gone out, and she and her



COUSIN JOHN AND MILDRED RIDE TO THE ROUND-UP.

mother were at last alone together, that Mildred began to realize that her first real little battle of life was over, with nothing but joy and satisfaction left.

"How brown you are, sweetheart, and how well you look!" said her mother. "But you certainly are changed," she added. "Stand over there, and let me look at you."

And Mildred obediently stepped back a few paces and, drawing herself up, made a military salute after the fashion of "General Washington" in Charlie's play.

"It positively seems as though you had grown," said her mother, with a little sigh. "Or is it because I have been away? What good care Cousin John must have taken of you."

"Indeed he did, Mama," said Mildred, coming back to her mother's lap. "You 've no idea how good and kind he was to me."

And she went on to tell about the ranch and Dandy, the beautiful Dandy; and she told how she had ridden over the mountain trails with Cousin John, nearly every day, and of the immense herds of cattle, and the cow-boys who were such famous riders and daring fellows, and of Mrs. Stokes, and the chickens and turkeys and calves, and of Mr. Stokes, with whom she had sat perched up on the high seat of the farm-wagon, and of fishing with Bud, and of all the other pleasures of that free Western life. They seemed doubly pleasant to Mildred herself, now that they were past and gone.

"How do you think papa looks?" her mother said. She had already asked Mildred this question several times, but she took pleasure in hearing her say again and again how much improved her father was. And Mildred told her once more that she could never remember having seen him look so well.

"You know, dear," said her mother, "that I feel more anxious than ever about papa. He thinks he is now well enough to have the surgeon try to remove the cruel bullet that has caused him all these years of sickness. He has great faith in Dr. Merton, and if the operation is successful papa may get entirely well. And yet, there is great danger, Mildred, and oh! I dread it so. I am afraid I am a great coward," she added, trying to smile. "But it is such a comfort to have you with me, dear," she added. "I can't tell you how I have missed my little girl all these days. And now, if anything should happen to papa, I would have only you in all the world." And Mrs. Fairleigh put her hand to her eyes, and pressed away the tears that she could not hide.

Mildred was a little frightened at this speech, for it was not often that her mother gave way to her feelings like this. But where, as formerly, she would simply have cried in childish sympathy, Mildred now sat up and said quietly, "Mama dear, listen! I understand about papa a great deal better than you suppose I do. I don't think that when you used to talk to me about his being sick, and I saw the care you took of him, that I knew exactly what it all meant. But I do now. For while I was away I used to lie awake at night and think about you both; and things that you said and did long ago came back to me, only in a different way, so that I understood. And after I got your letter, in which you spoke about what the doctor intended to do, I thought a great deal about that. And, Mama, I *know* that the doctor will make papa well; I don't know how I know it, but I seem to feel sure of it. I am so sure of it, Mama," she added, "that I am not afraid. So you must n't be afraid either." And she smiled bravely up at her mother through the tears that had gathered in her own eyes.

"You are a dear little comforter," said her mother, taking the earnest face in both of her hands and kissing it, "and we won't be downhearted any more."

Chapter XXVIII.

Mildred had need of all her hope and confidence to help her through the great trial that was about to take place. And when the hour arrived that was to determine whether her father was to live or die, she tried her best to be brave for her mother's sake. But when she saw the doctor and his assistant enter the sick-room, and the door close upon them, she felt her courage slip away from her altogether. She was left alone now, her mother and Cousin John being with her father. At the last moment her mother had bidden her to be within call.

In time, after what seemed hours of waiting

and listening, the door opened, and her mother, looking very white, came out; and, taking Mildred by the hand, she went into her own room and gently closed the door. Then putting her arms around Mildred's neck, she whispered: "He is going to get well, my darling. He is going to get well!" And, weeping for joy, they both knelt and gave thanks in silent prayer.

Shockingly white and weak was Major Fairleigh when Mildred was at last admitted to his bedside. But the little gray doctor explained that only quiet and good nursing were now needed to bring him back to health, and we may be sure that he received these. In ten days' time he was pronounced well enough to take a short ride. That was a gala-day for Mildred and her mother. At the end of two weeks the doctor ordered them all off to Santa Barbara, where the patient could remain out of doors all day long and be benefited by the California winter climate. Cousin John accompanied them — indeed, they could not well have gone without him.

And here, in a hammock, with the life-giving sunlight streaming down upon him, breathing the soft, balmy air of the orange groves, the Major lay lazily contented, gaining strength from Mother Nature. Indeed, this was a period of peace and rest for all of them, after the anxiety of the last few months, and one to which they ever afterward looked back with delight.

This pleasant monotony was broken at the end of the first week by the departure of Cousin John. His presence was no longer a necessity to the Major, who was able by this time to walk about with the assistance of his cane, and Mr. Kenilworth had his business interests to look after in Arcata. Mildred put her arms around his neck and begged him not to leave them. Cousin John was pleased and touched by her affectionate pleadings.

"Little cousin," he said, "I don't want to go. The hills will be very lonely for me now, as I ride over them with no little vaquera at my side. But we must take the good and the bad as it comes in this world, and be thankful that it is not all bad."

Mildred did not find much comfort in this view of the matter, but she had to accept it. She loaded him with messages to be given to Mr. Stokes, and Bud, and Pedro, and all of the men, and numerous words of undying love to be whispered in Dandy's velvety ear, all of which Cousin John promised faithfully to deliver. To Mrs. Stokes Mildred wrote a long letter, while her father sent to each and all of the people on the ranch some little present in her name, as a remembrance of their kindness to his little girl. Major Fairleigh himself was very sorry to take leave of his cousin — more sorry than he cared to show. Mrs. Fairleigh, on the other hand, did not try to hide how sorry she was. "I shall never forget you," she said, as she gave him her hand. "Words seem trite and commonplace when I try to thank you. But I don't know how Will would have gotten through all this without you; and as for me, you have been my constant source of strength and comfort in all these trying days. Good-by, and God bless you, dear Cousin John."

And so the ship sailed away, as ships will do in this life, bearing upon its deck this strong man who had proved himself so tender and true a friend. Were they never to meet again? If he did not meet the Fairleighs again, it was not for lack of hearty invitations for Cousin John to visit them in the old home in Washington.

Then, as I say, followed further loitering, in that land of the orange and the palm, for Mildred, her father, and mother: weeks in which the Major gained strength in the soft air of southern California, wandering in shady groves beneath the wide leaves of the fig-tree, the slender, dark leaves of the olive and the almond. From Santa Barbara they went to Los Angeles, and then slowly north to the old Spanish town of Monterey, and thence to San José, which is quite near to San Francisco.

Finally, one day, Major Fairleigh declared that the object of their journey to the West had been accomplished, that he was almost well now, and that it was high time for them to return home. And, although these soft, lazy days had been full of pleasure to Mildred and her mother, I do not think that either of them regretted this decision. And when, in two or three days, they returned to San Francisco, and with Doctor Merton's consent actually packed their trunks and took passage on the overland

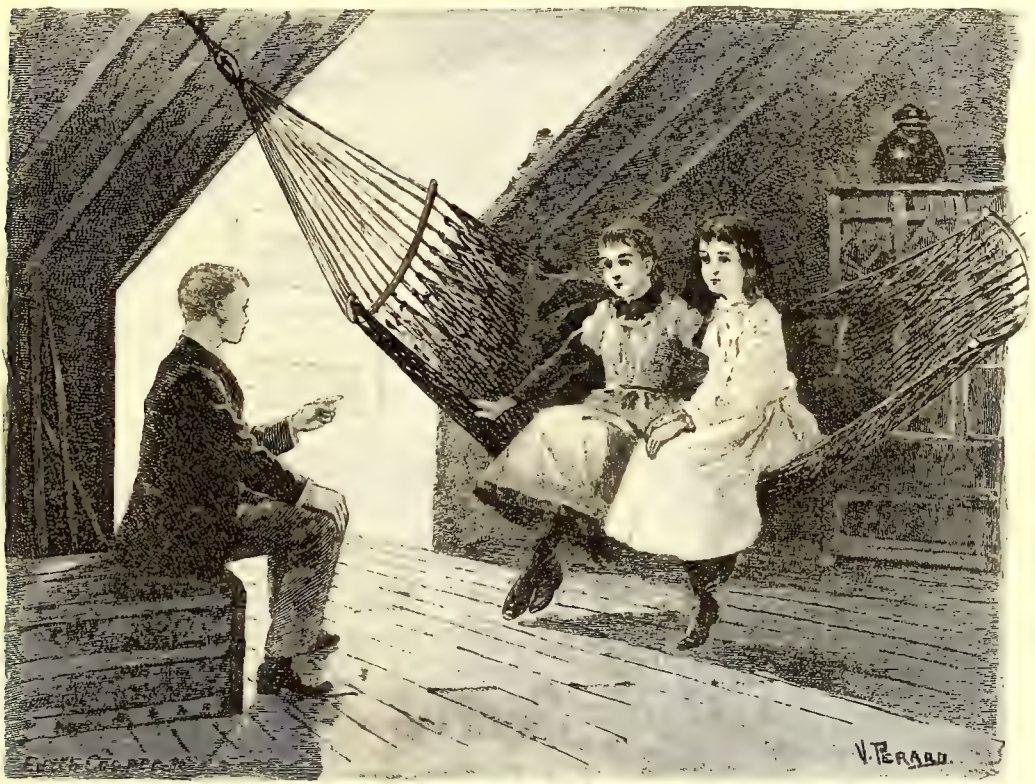
train that was to bear them back to Washington, Mildred's heart bounded with joy.

Chapter XXIX.

And so once more the flying wheels chanted their iron song to Mildred's ears — only now it was an endless glee, with nothing of sadness in it. Up and over the mountain-tops and down again to the great prairies of the West, rocking them to sleep hundreds of miles from where they awoke, the train swung on its homeward way. Past the now well-known sights of ranches and frontier settlements, cowboys, Indians, and herds of cattle, on to the Missouri and its growing towns, with steam, and smoke, and hammering stroke they sped along.

After they had passed the Missouri, Mildred's glad eyes saw the country change; trees, so scarce in the West, now greeted her at every turn, while the wooden bridges over rivers and creeks added their deep bass notes to the iron song that seemed to ring with a gladder stroke as each turn brought them nearer home. Then came the last day on the train, and then the last hour, when satchels were packed and coats were shaken and brushed, and then the dome of the Capitol, like a great summer cloud in the afternoon sky, loomed into view; and by and by, with a final clatter and rat-a-plan-plan, the song of the iron wheels ceased.

Through the depot with its hurrying crowds and trucks piled high with trunks, Mildred and her father and mother once more made their way. At the entrance they found Eliza's husband waiting for them with a welcoming grin on his black face. How familiar and yet how strange the streets looked as Mildred gazed at them out of the carriage window, too excited and too happy to speak! Up Pennsylvania Avenue and into Sixteenth Street the carriage swiftly rolled, and there — yes, there was the dear, old, yellow brick house, with its iron rail-



"IN ANSWER TO CHARLIE'S EAGER QUESTIONS, MILDRED WENT ON TO TELL THEM ALL ABOUT THE RANCH."

ings, and stone-capped windows, and steep roof, and high chimneys, just as it was when they had left it! No, not just as it was, but dearer, far dearer, than when Mildred had bidden it good-by four months ago. Four months! Was it only four months ago? It seemed an age.

As the carriage stopped, the front door opened, and there were Amanda and Eliza dressed in their best, waiting to receive them.

"Welcome home, Mars' Will! Welcome home, Mis' Mary! Welcome home, Miss Milderd!" they cried. "Oh, but we 's mighty glad to see you! We is indeed!"

And the joy that beamed in their honest faces bespoke the truth of this. But when Amanda saw the Major walk into the hall without his crutches, she threw up her hands and fairly wept aloud, giving praises to God in her homely way for His goodness in bringing her beloved master back so well and strong.

How can I give an idea of Mildred's delight at being once more at home? By the number of times she ran up stairs and down? By the number of times she danced into every room and out again? By the number of times she clapped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, I 'm *so* glad to get back!" These would give but a poor notion, after all. She did not wait to take off her traveling-wraps, but flew out into the garden, first of all, to see the dear old trees and plants which were just putting forth their buds and leaves, as though in welcome.

Then into the kitchen she pranced, the cozy old kitchen, and then into the dining-room, where the fire-light beamed upon the polished mahogany sideboard and on the snowy table-service with its burnished silver and glass ware. And then on into the parlor, where the pictures of Gentleman Fairleigh who had built the house in 1810, and the Widow Peachy, and Barbara, of Revolutionary fame, and Captain Fairleigh, with the fighting ships behind him, all looked pleasantly down upon her from their frames. And then into the library, where stood her father's easy-chair by the round oak table, and her mother's rocking-chair on the other side, and her own little seat where she had studied her lessons in the evening,— all as they had stood that wonderful night when the plan to go to California had first been spoken of. Only now she would no longer have to give her father his crutches as he arose painfully to his feet, for they had brought him back cured!

Then up to her own little bedroom, with all its familiar objects bringing back such happy recollections of bygone days, and thence to her mother's dear sitting-room, and then up to the attic, to the delightful old play-room,— except that it looked smaller to Mildred, it was unchanged. As she gazed around she drew a long sigh of happy content. There were the dormer windows, with the dolls' bedroom and parlor, and the big brick chimneys on which were hung up the play pots and pans, and over in the corner the old cowhide trunk studded with brass nails, of which Leslie had made a pirate ship the day they had dressed themselves up, and Charlie had come to see them. Yes, and there was the spinning-wheel that they had used in the play, and all the other well-known odds and ends of boxes and broken furniture. And after the dinner, which was a regular Christmas affair, Mildred sat with her father and mother in the library for a little while talking over this joyous return to their home.

Chapter XXX.

Almost the first thought that Mildred had on opening her eyes the next morning was of Leslie and Charlie. The very first thought was to wonder where she was,— in San Francisco, at Cousin John's ranch, on the railroad train, or at home? But having slowly decided that she was in her own dear little room at home, she thought about Leslie and Charlie. She talked about them at breakfast, and as soon as breakfast was finished she put on her hat and coat and ran around to Leslie's house.

Charlie had gone to school, but Leslie was still up-stairs getting ready for school. And when Mrs. Morton, after welcoming Mildred, went to the foot of the stairs and called her, saying, "Mildred 's here!" Leslie came racing down, taking the last four steps at a leap, and threw her arms around Mildred and gave her such a hug that it took her breath away.

"Oh, Dreddy!" she cried, with her blue eyes rounder than ever, "you don't know how glad

I am to see you! I missed you awfully when you went away, and now I 'm so glad that you 've come back!"

Straightway she began to ask all sorts of questions about where Mildred had been and what she had done, and without waiting for an answer to any of them, she commenced to tell her all that had happened at home,—about the girls at school and the teachers, and how she had n't spoken to Carrie Wilkins since the night of the party, and what Charlie had been doing; and in the midst of it all, the well-known omnibus, with "Loring Seminary" painted on the side, stopped in front of the house and carried her off, in spite of her begging to be allowed to make it a holiday on account of Mildred's return.

"I 'll come around and see you just as soon as school is out," she said, as the omnibus drove away.

And a few minutes after three Leslie appeared at Mildred's home. Then the two, with their arms around each other's waist, went up-stairs to the attic, where, as Leslie said, they could have "a real good talk." But scarcely had they settled down, with Leslie in the hammock, which had been hung between the chimneys, and Mildred on the trunk, when a footstep was heard on the stairs, just as of old.

Leslie jumped up, and whispering, "There comes Charlie!" ran on tiptoe to the door and turned the key in the lock. And then, in answer to his knock, Leslie called through the keyhole, "You can't come in; we 're busy!"

"Is Mildred there?" said Charlie.

"Yes," replied Mildred herself. "Let him in, Leslie."

Then Leslie, laughing, opened the door, and in walked Charlie. He seemed a little embarrassed, perhaps by Leslie's nonsense, and blushed, and was not altogether the self-possessed young man who had met Mildred in the attic for the first time some seven or eight months before. Mildred, on the contrary, was not at all embarrassed, but was honestly glad to see him, and told him so.

"And I 'm mighty glad to see you, Mildred," said Charlie.

"Are n't you going to shake hands with me, then?" said Mildred. For Charlie had just stood there staring at her.

Then Charlie offered her his hand, laughing at his own forgetfulness.

"Sit down on the trunk," said Mildred. "Leslie and I will sit in the hammock. Do you know," she added, as Leslie made room for her, "I did n't see any hammocks in California that were half so nice as this one you made me. A boy named Bud, on Cousin John's ranch, made me a hammock, and what do you think he made it out of? Barrel-staves! It was very nice, but it was n't anything like this."

"I wish I was on a ranch!" said Charlie. "Tell us about it, Mildred. You must have had a glorious time. Did you have a horse to ride?"

"Yes, indeed I did!" said Mildred.

And, in answer to Charlie's eager questions, she went on to tell them about Dandy, and about all that she had seen and done on Sweet Water ranch.

Having so much to say to each other, the time slipped away very quickly, and they were all surprised to find how late it was when Eliza came up to say that Mrs. Morton was down-stairs calling on Mrs. Fairleigh, and had asked for Leslie.

As they were about to leave the room, Charlie, who had been rather silent, said to Mildred, "I don't think I ever saw any one change as much as you have since you have been away."

"Do you think I have changed?" said Mildred. "That 's what every one says, but I don't see how."

"Well," said Charlie, "I don't know how, exactly, either. But you certainly have changed. You seem to be like a different person."

"I 'm not," said Mildred, smiling. "Although," she added, looking around the attic, "I 'm afraid I don't care so much for my dolls as I used to."

THE END.

HOW COLUMBUS RECKONED

By Royall Bascom Smithey.



During the fifteenth century, the Portuguese won great glory by their boldness and enterprise as sailors, and by the zeal they showed in the cause of discovery. So great had been their success in making explorations that they were led to hope they could find a new route by sea to India, which they believed would bring a golden tide of prosperity to their country.

There was much to encourage them to prosecute this enterprise. The trade with the East Indies had long been monopolized by the Italians. To it the republics of Venice and Genoa owed their great wealth and influence. It was a trade that had enriched all parts of Europe it had touched. It came into Europe by way of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. The Portuguese were far removed from its course. But they believed if they could find a new route to India they would be able to turn this trade from the channels in which it had flowed for centuries, and bring it to Portugal.

The plan by which they sought to attain their object was to sail south till they had gone round Africa, and then to turn east and reach Asia. In 1470 when Columbus came to Lisbon this project filled the public mind. He came as a stranger, with no particular mark of distinction. He was only one of many bold navigators who were anxious to venture out into unknown seas. Why, then, did the honor of discovering America fall to him? What enabled him to reckon so wisely that the wonders of the New World first became known through him?

This question is full of interest. We find an answer, to it partly in the character of Columbus and partly in the circumstances that surrounded him.

The mind of Columbus was strong and reflective. He knew well how to sift evidence and to give due weight to every incident that came under his notice. He was endowed, too, with a rich imagination, which furnished him with many valuable theories upon which to work. In addition to all this, he was enthusiastic, and ambitious to distinguish himself. Altogether he was unusually well qualified by nature to originate a bold plan for a voyage of exploration.

He came to Lisbon, too, at a time when the

very air was full of speculations as to lands beyond the great Atlantic ocean.

It seems probable that Columbus first reached the conclusion that land lay west of Europe shortly after his marriage to Donna Felipa, the daughter of Palestrello. This union was a happy one for him, for it brought him into associations that stimulated his ambition as a navigator; and to it perhaps in no small measure his success was due. His wife was the daughter of one of the most distinguished captains who had served under Prince Henry of Portugal. He had discovered the islands of Porto Santo and Madeira, and had settled colonies upon them. At his death, which occurred before Columbus married his daughter, he left a large number of notes, maps, and manuscripts. These came into the hands of Columbus, who carefully studied them, and found out from them the routes the Portuguese had followed in their voyages, and the plans they had adopted in searching for the route to India.

Columbus soon formed the opinion that Asia might be reached by a more direct way than the one the Portuguese were trying to follow, that is, by sailing directly west across the Atlantic. He was not content to hold this opinion as a mere theory, as some learned men before him had done; but, on every side, he sought evidence to confirm it.

It is interesting at the present day to follow, as well as we can, the growth of this idea in the mind of Columbus from the time he first entertained it till it became so firmly fixed in his thoughts that the desire of his life was to test its truth. We will accordingly take a brief glance at some of the evidence to which he trusted.

We find he believed the earth was a globe, and he was acquainted with the calculations that had been made in regard to its magnitude. The estimates made of its size differed considerably. Columbus adopted one that made the earth much smaller than it really is. But even upon his view of the earth's surface Europe, Asia, and Africa as far as known, formed only a small part of it.

What, then, lay beyond the Atlantic? Was there no opposite shore? Columbus believed the ocean was hemmed in by land. The theory that the earth was spherical was sufficient to suggest this idea to him. His knowledge of geography made him think the land on the other side would belong to Asia.

He looked into the evidence which had come from ancient times to support the opinion that land could be found west of Europe. It was a known fact that the Carthaginians had ventured a little way out in the Atlantic. They had discovered the Canary Isles, and perhaps also the Madeira Islands and the Azores.

In the writings of the ancient poets, Columbus found hints of islands in the Atlantic, some of which were supposed to be places where peace, happiness, and rest from the troubles of life could be found.

Tradition said, however, that there was great danger in trying to navigate the oceans beyond the Straits of Gibraltar. The columns of rock which guarded the entrance to the Straits were called the Pillars of Hercules. Beyond these men were afraid to venture, because, according to a legend, there once had been a great island in the Atlantic opposite the Pillars. Plato described it and named it Atlantis. During an earthquake, it had sunk; and its surface made great sandbanks just beneath the water, upon which all ships which dared go beyond the Pillars were stranded. There is reason to believe that Columbus had heard all these tales.

The Portuguese navigators, before Columbus came among them, had lost some of the fear of the great ocean which had made sailors in ancient times keep so close to the shore. Trusting to the guidance of the mariner's compass, which had come into use, they had visited the Madeiras and the Azores. Occasionally, too, a wandering bark, driven from its course by a storm, brought back tales of strange islands dimly sighted in the distance.

In this way accounts came of an island that had been seen some leagues west of the Canaries. It was even put down upon maps. It was called St. Brandan, because there was a story that an Irish abbot of that name had discovered it in the sixth century.

Then, right in the middle of the Atlantic, it was believed that Antillia was situated. Tradition said that when Spain and Portugal were

overrun by the Moors, seven bishops with a large number of their people took ship and committed themselves to the unknown sea. Finally they reached an island upon which they built seven cities. From this circumstance, the island was also called the Isle of Seven Cities.

When Columbus came to Portugal, a tale was in circulation of several sailors who had gone to Prince Henry with the statement that they had visited this island. They reported that the inhabitants spoke the language of Spain, and had eagerly asked if the Moors still had possession of their native land.

The very sands of the coast of this island were, the sailors said, one third gold.

St. Brandan, Antillia, and many other islands about which tales were told, had no real existence, as was afterward found out.

Columbus did not pay very much attention to the myths that had come down from ancient times, nor to those that were circulated in his day. They were of value to him only because they showed that from a very early period in the world's history the opinion had been held that the Atlantic was not simply a waste of waters with no western shore.

But his belief in the existence of western lands was greatly strengthened by evidence the waves themselves gave in bringing drift-wood and other strange objects to the shores of Europe. This evidence he eagerly collected from sailors who returned from long voyages, and from the inhabitants of the Atlantic islands.

His brother-in-law, Pedro Correa, had himself seen something which bore significant testimony. He had picked up upon the coast of the Island of Madeira a fragment of wood that showed signs of having come from a strange country. It was carved in a most singular manner; and it was evident, too, that no instrument of iron had been used to fashion it.

A pilot, Martin Vincent, courageously sailed further westward than others had done. Before his return, he had seen floating upon the waves a similar piece of wood, which was driven to him by a strong western wind.

The inhabitants of the Azores stated that pine-trees, unlike any they had seen, had been cast upon their shores when the wind blew from the west. From the same direction great reeds also, like those which were known to grow in the East Indies, had come to their islands.

But the most remarkable incident of all was the fact that the bodies of two men had been brought by the waves to the island of Flores. The men had strange features, and were in appearance altogether unlike any men known in Europe.

Such indications as these had much influence upon the thoughtful mind of Columbus. He became convinced that west of Europe there was an undiscovered country, which he thought would prove to be the eastern part of Asia. But how far was it? Was the Atlantic Ocean so vast that ships could not sail across it to the land on the other side?

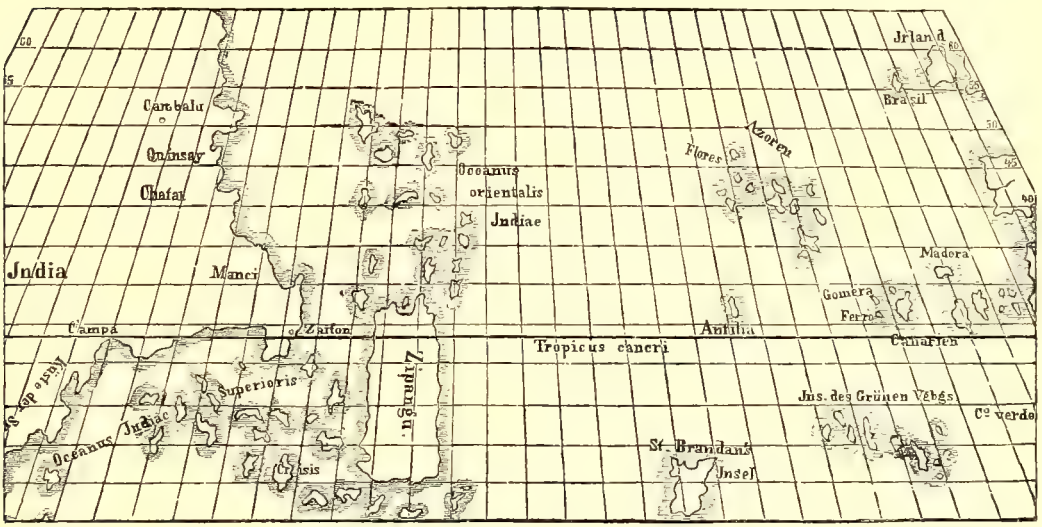
In settling this question Columbus depended to a great extent upon the testimony of two famous travelers, who had gone through parts of Asia. These were Marco Polo, a Venetian, who lived during parts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and Sir John Mandeville, an Englishman, who lived in the fourteenth century.

Marco Polo traveled through the principal countries of eastern Asia, and visited their chief cities. He wrote the most extravagant descriptions of the countries he had seen. He represented them as abounding in gold, silver, precious stones, and costly merchandise. As to the extent of the country, this was, according to Marco Polo, enormous. His descriptions produced upon Columbus the impression that the eastern part of Asia stretched far beyond its real position out into the Atlantic toward the western coast of Europe. The opinion Columbus formed from reading Marco Polo as to the great extent of Asia was confirmed by the writings of Mandeville.

But, in addition to the main continent, Marco Polo described a great island which he called Zipangu. This, he said, had a magnificence far exceeding that of any other country he visited. The palace of the king was covered with plates of pure gold; and the halls and rooms were lined with the same precious metal,

while the island itself was full of riches of all kinds.

By the island Zipangu, it is now supposed he



PORTION OF TOSCANELLI'S MAP. COPIED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., FROM JUSTIN WINSOR'S "NARRATIVE AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF AMERICA."

meant Japan. He represented it, however, as lying out in the ocean fifteen hundred miles off the eastern coast of Asia.

Now, when we remember Columbus had adopted calculations of the earth's surface which made it much smaller than it really is, and trusted to evidence which greatly magnified the size of Asia, we see how he naturally reached the conclusion that it would not be a very difficult thing to sail across from Europe to Asia. He was confirmed in this view by Toscanelli, a learned Italian, whom he consulted, and who sent him a map based partly upon evidence derived from Marco Polo. This map represented the coast of Asia as opposite Europe, with the great island Zipangu between the two countries.

Columbus was so certain of the correctness of the theory he had formed from all the evidence he had collected that when he started on his voyage he confidently expected to find Zipangu first, and then to go on to the coast of Asia. He did not find Zipangu; but he found an island belonging to a new world which lay between Europe and Asia. Through him it became known to civilized man, though it was not destined to bear his name.



STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

By Charles F. Lummis.

VII. THE STONE AUTOGRAPH-ALBUM.

I am not so sure about the present generation,—for these years on the frontier have given me little chance to know the new boys as well as an oldish boy would like to,—but with most young Americans of my day the autograph-album was a cherished institution. It was a very pretty habit, too, and a wise one, thus to press a flower from each young friendship. Not that the autographs were always wise—how well I remember the boys who "tried to be funny," and the girls who were dolefully sentimental, and the budding geniuses who tottered under thoughts palpably too heavy for their unformed handwriting, in the thumbed red morocco books of twenty years ago! But the older those grimy albums grow, the more fully I feel they were worth while.

I shall never forget the supreme moments when the good gray Longfellow, and cheerful, rheumatic "Mrs. Partington" christened my last autograph-album with their names, which were for a long time my chiefest treasures—until that dearest hero of boyhood, Captain Mayne Reid, eclipsed them all. And last summer the boyish triumph came back clear and strong as ever, when I stood under one of the noblest cliffs in America and read in its vast stone pages the autographs of some of the great first heroes of the New World.

"The Stone Autograph-Album" lies in a remote and almost unknown corner of western New Mexico. It is fifty miles southwest of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, at Grant's Station, and can be reached only by long drives through lonely but picturesque cañons and great pine forests. It is but four miles from the half-dozen Mexican houses of Las Tinajas, where the traveler can find food and shelter. The journey from the railroad is not dangerous, and need not be uncomfortable; but one should be careful to secure good horses and a guide, for the roads are not like those of the East.

Climbing and descending the long slopes of the Zuñi range, we emerge at last from the forest to a great plateau, its southeastern rim crowded with extinct volcanoes. To the southwest the plateau dips into a valley, guarded on the north by pines, and on the south by a long line of the mesas of many-colored sandstone which are characteristic beauties of the southwest. Through this valley ran an ancient and historic road—now hard to trace, for so many generations has it been abandoned—from Zuñi to the Rio Grande. Many of you have already heard something of Zuñi, that strange gray pyramid of the adobe homes of fifteen hundred Pueblo Indians. It is what is left of the famous "Seven Cities of Cibola," whose fabled gold inspired the discovery of New Mexico in 1539, and afterward the most marvelous marches of exploration ever made on this continent. Coronado, that greatest explorer, and the first Caucasian soldier who ever entered New Mexico, marched from the Gulf of California almost to where Kansas City now is, in 1540, besides making many other expeditions.

As we move west down the valley, the mesas grow taller and more beautiful; and presently we become aware of a noble rock which seems to be chief of all its giant brethren. Between two juniper-dotted cañons a long, wedge-shaped mesa tapers to the valley, and terminates at its edge in a cliff which reminds one of a titanic castle. Its front is a great tower, and its sides are sheer walls two hundred and fifteen feet high, and thousands of feet long, with white battlements and shadowy bastions. Nothing without wings could mount there; but a few hundred yards south of the tower the mesa can be scaled—by an ancient trail of separate foot-holes worn deep in

the rock. At the top we find that the wedge is hollow—a great V, in fact, for a cañon from behind splits the mesa almost to its apex. Upon the arms of this V are the ruins of two pueblos, facing each other across the deep gulf. These stone "cities" were over two hundred feet square and four or five stories tall—terraced, human beehives, with several hundred inhabitants each.

necessities of the wilderness *made* it a camping-place for all who passed, since the weak spring under the shadow of that great rock was the first water in a long day's march. There was also plenty of wood near, and a fair shelter under the overhanging precipices. So it was in those grim centuries behind this that every traveler who came to the Morro halted there, and they included nearly every notable figure



EL MORRO. THE "STONE AUTOGRAPH-ALBUM."

This remarkable rock was known to the Spanish pioneers much more than two centuries before any of our Saxon forefathers penetrated the deserts of the southwest; and even in this land of monumental cliffs it is so striking that they gave it a name for its very own. They called it *El Morro* (The Castle), and for over three hundred years it has borne that appropriate title, though the few hundred "Americans" who have seen it know it better as Inscription Rock. Historically, it is the most precious cliff possessed by any nation, and, I am ashamed to say, the most utterly neglected.

Lying on the ancient road from Zuñi to the river—and about thirty miles from the former—it became a most important landmark. The

among the first heroes who trod what is now our soil. The sandstone of the cliff was fine and very smooth, and when the supper of jerked meat and pop-corn meal porridge had been eaten, and the mailed sentries put out to withstand the prowling Apaches, the heroes wrote their autographs upon the perpendicular page of stone, using for pens the swords which had won the New World!

These old Spaniards were as unbraggart a set of heroes as ever lived. It was not for notoriety that they wrote in that wonderful autograph-album,—not in vanity, nor idly. They were piercing an unknown and dangerous wilderness, in which no civilized being dwelt. They were few—*never* was their army over two hun-

dred men, and sometimes it was a tenth of that — amid thousands of warlike savages. The chances were that they would never get back to the world — even to the half-savage world of Mexico, which they had just conquered and were Christianizing. What they wrote was rather like leaving a headstone for unknown graves; a word to say, if any should ever follow, "Here were the men who did not come back."

Coronado, the first explorer, did not pass Inscription Rock. But among those who came after him, the road by the Morro soon became the accepted thoroughfare from Old to New Mexico; and in its mouse-colored cliffs we can read to-day many of the names that were great in the early history of America. Such queer, long names some of them are, and in such a strange, ancient handwriting!

On the southeast wall of the Morro are some very important ones. The pioneers in the winter generally camped under this cliff to get the sun's warmth, while in summer they sought the shade of the north side. All the old inscriptions are in Spanish — and many in quaint old Spanish, of the days when spelling was elastic, and with such remarkable abbreviations as our own forefathers used. All around these brave old names which are so precious to the historian — and to all who admire heroism — are Saxon names of the last few decades. Alas! some of these late-comers have been vandals, and have even erased the names of ancient heroes to make a smooth place for their own. That seems to me a more wicked and wanton thing than the chipping of historic statues for relics.

Near the tall, lone sentinel pine which stands by the south wall of the Morro is a modest inscription of great interest and value. It is protected from the weather by a little brow of rock, and its straggling letters are legible still, though they have been there for two hundred and eighty-six years. It is the autograph of that brave soldier and wise first governor in the United States, Juan de Oñate. He was the real founder of New Mexico, since he established its government and built its first two towns. In 1598 he founded San Gabriel de los Españoles, which is the next oldest town in our country. St. Augustine, Florida, is the oldest, having been founded in 1565, also by a Spaniard. Next comes San Gabriel, and third Santa Fé, which Oñate founded in 1605. But before there was a Santa Fé, he had made a march even more wonderful than the one which brought him to New Mexico. In 1604 he trudged, at the head of thirty men, across the fearful trackless desert from San Gabriel to the Gulf of California, and back again! And on the return from that marvelous "journey to discover the South Sea" (the Pacific), he camped at the Morro and wrote in its eternal page. Here it is, just as he wrote it two years before our Saxon forefathers had built a hut in America, even on the sea-coast — while he was fifteen hundred miles from the ocean. The inscrip-

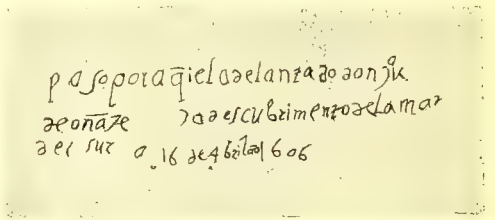


FIG. 1.

tions are nearly all of such antique lettering, and so full of abbreviations, that I shall give you the Spanish text in type with an interlined translation, so that you may pick out the queerly written words and get an idea of sixteenth and seventeenth century "shorthand." Oñate's legend reads (see fig. 1):

Pasó por aqui el adelantado don Jua. de*
Passed by here the officer Don Juan de
Oñate (?) al descubrimiento de la mar del sur
Oñate to the discovery of the sea of the South
á 16 de Abril ão 1606.
on the 16th of April, year 1606.

Just below Oñate's autograph is one which some careless explorers have made eighty years earlier than his. The second figure in the date *does* look like a 5; but no white man had ever seen any part of New Mexico in 1526; and the figure is really an old-style 7, making the date 1726.

Not far away is the pretty autograph of

* We have no exact word for *adelantado*. He was the officer in command of a new country.

Diego de Vargas—that dashing but generous general who reconquered New Mexico after the fearful Pueblo Indian rebellion of 1680. In that rebellion twenty-one gentle missionaries and four hundred other Spaniards were massacred by the Indians in one day, and the survivors were driven back into Old Mexico. This inscription was written when Vargas made his first dash back into New Mexico.

A little north of Vargas's valuable inscription is that (fig. 2) of the expedition sent by Governor Francisco Martinez de Baeza to arrange the troubles in Zuñi, on the urgent request of the chief missionary Fray Cristobal de Quirós:

Pasamos por aqui el sargento mayor, y el capi-
We pass by here, the lieutenant-colonel, and the Cap-
tan Jua. de Arechuleta, y el iaiudante Diego
tain Juan de Arechuleta, and the lieutenant Diego
Martin Barba, y el Alferes Agustyn de Ynojos,
Martin Barba, and the Ensign Augustin de Ynojos,
año de 1636.
in the year 1636.

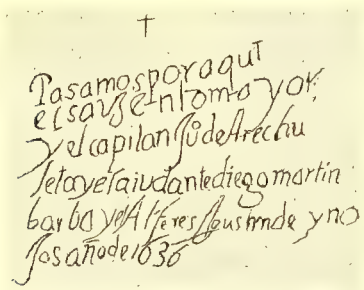


FIG. 2.

Below are ancient Indian pictographs.

The *sargento mayor* (literally, "chief sergeant") who is not named was probably brave Francisco Gomez. The inscription is in the handwriting of Diego Martin Barba, who was the official secretary of Governor Baeza. In a little cavity near by is the inscription of "Juan Garsya, 1636." He was a member of the same expedition.

Two quaint lines recall a pathetic story. It is that of a common soldier, who did not write his year. But history supplies that:

Soy de mano de Felipe de Arellano á 16 de
I am from the hand of Felipe de Arellano, on the 16th
Setiembre, soldado.
of September, soldier.

He was one of the Spanish "garrison" of *three men*, left to guard far-off Zuñi, and slain by the Indians in the year 1700. Not far away is the autograph of the leader of the "force" of six men who went in 1701 from Santa Fé to Zuñi (a desert march of three hundred miles) to avenge that murder, the Captain Juan de Urribarri.

An autograph of a member of the De Vargas expedition is that of Diego Lucero de Godoy (fig. 3). He was then a *sargento mayor*, a very good and brave officer, who was with Governor Otermin in the bloody siege of Santa Fé by the Indians, and in that retreat when the Spaniards fought a passage to El Paso.

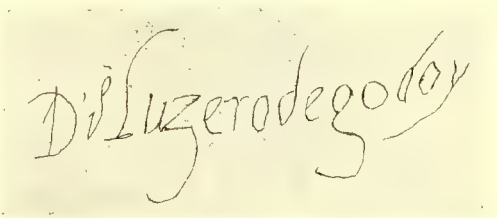


FIG. 3.

A peculiar flourish is appended to the entry (fig. 4):

A 5 del mes de Junyo deste año de 1709
On the 5th of the month of June of this year of 1709
pasó por aquy para Zuñi Ramon Paez Jurt'do.
passed by here, bound for Zuñi, Ramon Paez Hurtado.

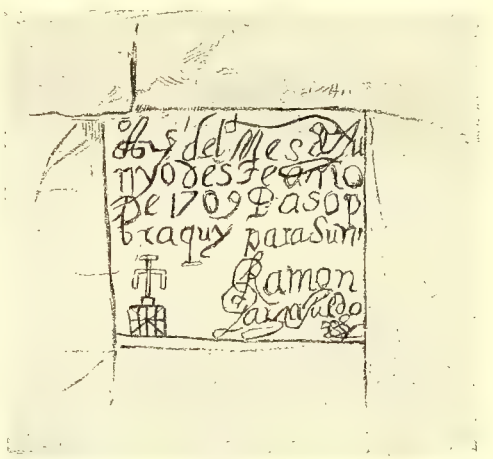


FIG. 4.

On the north side of the Morro are the longest and most elaborate inscriptions, the rock

there being more favorable. The earliest of them are the two long legends of the then gov-

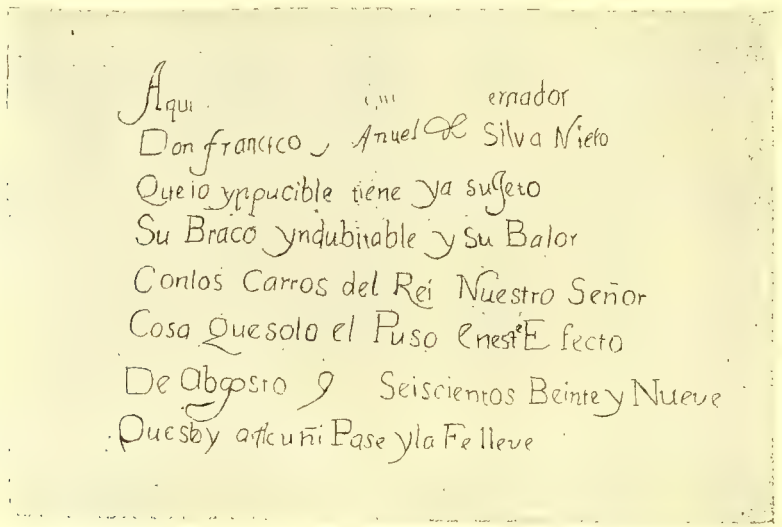


FIG. 5.

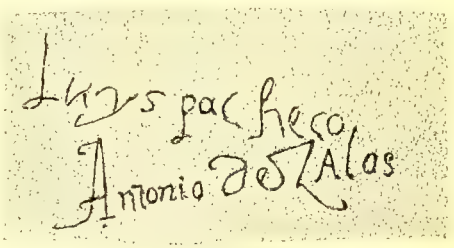
ernor of New Mexico, Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto. They were not written by him, but by some admiring officer in his little force. A part has been effaced by the modern vandal, but enough remains to mark that very notable journey. The first says (fig. 5):

Aqui. . . . [pasó el Gober] nador Don Fran-
Here . . . passed the Governor Don Fran-
cisco Manuel de Silva Nieto que lo ynpucible tiene
cisco Manuel de Silva Nieto that the impossible has
ya sujeto su Braco yndubitable y su Balor, con los
already (been) effected (by) his arm indomitable and his
Carros del Rei Nuestro Señor; cosa que solo el
valor, with the wagons of the King, Our Master; a thing
Puso en este Efecto, de Abgosto 9, Seiscientos
which only he put in this shape in August 9, (one thou-
Beinte y Neuve, que á Cuñi Pasé y la Fé
sand) six hundred, twenty and nine, that to Zuñi I passed
llevé.
and the Faith carried.

What is meant by Governor Nieto's "carrying the faith" (that is, Christianity), is that on this expedition he took along the heroic priests who established the mission of Zuñi.

There are a great many other old Spanish autographs on the sheer walls of the Morro; but not all have been deciphered. Of the American names only two or three are of any note at all. The earliest date from 1849, and are those of Lieutenant Simpson and his scientific companion Kern—doubtless the first of us to visit the spot. The other Saxon names are recent and unimportant.

I am sure that if any reader of ST. NICHOLAS had any one of those old autographs in his album, he would guard it jealously; and it is a shame that we are neglecting that noble stone book of the Morro. A few more years



A SHORT INSCRIPTION.

and a few more vandals, and nothing will be left of what now makes the rock so precious. The Government should protect it, as it would be protected in any other civilized land; and when some of you get into Congress, I hope you will look to this and other such duties. Otherwise the next generation will lose a unique and priceless treasure.



How Michael's Bullet Spoiled Tommy's Picnic.

By Frank W. Sage.

"Hurrah! Now I can go to the picnic, after all!" cried Tommy, bursting into the kitchen where his mother was making jelly. "Michael says his bullet does n't hurt nearly so much now, and he thinks it is n't going to rain, after all."

Tommy's feelings had undergone a severe trial that morning. While the family were at breakfast, Michael, the hired manager of his mother's farm, had come in upon them with the announcement that a bullet he had carried in his shoulder since the war had been paining him all night. As a weather-indicator that bullet was almost as reliable as a barometer.

On various occasions, when Tommy had planned to go fishing or swimming, that same bullet had perversely predicted rain. And the prediction usually proved correct; the rain came, though not always upon their farm; sometimes it was over in the adjoining county. When that happened, Tommy regarded it in the light of a rather mean practical joke at his expense, holding Michael responsible accordingly.

"See here, Mr. Michael Owens," he exclaimed indignantly on one such occasion, "what 's the good of having a bullet, I 'd like to know, when it does n't tell you whether it 's going to rain here or somewhere away off? Can't you have the old thing cut out?"

When on this occasion Michael, with unfeeling disregard of its being picnic-day, declared that his bullet kept whispering to him "Look out for your clover!" Tommy became thoroughly indignant, for he knew that meant no picnic for him. It meant, instead, at least an hour or two's work in the haymow. Any boy who has worked at stowing away clover in a hay-loft, with the sun blazing on the low roof over his head, dust from the tumbling hay choking him, and particles of twigs and leaves working down under his neck-band, will understand exactly how Tommy felt. There was no help for it, however, for the matter admitted of no possible postponement, and there was no one to take his place. As Tommy plunged his pitchfork into the great bundles of clover thrust up to him from the wagon below, what visions of cool retreats in thick-set woods rose before him: the moss-covered log jutting from the bank over the dear old swimming-hole; the hawthorn-tree shading the dancing water; the deep woods just beyond, where ferns clustered and wild flowers peeped out from the black mold between the buttresses of decaying stumps!

The next instant his heart jumped as he heard Michael say, "It is n't coming this way, after all; I think we 'll just leave the clover until to-morrow, and look after them fences down by the medder-lot!" And Tommy, glancing out of the loft-door, saw the storm miles away, driving off in another direction, while the sun blazed out more fiercely than ever. Then he jumped down and ran to the house.

"And now I may go, may n't I, Mother?" he said anxiously, noticing an appearance of hesitation in his mother's manner.

"Why,—Tommy dear, see here," his mother began, handing him a telegram. Tommy took it wondering, for a telegram was a thing rarely seen at the old farm.

"That came not ten minutes ago. Ezra Biddle left it as he was driving by," his mother explained.

Tommy scanned it hurriedly. "Oh, dear me! Aunt Amanda coming, I—"

"Now, I was just wondering how in the world I could leave all these currants and go to the station after her, and there did n't seem to be any other way," said his mother. "I 'm afraid you 'll have to hitch up and go, and the worst of it is she won't arrive at the station until half-past eleven. That 's too bad."

began to feel a little ashamed of himself presently, and without a word went to the barn and got out the horse and buggy.

"I 'll have to dress up though; I can't go looking this way," he said, on returning to the kitchen. So he washed and dressed himself, and finally drove away. He had a long wait at the railway station, but at last the train glided up to the platform. Among the half-



"'WHY, TOMMY MARSH, YOU DEAR CHILD, HOW YOU HAVE GROWN!' SHE EXCLAIMED."

"Oh, pshaw! What did Aunt 'Manda want to come to-day for? I just wish she 'd stay at home!" cried Tommy, peevishly.

"Tommy, I *am* astonished! shame on you, to talk so about your kind Aunt Amanda! What am I to think of you!"

"Well, I don't care! What does she want to come on the very day of our picnic for?" said Tommy in vexation. His mother, whose displeasure was tempered with sympathy for her boy in his trials, remained silent. Tommy

dozen passengers who got off was the lady whom he supposed to be his aunt; he was not sure, for he had not seen her since he was four years old. Her eyes had a queer little squint, and her under jaw projected beyond the upper in a manner that gave Tommy a disagreeable impression of her from the very first. He had half a mind to turn his back and pretend he was somebody else, he was so disappointed in her appearance.

But the instant she caught sight of him she

exclaimed: "Why, Tommy Marsh, you dear child, how you have grown! I declare, I hardly knew you!" and she clasped him warmly in her arms and kissed him almost before he knew what was coming. "I declare, I was n't expecting to find *you* here. I 'm so glad to see you." Her grasp of his hand was so warm and magnetic that Tommy instantly forgave her the kiss. "And this is your little cousin, Lydia. You were not expecting her, I am sure," his aunt said, reaching out her hand toward a little girl whom Tommy had not before noticed. The child was about ten years old. She smiled, abashed, and blushed deeply, while Tommy, even more abashed, drew back after having merely touched her fingers.

The buggy-seat was rather narrow for three, and Tommy was secretly glad that Lydia's white skirts almost concealed a darn on the knee of his best trousers.

This little girl from Boston seemed so vastly superior to such commonplace matters as interested Tommy, that the boy was embarrassed in the attempt to find a subject for conversation with her.

"How does it happen that you 're not attending the picnic, Tommy?" his aunt inquired after a while. "Your mother wrote me that your Sunday-school was to have a picnic, and this is the day, is n't it?" she continued, noticing a peculiar look on Tommy's face. "Why, *dear me!*" She seized the reins from Tommy's hands, and checked the horse so suddenly that Lydia was thrown forward off the seat. Aunt Amanda scrutinized Tommy's face. "You 've been kept at home because there was no one else to come after me! Dear, dear!"

"Where are they having their picnic?" she demanded with a look of pretended severity. "Tell me instantly!" Tommy only smiled.

"I must know where this picnic is being held before we go a step further," Aunt Amanda said in a resolute tone, and without the slightest suggestion of a smile in return.

"Why, we could n't very well go until we 've had our dinner anyhow, if that 's what you want to know for," said Tommy, beginning to understand her. Aunt Amanda straightened herself with a grim sigh of determination. "Get up!" she said, giving the reins a shake She began to turn the buggy around.

"Oh, that is n't the way. We must go straight ahead until we come to the Stubbs Mill bridge, and then follow the creek road," cried Tommy.

"Well, well, well! I thought we should learn something about this picnic, after a while," said Aunt Amanda, turning back the horse. "Now then, go 'long!"

"But what are we going to do about dinner, and what will mother think if we don't come home?" said Tommy, highly delighted.

"She 'll think the train is behind time, probably. Never mind about that. We 'll find some way to send her word, I 'll warrant," his aunt replied. "As for dinner, we 'll get that on the grounds," she added, decisively. As they drove along the smooth creek road, shaded by great elm and willow trees, Tommy felt thoroughly happy. He even ventured to look at Lydia once or twice, and soon began to tell her something of the history of the neighborhood.

When they reached the picnic-grove, they found the assembled children and friends gathering in groups in readiness for dinner. Tommy never knew exactly how his aunt managed it, but by the time he had disposed of the horse she had it all arranged that they were to lunch with the Pullens, acquaintances of his.

Although members of this particular family had at various times eaten at his mother's table Tommy felt a trifle uncomfortable on sitting down to partake of their luncheon, when it was well understood that on picnic occasions every one was to bring his own luncheon. It might not have been so awkward if Aunt Amanda had not been a stranger to everybody, and if she had not seemed to derive peculiar satisfaction from freely referring to their dependent condition. She managed, however, to get everybody to laughing before long, so that parties in groups near by looked in their direction, as if they envied them the fun they were having. Mrs. Pullen had always seemed to Tommy a particularly prim and rather stiff person, but she now beamed with gratification, and with all the ardor of a life-long friend introduced to Aunt Amanda and Lydia her

friends and acquaintances, who flocked around their circle before the meal had ended. Some one was found to carry a message to Tommy's mother, after they had all eaten heartily, and then Aunt Amanda seated herself with the grown-up folks, leaving Lydia and Tommy to enjoy the children's games.

They had been at their sports an hour or two when they were startled by a sudden peal of thunder. Tommy glanced among the trees and saw his aunt buttoning the curtains of the buggy, to which she had already hitched the horse. People were hurrying to and fro gathering baskets and placing them in wagons and buggies. A few heavy drops splashed among the leaves; the wind whirled and twisted the tops of the trees, plucking away leaves and twigs, and occasionally a larger branch. Just as Lydia and Tommy crept into the shelter of the buggy, the storm broke in all its fury. The air was filled with driving spray and mist, and it seemed only a moment or two until the brook gliding along the edge of the picnic-grounds had become a turbid torrent rushing over its banks.

"Whew!" cried Tommy, with a sudden pang of recollection, "I wonder what about our clover *now!*"

It certainly did look very bad for the clover, and Tommy had not even the meager consolation of hoping that the storm was not sweeping over their farm. "This shows how much good Michael's bullet is!" said Tommy; and then remembering that neither his aunt nor Lydia knew to what he referred, he went on to explain: "You see our hired man 's got a bullet in his shoulder that aches every once in a while, and whenever it does he says it 's going to rain. The other day it ached like sixty, and mother would n't let me go swimming, and it did n't rain after all, until everybody was abed and asleep. What kind of a bullet do you call that? And this morning early it ached again, and Michael said we must get our clover in, right away, and after we 'd just about got a third through, he changed his mind, and said we need n't mind finishing it, 'cause he wanted to 'tend to some other work, and it was n't going to rain after all. And here it is raining hard, and our clover all ruined! Now, would n't you get another hired man, or else make Michael have that bullet cut out?"

Aunt Amanda laughed. "Why, from what you tell me, Tommy, I should certainly think Michael has n't much faith in what his bullet indicates."

"I don't believe he has. He just pretends he has, on purpose to keep me from having any fun," said Tommy resentfully. While they were talking the storm had gradually subsided, and as there was of course an end of picnicking, they concluded to start home. Nobody appeared to be driving their way, and they drove along the creek road quite alone. When they reached the main road and turned toward the Stubbs Mill bridge, Tommy gave a sudden exclamation. The bridge was gone! It had been a light structure, and once before had been carried away by a freshet. Here was a pretty state of affairs!

"You can see that the water is falling fast," said Tommy, pointing to the opposite bank. "There 's a ford just down there, and if we wait a while I think the creek will be low enough, so that we can cross."

"Very well; I think we will just wait," said his aunt, after they had fully discussed the matter. "Your mother will probably not be alarmed for our safety. It is only three o'clock, and she won't be expecting us for an hour or two."

They had a long wait of it, and Tommy several times declared the creek fordable, before his aunt finally consented to make the venture. Slowly and cautiously they drove into the stream, reaching the middle in safety, although the water swirled and rippled above the hubs rather alarmingly, Lydia thought. Just then the horse, catching sight of a log floating toward them, shied suddenly. Down sank the fore wheels into a hole, until the water rippled over the floor of the buggy. The horse plunged and made one or two ineffectual efforts to kick. Lydia screamed. Aunt Amanda grasped the reins and turned the horse's head up-stream.

"Sit still, children, there is no danger," she said in a firm voice. The horse looked wildly over his shoulder at them, but made no further

effort to move. He seemed to realize, as they did, that they were in a trap.

"Now, Tommy, there is only one thing to be done," said Aunt Amanda, after she had succeeded in allaying Lydia's alarm. "We must contrive to unhitch the horse, and then you must mount him and ride for help."

About an hour later Tommy reappeared on the bank in company with Michael leading two horses. Aunt Amanda sat in the buggy, placidly knitting, while Lydia was working into a wreath some leaves she had plucked from a branch they had passed. Michael set about at once to relieve them in their plight. Wad-



"'HOLD ON TIGHT!' CRIED AUNT AMANDA."

"What! and leave you and Lydia here in the middle of the creek?"

"Certainly. We won't run away."

Tommy laughed, and then, rolling back his sleeves, reached down into the water to unfasten the traces and holdbacks. It was awkward work, but he at last accomplished it, and then creeping along the horse's back, greatly to Lydia's alarm, he loosened the girth which held up the shafts. "Hold on tight!" cried Aunt Amanda, as the horse with Tommy astride his back plunged up the bank. "Now be sure to impress upon your mother that we are perfectly safe and cozy," she called after him as Tommy rode away.

ing out to the buggy, he fastened one end of a rope to the front axle while Tommy was hooking the other end to the traces of the horses. Then placing himself between the shafts he called out: "All right, go ahead!" to Tommy. In another moment the buggy rolled out upon the pebbly road.

"Now then, Mr. Michael Owens, you see the fix that your old bullet has got our company from Boston into," said Tommy, in a severe tone, as he resumed his seat in the buggy. "If you don't have it cut out you 'd better have more bullets shot into you, so that they will hurt enough to make you pay better attention when they say it 's going to rain."

TOM PAULDING.

(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

By Brander Matthews.

Chapter XXII.

COUNSEL.



UNCLE DICK laid his hand gently on Tom Paulding's shoulder.

"Brace up, my boy," said he, with sympathy in his voice. "You have met with a misfortune; and just now it seems to you as if the world was all hung with black, and life not worth living. Look up, and you will see that the sun is still shining outside. Live to be as old as I am, and you will learn to expect little and to be satisfied with less. In the mean while, keep a stout heart."

"I have thought about this so long, Uncle Dick," replied the boy; "I have n't thought of anything else for months now; and the money meant so much to us all—it 's hard to have to give it up all of a sudden, just when we 've laid hands on it at last."

"I know," his uncle responded. "The blow is hard to bear at best, and you got it at the very moment when it was the hardest to stand. I see that, and I am heartily sorry for you. But you must not give up the struggle because you have lost the first skirmish."

"You are right, I know," Tom returned sadly. "But I had so many good uses for those two thousand guineas. They would have paid off the mortgage and kept mother from worrying any more about that. Then I could have had an education, as my father had and my grandfather,—they both were graduated from Columbia College, you know,—and I wanted to work at the School of Mines. Now I shall have to go into a store; of course, I shall try to do my best there; but I don't believe that 's what I can do best. I like outdoors, and the open air, and I used to see myself working hard in the mountains, planning a mine and looking after the work. Well," and he sighed again, "that 's all over now!" and as he said this there was a lump in his throat.

"Perhaps not," his uncle remarked quietly.

"But you said this money is all counterfeit?" Tom returned.

"I think so," Uncle Dick declared.

"Well, then?" asked Tom.

"This is not all the money there is in the world," Mr. Rapallo replied cheerfully, "nor have you no other chances but the one which has gone back on you this morning. Things are never so bad as we think they are at first."

"I think I *know* just how bad this thing is—for me," said the boy, gloomily.

"You valued the finding of this buried treasure," his uncle responded, "because of the uses you could put it to—the relief of your mother, your own education, certain advantages for your sister. Well, these are all things which may be obtained in other ways—perhaps not all at once, but in time."

"I don't see how," said Tom, doubtfully.

"Neither do I now," Mr. Rapallo replied; "if I did, I should show you at once. But you did not mean to keep your two thousand guineas as a miser's hoard to gloat over—"

"Of course I did n't," cried Tom, forcibly.

"As you intended to spend it to produce certain results," his uncle went on, "the loss of this money is the loss only of one of the means by which these results could be secured. There are other ways of accomplishing them. You and I must look them up. I am sure that we shall find something—even if it is not all we seek. You know that we make a mistake if we expect the millennium overnight; in my experience it rarely comes before the day after to-morrow."

Tom smiled faintly at this speech of his uncle's; and Mr. Rapallo, who had been waiting for this smile, held out his hand and gave the boy a hearty clasp.

"Now, do you remember, Tom," he asked, cheerily, as though determined not to be downcast, "that you once told me there were two things that puzzled you when you had first gone through the box of papers?"

"Yes," answered his nephew. "First, I wanted to know where the money was; and second, I wondered why my grandfather had given over the search so suddenly, as it seemed."

"We have solved both problems, I think, by this morning's work," Mr. Rapallo remarked. "You found the money as you had hoped—that was one thing; and then you found that it was counterfeit, and perhaps that was the reason of the other."

"Do you think my grandfather knew that the two thousand guineas were not really gold?" asked Tom.

"Yes," answered his uncle.

"And that *that* was the reason why he gave over the search all at once?" Tom pursued.

"Yes," said Uncle Dick for the second time.

"But how could he know that?" cried the boy. "We did n't find it out till we had found the money, and we know he did n't find the money."

"Then he must have made the discovery in some other way," declared Uncle Dick. "From whom did your great-grandfather get the two thousand guineas?"

"From a man named Simon Horwitz," answered Tom. Then suddenly he cried, "Oh!"

"Well?" said his uncle.

"Well, I think you must be right," the boy explained. "My grandfather must have been told of the fraud, and that the buried treasure was n't worth bothering about. And the way he knew this was, somehow, from the only man who knew about the cheat."

"You mean Simon Horwitz?" asked Mr. Rapallo.

"I 'll show you in a minute," said Tom, as he pulled out the box of old papers and began to turn them over hastily in search of a particular paper. At last he found what he was seeking, and placed a folded piece of foolscap in his uncle's hands.

"There!" he said.

"This is indorsed 'Notes of Horwitz's Confession,' but there is nothing inside," Mr. Rapallo said, as he turned the paper over. "However, I think I see how it was. When your grandfather was collecting all possible information about the stolen guineas, he finally got from the man who had given his father the money a confession that it had been paid in counterfeit coin—that would account for the suspicious delay in its payment, too. And thereupon, of course, your grandfather ceased all effort to discover the whereabouts of the stolen money—which really was not money at all. He indorsed the cover of these 'Notes of Horwitz's Confession' and put it with the other papers, or thought he did. At all events, the cover of this confession is preserved with the other papers. And we find it too late, when we have had all our labor in vain."

"That would account for everything that used to puzzle me," Tom responded.

"Now, if I were you," said Mr. Rapallo, "I would go for your friends Cissy Smith and Harry Zachary, and get them up here in this room; and I would tell them all about the counterfeit coin; and I would release them at once from their pledge of secrecy."

"Oh, Uncle Dick," cried Tom, "would you let them tell everybody?"

"Why not?" asked his uncle. "You cannot expect them to keep our morning's work a secret forever."

"I suppose not," said Tom, doubtfully.

"Well, then," Mr. Rapallo continued, "the sooner they get it over the better. Let them tell the whole story at once. And the final

surprise about the counterfeit money will make the tale only the more interesting."

"That 's so," Tom assented, perceiving at once the force of this suggestion.

"You see, Tom," continued his uncle, "people generally will not know that you were going to do anything in particular with the money, and they will never suspect your great disappointment. Of course you need not tell anybody about that."

"Of course not," Tom declared, with undue emphasis.

"Except your mother," Mr. Rapallo added.

"Must she know?" asked Tom.

"Certainly," was the firm answer. "Go and tell her and Polly all about it at once. You may be sure that your mother will be glad to learn that you wanted the money to help her in paying off the mortgage."

"I think she would have been pleased if we could have gone into her room and shown her the mortgage all paid off," said Tom, sighing again. "But there 's no use thinking of that now."

"I have an appointment," Mr. Rapallo declared, looking at his watch, "or at least I am going to try to see a friend before he goes out. Will you come into your mother's room with me before I go?"

"Yes," Tom answered. "I may as well get it over as soon as I can."

Mr. Rapallo led the way to Mrs. Paulding's room, the door of which stood wide open, as usual. Tom's mother was seated by the window, and by her side there was a basket of the household linen, which she was repairing. Pauline had a low chair by her mother's; and she was diligently hemming towels when Uncle Dick and Tom appeared.

"Just look at that hem, Uncle Dick!" cried Polly, as Mr. Rapallo entered the room. "I think it 's as good, almost, as if it had been done on a machine."

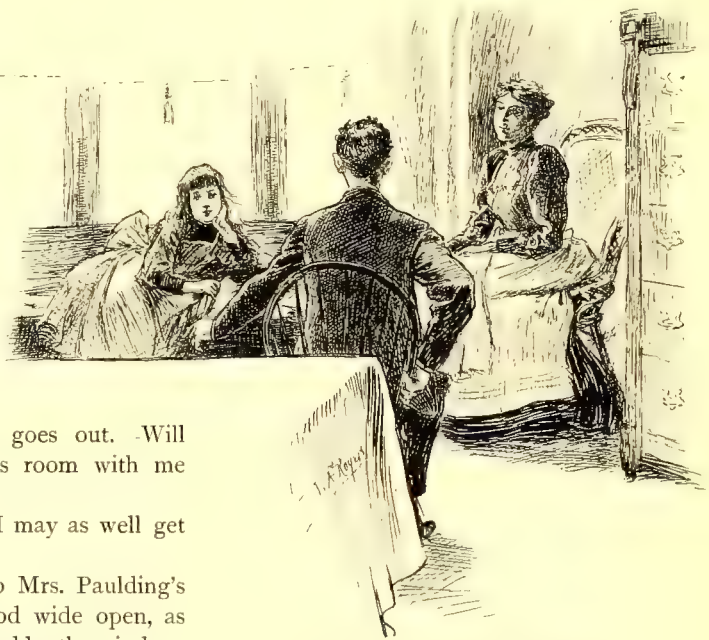
"Is there any trouble?" asked Mrs. Paulding, reading the faces of her brother and her son.

"No," answered Mr. Rapallo. "There is no trouble of any kind, but Tom has had a sore disappointment, and I think it will do him good to tell you all about it."

Mrs. Paulding looked up at Tom, who was standing near her, and Tom bent over and kissed her.

"Tom is a little crushed just now, Mary," Uncle Dick continued. "But he will get over it, and it won't hurt him. A boy is a little like a ball: you throw it down and it bounds up unhurt — that is, if it has any spring in it; and Tom has plenty of that."

When Mr. Rapallo had left them, Mrs. Paulding looked up at Tom again with a smile, and said, "Now, my boy, tell me all your trouble."



"TOM TOLD THEM THE WHOLE STORY."

And Tom told them the whole story, his hopes, his expectations, his success, his disappointment. While he was telling it, his mother's quick sympathy sustained and cheered him. And when he had told her everything, he felt comforted, and the world was no longer hung with black.

Chapter XXIII.

CONCLUSION.



FTER telling his mother and his sister the circumstances and the result of the quest which had occupied his mind for six months and more, Tom Paulding felt a little better. Already he was able to bear the poignant disappointment more bravely, and he tried to keep down the bitterness he had felt at first. By resolute determination he put away all repining, and so, as the day wore on, he began to pick up heart again.

In the afternoon he took Harry Zachary and Cissy Smith up into his own room, and he explained how it was that their labors were in vain. He showed them the counterfeit coins, and repeated for them Mr. Rapallo's test with the touchstone.

"If we 'd only known," said Cissy, "that the gold we were after was n't gold at all, we would n't have been so keen after it, and we should n't have tried so hard to throw Corkscrew off the scent."

"I don't think I ever read of a buried treasure," remarked Harry, "that was n't real. It 's just as though the wicked magician had got hold of the secret talisman and had changed the coins from gold to dross."

"Shucks!" returned Cissy, forcibly; "the only wicked magician was that Simon Horwitz, and he 'd have had to have a talisman against old age and death, if he wanted to be alive now."

"Do you want us to keep this a secret any longer?" asked Harry, a little anxiously.

"No," Tom answered; "Uncle Dick says that the sooner it is known the sooner it will be forgotten."

"I don't want to forget it," was Cissy's reply. "I enjoyed all I had to do with it. And if it had been twice the trouble, I 'd have done it three times over just for a sight of Corkscrew Lott twisting himself up into a double-bow knot when your uncle got the range on him with the hose!"

Even Tom was moved to laughter when he recalled the surprise expressed on Lott's face when he first received the full force of the stream of water.

At school the next day, when the news had spread, Tom was overwhelmed with questions of all sorts. Fortunately the comments of Corkscrew Lott were not made in Tom's hearing, or there might have been a renewal of the Battle of the Curls. Corkscrew apparently remembered that decisive combat; and what he had to say about Tom Paulding's silly conduct was said behind Tom Paulding's back. No doubt this was wisest, for it is greatly to be feared that a fight would have been a great relief to Tom's feelings just then. Perhaps Corkscrew was shrewd enough to suspect this; at any rate, he kept out of Tom's way, and there was no overt act of hostility. Since the Battle of the Curls, Corkscrew had continued to grow, and he was now nearly six feet high; he was by far the tallest boy in the school, and his long boots served to exaggerate his height; but Tom was in a frame of mind that would have made it dangerous for any one to have stood up before him in a fair fight.

At dinner that night Mr. Rapallo was late. He was a little quieter than usual, perhaps, and took pleasure in drawing Polly out and in getting her to talk about her school and her school friends.

The little girl mentioned that one of her friends was in bed with a bad attack of "new-mown hay."

Uncle Dick was puzzled. "I suppose you mean hay-fever," he said; "but this is not the season for it."

"It is n't hay-fever at all," she declared; "it 's new-mown hay; that 's what the doctor called it."

"Oh!" and her uncle laughed out, "I see now. You mean pneumonia."

"That 's just what I said," Polly asserted.

"Mary," said Mr. Rapallo, turning to Mrs. Paulding, "you do not know how happy I have been here with you; and I myself don't yet know how much I shall miss you all."

"You are not going away?" asked Mrs. Paulding.

"Again?" cried Polly; "and you have only just come back."

Tom said nothing, but he looked at his uncle; and Mr. Rapallo knew by this glance how much his nephew would regret his departure.

"I am going away to-night," Uncle Dick declared.

"To-night?" echoed Polly.

"I hope you will not be gone so long as you were the last time," Mrs. Paulding exclaimed.

"I 'm afraid I shall be gone longer," Mr. Rapallo answered. "In fact, I don't know when I shall be back. I 'm a rolling stone, you see, and I am always rolling on and trying to gather moss. I leave New York to-night for San Francisco, and next week I expect to sail for Australia."

"But you won't stay there long?" Polly inquired.

"I think not," he answered; "for I have to go to Japan and China and India. And when I shall get back here again, I cannot venture even to guess—probably not for several years."

"Oh, Richard," said Mrs. Paulding, "I had hoped you would settle down here with us!"

"I hoped so, too," her brother replied; "but I 'm a wanderer on the face of the earth, and there is no use in my trying to cast anchor anywhere. I 've got to go out again into deep water now, and I suppose I may try to make myself believe that I start unwillingly; but I don't deceive myself. I 'm getting restless again; I 've seen the symptoms for some time; to-day the fever was at its height, so I took up with an offer Joshua Hoffmann made me, and I start off to-night."

"Then Marmee won't get her Chr—" Polly was going to finish with "—istmas present," when she remembered herself.

"Yes, she will," Uncle Dick remarked.



UNCLE DICK GIVES TOM'S MOTHER HER CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"I did n't say it out—not all of it," explained Pauline, blushing.

"And I did n't need you to remind me about it," her uncle responded, smiling.

Tom was sitting still, saying nothing, and thinking that his uncle's absence would leave a great void in the household, and almost wishing that he, too, might go to see these strange countries, Australia and India, China and Japan.

"When I went away at the beginning of the year," Mr. Rapallo continued, "I was working out a little invention. I had to travel about here and there, investigating, and improving my model. At last I completed it, and yesterday a man to whom I had shown it wrote and offered me a good price for it. I thought of refusing at first, but I went to see him yesterday afternoon, and we had a long talk, and finally I accepted. This morning I received my money. It was a little more than I needed to pay off the mortgage on this house—"

"Richard!" cried Mrs. Paulding, her eyes filling with tears, while Tom's face flushed with sudden pleasure.

"And I thought that was the best thing I could do with the money," Mr. Rapallo went on; "so Mr. Duncan and I arranged with the lawyer of the mortgagee, and here is the document, canceled. The first of June is a little late for a Christmas present, I know; but better late than never."

"I do not think I ought to let you give me this money of yours," said Mrs. Paulding.

"I do not think you can help yourself," answered her brother. "The deed is done—or at least the mortgage is, and that leaves the deed free. If Tom had had better luck with his hydraulic mining, of course I should n't have interfered with his intended arrangements."

"I wanted to pay off the mortgage myself," said Tom, "but I 'd rather have you do it than any one else; and of course I 'm delighted that it is done. Mother won't worry now,—that was what I wanted most."

"I know," his uncle replied; "but you want to go to the School of Mines also, don't you?"

"Now, with the mortgage paid, I think I can manage that," Mrs. Paulding declared.

"I think it can be arranged without any expense to you," Mr. Rapallo responded.

"How?" cried Tom. "I wish it could!"

"Well," Uncle Dick began, "I 'll tell you how. Mr. Joshua Hoffmann—"

"That 's the Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall, is n't it?" asked Tom.

"The Old Gentleman who leaned over the Wall is Mr. Joshua Hoffmann," Mr. Rapallo replied. "He is an old friend of mine, and it is on his business that I am going to the East. One day when you passed us I told him about you, Tom, and about your quest for buried treasure; and that is why he was standing by the hydrant yesterday morning when we were experimenting with the 'working hypothesis.' He was greatly interested in your success; he liked your hammering out your puzzle for yourself; and he was glad that you wanted a scientific education. When I told him about the unfortunate end of our wild-goose chase—how we had found a goose that laid eggs of imitation gold—he listened most attentively and with real sympathy. This morning he said to me, 'If that nephew of yours wants to come to me for the summer as a sort of private secretary—you say he writes a good hand—I 'll take him with me on the "Rhadamanthus"; and if I find him to be what I think he is, I 'll send him to the School of Mines at my own expense and give him a place at the Eldorado Works when he graduates. A boy with gumption and with grit—that 's the kind of boy I like to have about me.'"

"Oh, Uncle!" cried Tom.

"Will you accept?" asked Mr. Rapallo.

"Won't I!" Tom returned. "That is, if mother can spare me this summer."

"I shall miss you, my boy, no doubt," Mrs. Paulding answered; "but of course you must go. The chance is too good to lose."

So it came to pass that Tom Paulding went on a quest for buried treasure; and found it; and it was worthless. He wanted the money for a double purpose; and these things came about in other ways. Yet his wild-goose chase had not been a piece of folly; he felt himself stronger for the striving, and perhaps he was stronger for the disappointment.

Whether his quest had been altogether a failure or not, was a question Tom Paulding never solved. Sometimes it seemed to him that perhaps it may be a bad thing for a boy of New York at the end of the nineteenth century to expect to find buried treasure ready to his hand; the boy might just as well hope to have a fairy godmother. Now, we all know that fairy godmothers are very infrequent nowadays—in fact it may be said that they have gone quite out of fashion.

THE END.

A Year with Dolly

By Eudora S. Bumstead.



The sky is blue and the weather is fair,
But Dolly is sick and ailing;
In spite of all my trouble and care,
I can see that her health is failing.
The weather is fair and the sky is blue,
And there's naught to trouble or fret her,
But, spite of all I can say and do,
She's worse in the place of better.



I've given her baths both hot and cold,
I've regulated her diet,
And every remedy, new or old,
I've hastened at once to try it.
So many errands for her I've run;
I've tended and trotted and rocked her;
If she does not improve with all I've done,
I really must send for the Doctor.

LEARNING TO BE WEATHER-PROPHETS.

By S. A. Wetmore.

It may not be long before many of the pupils in the public and private schools of Boston will be able to tell us just when storms and hot and cold waves are coming; for they are learning how to be weather-prophets. I think there is no other place in the world where boys and girls have taken up this study in their schools; certainly, there is no other place where they pursue it in a way so easy and interesting. The plan is an excellent one, and I am sure it will be adopted in other large cities when the simple story of it has been told in St. Nicholas.

These Boston boys and girls have not been trying very long to be prophets, but already some of them are quite successful. Yet I am told that at first they did not at all fancy the idea of studying the weather, very likely because "meteorology" seemed to be such a hard word to understand. I don't think they could be blamed for their dislike to the science if they had had to study it from a dreadfully hard-looking text-book full of scientific terms and puzzling charts and figures; but happily a way has been found so easy that it surprises one. Now that it has been found, the wonder is it was not found before; but, then, that is what people said when Columbus discovered America, and, after all, the easiest things often seem to be the hardest to find out.

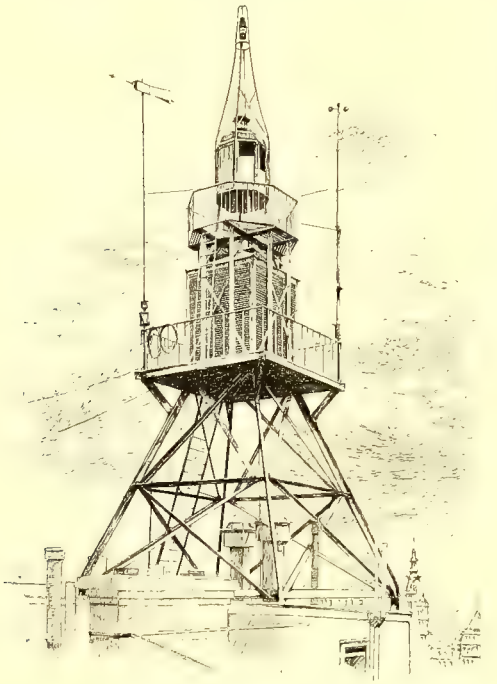
To begin with, these Boston boys and girls receive at their schools every morning a little map which gives them all the facts they are to look into, and a very remarkable little map it is. It has been coming out every day, just like a newspaper, for years, and, like the newspaper again, it has never yet been two days alike. If you were asked to guess where it comes from, I suppose you would say the school committee sends it. As a matter of fact, its publisher is a body of which we are even prouder — I mean the United States Government. The particular organization which has charge of it is the Weather Bureau, and this, in turn, is a branch of the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

At first the map seems hard to read, because there are such strange signs on it; but these soon become as familiar as the letters of the alphabet, and one then sees on it plain pictures of storms, clouds, and sunshine, rain and snow, hot and cold waves. Almost at a glance one sees the changes come, and the little map, once fully understood, is much more reliable than the best barometer any captain ever carried to sea in his ship. What makes it so interesting is the fact that it comes fresh every day, always with some new story to tell, and the Government gets the information so quickly that you know each day just what the weather is like on that very day in California or New Hampshire, in Boston or New York, or Chicago or New Orleans — in fact in every State and almost every city.

Of course, if we had to wait for the map to come from Washington, it would tell only an old story on its arrival; so a plan has been devised which avoids all delay. It is a very expensive plan, but a very simple one, and well worth all the money it costs. The Government pays the bill willingly, and does not charge the schools anything, not even postage.

Let me briefly describe the method: The Weather Bureau has agents, who are called "observers," at all the places throughout the country from which it desires daily information. At the moment the clock strikes eight in Boston, — that is, in Eastern standard time, — these observers go to their instruments and write down what is recorded at that instant. These instruments tell them the temperature, the pressure of the air, the direction of the wind, and how many miles an hour it is moving, and the observers need only use their eyes to find out

whether it is cloudy or clear or raining. They tell by the registering thermometer how cold it was during the night—that is, the lowest temperature. Then the observers go to their



SIGNAL-SERVICE STATION ON TOP OF THE "EQUITABLE" BUILDING, IN NEW YORK CITY.

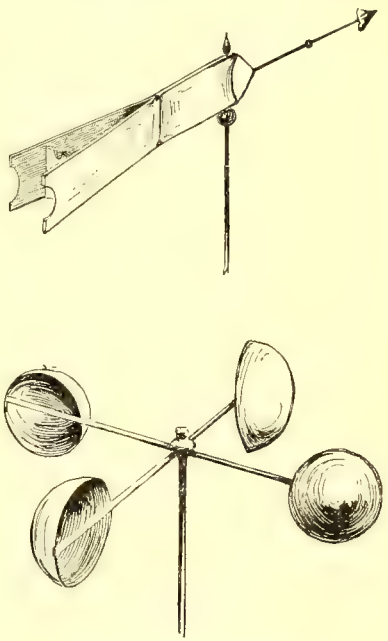
telegraph instruments and forward their reports at once to the central office at Washington.

Government messages have "right of way" through all telegraph offices, and other business must stand still for them; so it is not many minutes after eight o'clock when the central office is ready to make a map, which, by the use of convenient symbols and lines, gives all the facts in very small space. Before this map is drawn, however, the reports are carefully compared and all made into one, and are sent by telegraph again to Boston, New York, St. Louis, Chicago, and all the cities which are sufficiently large to make it worth while to print a map like that made in Washington.

In this way maps all just alike are being made in many cities at the same moment of time. The printing-machinery used is made for the purpose, and is very rapid. Often as early as ten o'clock in the morning, only two hours after the observers on the Pacific coast wrote their reports, the map containing those reports is printed in Boston. I am sure there is no newspaper able to do such rapid work as this. The Government, however, has two great advantages: its despatches are sent before even press despatches, and the machinery for printing requires less time than the type-setting and printing work of a newspaper.

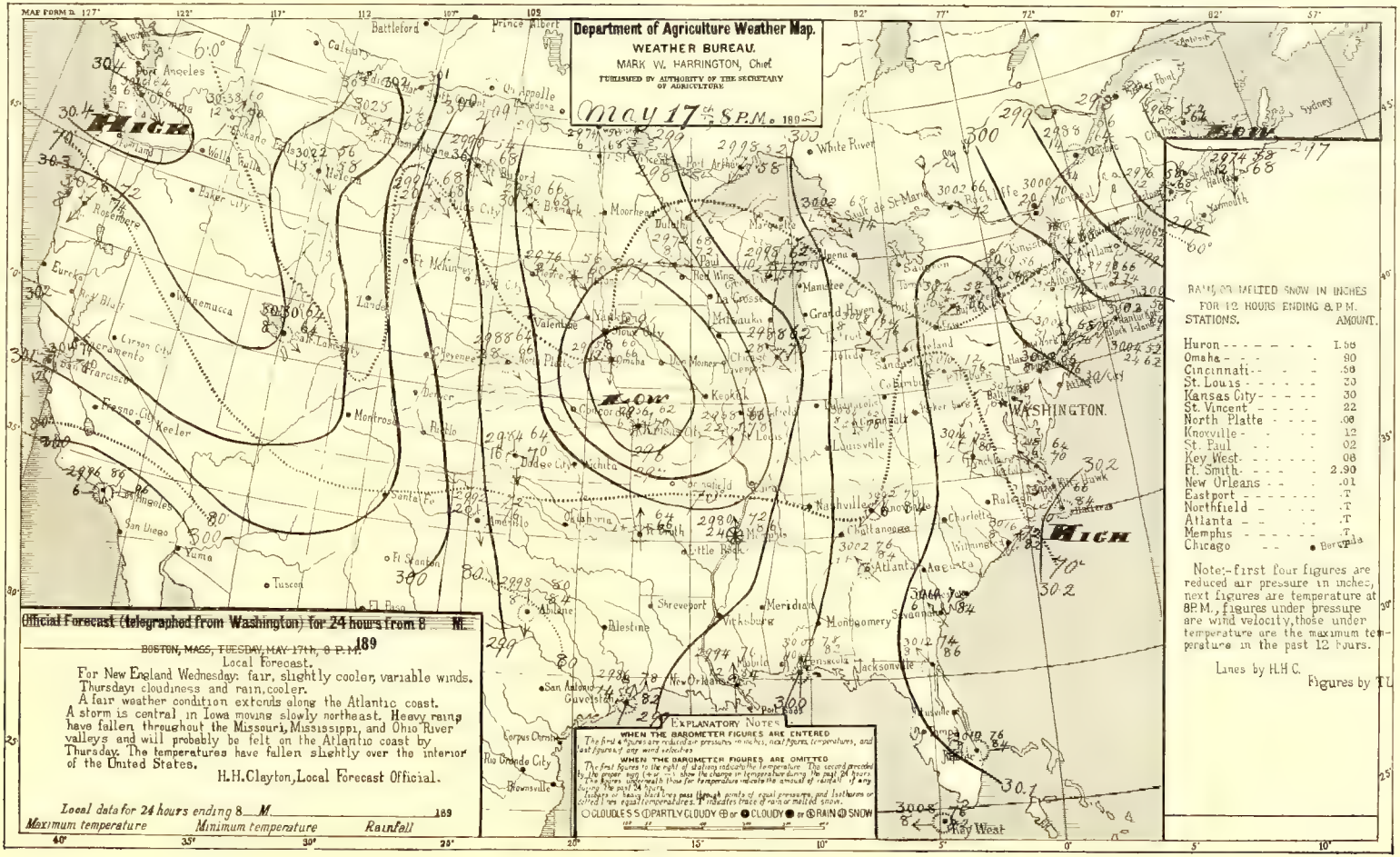
The method was perfected and patented by Mr. J. William Smith, the observer at Boston, to whom also, I think, belongs the credit of getting the boys and girls enough interested in the maps to study them. Quite recently he made an address to the Boston public-school teachers, in the teachers' central lecture-room, and, of course, he was able to tell them many new things about the weather. And this new knowledge they carried back to their schools and repeated to their pupils, greatly to the interest and advantage of all.

Nearly all the large schools take the maps now, and the boys and girls like to puzzle them over and to see how good a guess they can



A VANE, AND A WIND-GAGE.

make as to what the weather will be next day. They know that storms move from west to east, and when they find one over the Middle States, and moving toward the Atlantic Ocean a cer-



COPY OF ONE OF THE DAILY WEATHER-MAPS.

tain number of miles each day, they try to fix the hour when rain will begin to fall at Boston. In the same way, they look for cold waves in Minnesota, or even away off in Montana, and follow them as, day by day, they roll across the great lakes, over Ohio, and then to New York and the seaboard; and more than one Boston boy knew enough to have his skates ready at the right times last winter.

Some of the teachers know the maps so well now that they do not make mistakes in their predictions much oftener than the officials at Washington do. And this only a little while ago was a lesson they supposed they never could learn, much less teach it to others. In the other cities where the maps are printed they are used only by boards of trade and business houses; but General Greely once told me he would like them to be used everywhere as they are used in Boston. General Greely is not now at the head of the Weather Bureau, but I am sure that the new chief has the same wish.

THE DODISH MORAL SIGNAL-SERVICE.

By S. Edward Paschall.

If an advertisement for a lost dog states that the missing animal answers to the name of "Rover," the reader naturally assumes that Rover is the dog's name; and so if I tell about a little girl who answers to the name of "Dodish," you may assume that Dodish is her name—but it is not. Neither is her name Daddles nor Ann Jane, though she answers to these names quite readily; nor is it "House-afire," though she has been known to answer (perhaps rather tartly) to that name also. Not without going into the philosophy of children's nicknames could I explain the origin of the name Dodish. But I can tell you all about the great Dodish Moral Signal-Service.

You see, Dodish lives among green fields in summer, and amid a white landscape in winter. In other words, she is a little country girl, aged eight years, with a tendency to be old-fashioned. She wishes she had been twins, so that a constant playfellow would be at her side; but not being twins she accepts the fellowship of dog, cat, rabbit, or even calf, and manages to drag out an existence which is by no means lonesome or solitary. When she is good, she is about as happy as any healthy girl can hope to be: a statement which at least insinuates that she is not always good.

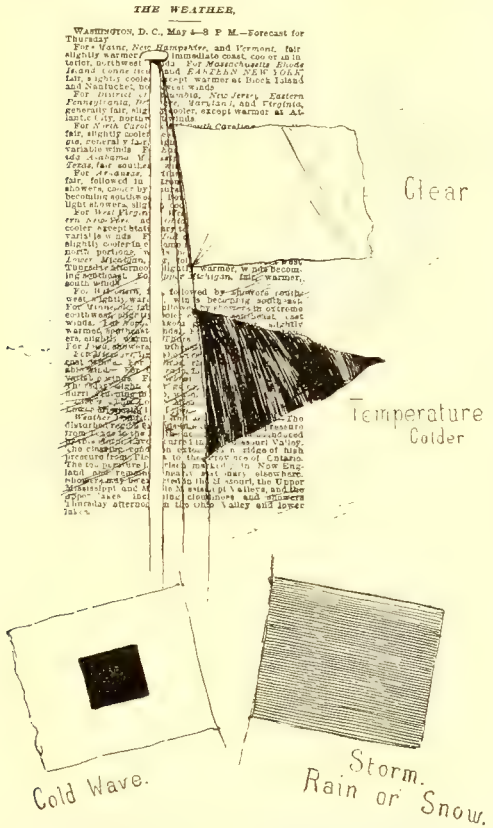
Her brother and sister, both older than Dodish, go to school at the seminary in the village, and the flag-staff on the top of the high building is plainly in view of Dodish at her home. The school displays the weather-signals which are daily telegraphed all over the land by the Government. Do you know how to read these weather-signals?

If you will look at any daily newspaper you will find somewhere a little paragraph headed "weather predictions," and if you will carefully note the weather you will find that these predictions, which are not mere guesses, come out nearly true.

There are four flags in an ordinary signal-service set, as follows: One square white flag, which means clear weather; one square dark flag, which means storm—either rain or snow; one dark-colored triangular flag, which means temperature; and one square white flag, with a dark center, which means "cold wave." These signals are always read from the top downward. When the temperature-flag is not displayed, it means that no change is to be expected; but when the triangle is floating with the other flags, it means that the weather is to be warmer or colder, as it may be above or below them.

Dodish studied the signals until she had mas-

tered them. She thought it was very interesting to know in advance the state of the weather.



WEATHER-SIGNALS, AND A NEWSPAPER WEATHER-REPORT.

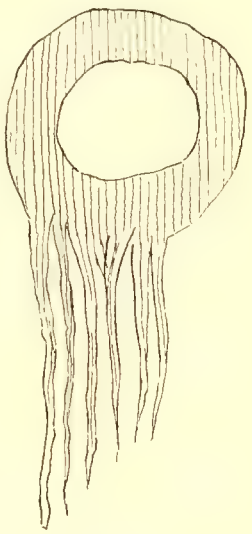
It seemed useful, too; for her mother soon came to consult the flags each morning, and when the storm-signal was flying, the older children's dinners were given to them in a neat basket, so that they need not come home at noon. Dodish did not go to school that term.

Then an idea came to Dodish, and she proceeded to carry it into effect. She would have a signal-service of her own,—a sort of moral signal-service, which would indicate the atmosphere of the household. She would hang up symbols every morning to indicate the moral probabilities of the day.

Her mother did not discourage the idea. Perhaps she thought a domestic signal-service officer in the family might be very useful—especially if the "observer" happened to be the very person most familiar with juvenile hurricanes and storm-centers.

At any rate, Dodish went to work and produced her signals. She did it in a quiet way. She chose paper of various colors, and cut designs of several shapes. She found yellow and white paper, but had to resort to her paint-box to obtain black, blue, pink, and red, of the proper shades. The signals she made, if not artistic, were unique,—which is all right for signals.

For a flag-staff she chose a hook above a window, on which a canary's cage had once hung. To this hook she somehow attached a string, of length sufficient to be within daily reach from a chair. Next morning, without any useless ceremony or delay, the moral signal-service went into effect. At breakfast-time there was a signal flying, and several others were ready for use as occasion might require.


Sunshine.

"This signal," she explained, "is 'Sunshine.' I am going to be bright and cheerful to-day. You will see. It is made of yellow paper. Don't you think it looks like sunshine, mama?"

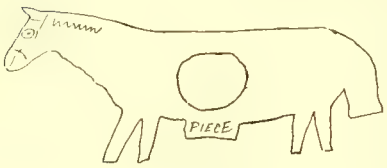
Then she proceeded to explain the other signals. "Here is one called 'Storm'; it is 'Old Thunder Cloud.' It is painted black. It may be wanted some day when I feel cross. I am not going to be cross, you know, if I can help it; but sometimes I can't help it, and then I must use this signal.


Thunder Cloud.

"The white-horse signal means 'Peace.' That is

when everything is quiet in the house and we are not going to quarrel. I have written his name on him—'P-i-e-c-e.'"

"The red horse means danger. That is his name — 'Danger.' Don't you see his horrid check-rein? I hate check-reins. It is wicked to use them, and I feel like doing something awful whenever I see a man driving a horse with a check-rein. I want to put the check-rein on the man every time, and make it tight, and drive him, and see how he would like to have his head away up in that style. I would hitch him to a chair, and make him go on his hands and knees, and he would never want to use a check-rein again.

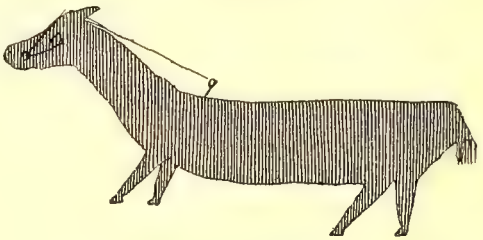


Peace.

"There are two other signals," continued Dodish. "They are called 'Happy' and 'Unhappy.' Happy is pink and Unhappy is blue. Can't you remember all the signals easily?"

The family favored the idea, and the next morning the double signals displayed were interpreted to mean "Happiness followed by Sunshine." We were delighted with the scheme.

The moral signal-service is still in use, and may continue. It ought to last. We are willing to allow Dodish to act as signal-officer for life. Unlike other systems, the signal-officer can control the conditions, and can bring to pass an ideal type of indoor weather.


Danger.

Hence these may become, with practice on the part of the officer in charge, the most charming of forecasts. The yellow, the pink, and the white signals may be always kept up, and the red, the black, and the blue signals may be permanently kept out of sight.

A PUZZLED PROFESSOR.



I UNDERSTAND most languages that human beings speak—
French, German, Spanish, English, with Latin, Dutch, and Greek;
But I have a very little boy who 's wiser far than I,
For he 's puzzled me completely by a very strange reply.

A circus came to town, one day, and Tommy longed to go;
He asked me for permission, and I simply answered no.
His chin turned up, his mouth turned down, he stamped and
clenched his hand,
And uttered this queer sentence that I could n't understand:

"I don't—ah, ooh—boo, ah! Papa! You might, you never—boo!
Ur, hur! er—let me go, ah yah! to any—Oh! Boo-hoo!"

At least, it sounded so to me; and what I 'd like to know
Is whether some obliging boy his cleverness will show,
By sending me, in English, what Tommy meant to say
The time that he addressed me in that very foreign way.



A CHILD'S VERSES.

(Written at the age of eleven.)

By Lucy Webling.

THE SEA.

I looked from the window early.
  One ship upon the sea:
Its sails are furled, it resteth still—
  A lovely sight to me.

The sparrows were singing, singing—
  I heard them far and wide;
I watched the sea as I listened.
  Low was the morning tide.

HER AGES.

When I was nineteen, then my love
Was more than forty-three;
When I was twenty-five, my love
Was eighteen, fair to see!
Now I am fifty, and my love
Is little more than three.

HER MOODS.

She frowned on me, a naughty frown,
And oh! it was a shame, I vow,
To wrinkle and to crisscross too
Her fair and smooth and lofty brow.

But I was blithe and I was gay,
And so I chased the frown away.

And then she pouted, half in jest;
She had to keep with all her might
From laughing. Still, the pout was there;
Her rosy lips were puckered tight.

What coaxing words I had to say
Before I chased the pout away!

And then she cried, and tear-drops fell,
And for the change I was not glad;
She looked so sorrowful, and I—
I could not bear to see her sad.

With pleading soft and speeches gay
At length the tears were chased away,

And then she smiled. Ah! what a change—
The laughter lights within her eyes;
She was so loving, dear, and bright,
She seemed an angel from the skies.

With red-rose cheeks and raven hair,
I kissed the smile to keep it there.

ON A BIRTHDAY.

It is your birthday, sister mine;
  I would your room with flowers deck,
And give you many wondrous gifts,
  Had I the fays at call and beck.

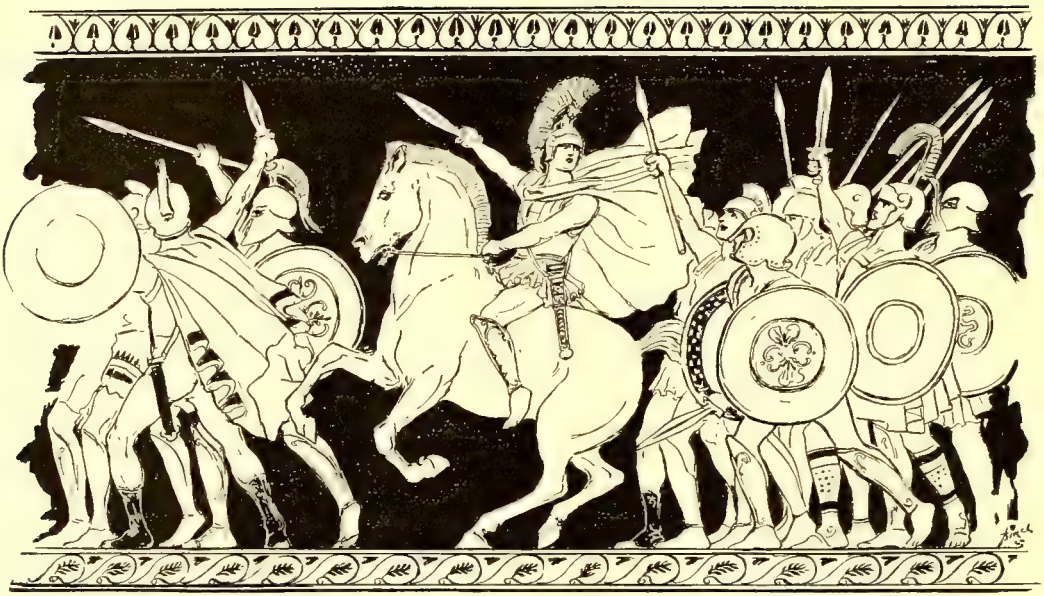
Flowers I 'd strew beneath your feet,
  And books of learning I would give,
Red roses that would fade away,
  And everlasting flowers that live.

Then take this scroll and read it through;
  Excuse the blot, excuse the dash,—
All of these things they should be yours,
  But, sister mine, I lack the cash.

INGRATITUDE.

In the darkened room
  There 's a glimpse of gold.
"That is baby's bright hair,"
  In whispers I 'm told.

"My own darling baby!"
  The mother now cries.
"Don't bover," it murmur'd,
  And closed its eyes.



LEONIDAS

(A Tale of the Turkish War with Greece.)

By Anna Robeson Brown.

Greece, the desolate and broken, lay beneath the burning sun,
All her fortresses had yielded, all her strongholds one by one;

And her fair proud head bent helpless, at the mercy of the foe:
Not a soldier to defend her from the Turk who laid her low.

Far adown the dusty highway, through the fields of trampled grain,
Past the still, deserted village, past the cattle on the plain,

With the steady clank of sabers and the trumpet's martial din,
Passed a conquering Turkish squadron, and its chief, El-Abarrin.

Not a peasant ran to watch them, not a lad to see them pass;
But the footsteps of their horses made a murmur in the grass;

And the grim chief in his mantle smiled to see the home unblest,
And the goodman's corner empty, and the goodwife's wheel at rest.

Suddenly, his charger reining, "What is this?" quoth Abarrin;
"Surely something comes to meet us where we thought no foe to win!

"But my eyes are dim with dust-flakes — look, I pray, and tell to me;
For, by Allah! to my seeing 't is a wondrous enemy!"

At command, the squadron halted — curbed each man his restless horse;
While the little band came onward, fearless, in the foeman's course,

Clust'ring closely, all together, as they drew his sight within:
"By the Prophet's holy Kaaba!—*children!*" quoth El-Abarrin.

Such a rabblement of children! every age, and every size,
Golden-haired and dark-haired maidens, lads with steadfast Grecian eyes,

Armed with flails, with scythes and sabers, in right soldierly array,
And the earnest, childish faces proving there was more than play.

In amazement stood the squadron, as the little band drew near,—
Not a childish footstep faltered, not a childish face showed fear,—

Till before the waiting squadron in the road they halted nigh.
"What trick is this, I pray you?" cried the Turk amazedly.

From the little crowd of children stepped a lad not twelve years old;
Fearless were the eyes he lifted, and his bearing free and bold.

In his hand he held a banner, bearing on its silken fleece,
Torn and soiled, the simple ensign of their once victorious Greece.

"Sir," he said, "we 've come to fight you. Father said, the other night,
Greece had lost her glorious soldiers, not a Spartan shield was bright.

"And he told how, in past ages, Grecian warriors died to save
All their homesteads from the Persian, and their children from the grave.

"How Leonidas stood fighting all day long against the foe;
How he fell, and how his comrades yielded sorely, blow by blow.



"And, my father says, the noblest death that any Greek can die
Is defending home and hearthstone from the cruel enemy.

"So I gathered here my playmates, and I told them all the tale,
And I bade them carry weapons, stick and saber, stone and flail.

"And we thus come out to meet you, and to die, if need must be,
As the band of noble Spartans died at old Thermopylæ."

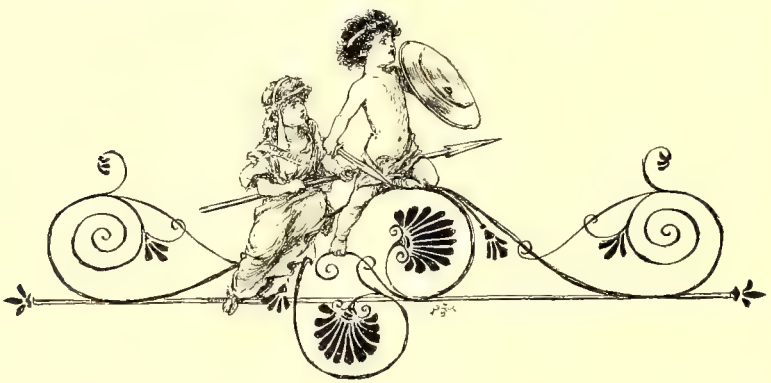
Not a word the chieftain answered, but he turned his horse's feet,
And he bade the Turkish trumpet sound the order for retreat.

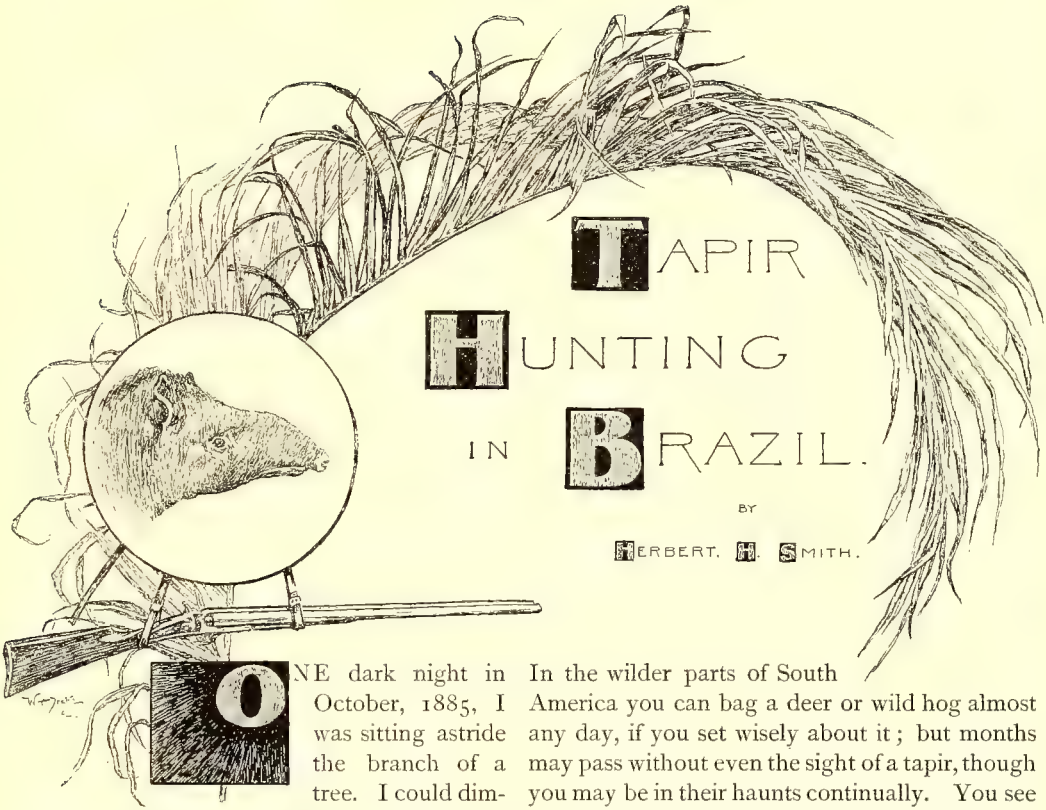
Smiling then, he drew his saber from its shining, crooked sheath:
"You have fairly won the battle, and deserve the victor's wreath.



"So, in token of surrender over all the troops that pass,
Here I yield to you, O Captain! Take the sword, Leonidas!"

Then, saluting low his captor, turned the chief his bridle-rein,
And ere long the Turkish squadron was a dust-cloud on the plain.





TAPIR HUNTING IN BRAZIL.

BY

HERBERT H. SMITH.

ONE dark night in October, 1885, I was sitting astride the branch of a tree. I could dimly see the outlines of another tree, where my friend Bert was ensconced; and Carlos was somewhere near. Below us the water of a little pond could be faintly distinguished.

Ten o'clock; eleven; midnight: not a sound, and the situation was becoming unbearable. Then—flash! bang! from Bert's tree. There came a crash as of some heavy animal making off through the thickets. There was a general scramble, and we three came together like the divisions of an army when the roar of cannon proclaims a battle; but there had been no slaughter apparently, so we went growling off to camp.

This was my first tapir-hunting experience: five hours in that stony-hearted tree, and nothing to show for it. We found in the morning the tracks of three tapirs, which must have come down to drink not far from our trees; but they had moved so quietly, and it was so dark, that we had not noticed them.

Tapir-hunting is full of such disappointments. In the wilder parts of South America you can bag a deer or wild hog almost any day, if you set wisely about it; but months may pass without even the sight of a tapir, though you may be in their haunts continually. You see plenty of unmistakable three-toed tracks, and now and again you may hear tapirs moving in the forest—not leaping through openings between the vines and branches as a deer does, nor pushing the brush aside like a jaguar, but crushing their way by sheer strength, with a great crackling of twigs.

It is almost useless to follow tracks or sounds; clumsy as the animals appear, they can race through the underbrush faster than a dog can follow; and they are so keen of sight and scent, and so prone to concealment, that even the most experienced hunter rarely catches sight of one in the daytime, unless by accident. The best plan is to lie in wait for them, as the lithe and crafty jaguar does, by their drinking and wallowing places, and this must be done at night.

I may as well add here that tapirs are common all over tropical South and Central America, except the thickly settled regions and the Pacific coast. Naturalists distinguish several

species, differing mainly in size and the structure of the bones; but they are much alike. All go singly, or in bands generally of two or three, and feed on fruits and leaves.

Well, we bagged a tapir, and a big one, too; for, if our first tapir-hunt was a failure, our second was a grand success. Bert and I, in one of our long insect-seeking excursions, came across a bit of tangled forest, sloping down, apparently to the bed of a stream. It was dreadfully thick growth, what with the vines and thorny bushes; but we scrambled through somehow, hoping to get a drink of water. At the bottom of the slope, instead of a stream, we found a dismal hollow, about sixty yards across, shaped precisely like a cup or bowl, but with one side broken away where the hollow had its outlet. Sides and bottom were of stiff clay, littered with fallen trees and dank rotting vegetation; near the middle there were two or three muddy pools. We peered over the sides, but the place was so uncanny that we were about to beat a quick retreat, when something at the bottom caught Bert's eye. We looked again, and that hollow suddenly transformed itself into the loveliest spot in all Brazil! You may laugh, but wait until you have hunted tapirs vainly for six months! Then you can understand why we sat down and gazed for ten minutes into the hole, and could hardly tear ourselves away from it. Not two or three lines of three-toed tracks, but the whole muddy bottom was full of them, small and large, old and fresh, one over the other, so that many parts were trodden into shapelessness, like the ground in a cattle-yard. It was clearly a *barreira*—a spot where the forest animals come, not only to wallow, but to lick the clay, which, no doubt, is slightly impregnated with salt. Even from the bank we could distinguish tracks of deer and wild hogs as well as of tapirs. Best of all, the place was undisturbed; I doubt if a hunter had seen it for a century, and all we had to do was to conceal ourselves some night at the top, and wait for our tapirs; almost the whole place was within easy shot from where we stood, and we would be so high that there would be little danger of detection by scent.

We resolved to set about our work methodically, and make sure of success. So the next day we let Carlos into the secret, and together we hurried off to the *barreira*, carrying an ax and a large knife. Of course we did n't go down into the hollow itself. That would have been unpardonably foolish. As quietly as we could, we cut palm-leaves and poles and made a little thatched hut on the bank, taking care to conceal it as much as possible. The sides were made of similar thatch, carefully closed in under the eaves; and we had a door of plaited palm-leaves, which could be tightly shut. All holes were carefully stopped up; only on the side facing the hollow we left narrow loopholes for shooting. Thus arranged, the hut would not only serve as a shelter and screen, but it would in great measure keep our scent from being carried into the surrounding forest. It was also an advantage that the hut was thirty feet above the hollow.

When all was finished to our satisfaction, we went away—and stayed away for a month. We knew that the tapirs would see and scent our shelter, carefully as we had concealed it, and we wanted to give them time to get over their first distrust. Not only did we keep away from the hollow—we did n't go within a mile of the place during all that time, and we did not fire a gun within two miles of it. Meanwhile we had the proud sense of a mighty secret to console us. At the end of the month, only we three knew of the *barreira* and the hut.

At length the auspicious time came; we chose a night when the moon was nearly full so that we might have plenty of light. The two double-barreled guns—rifles would have been better, but we had none—were thoroughly cleaned, and cartridges loaded with heavy charges of powder and buckshot, with a bullet over all; we carried a few spare cartridges, but not many, for it was fairly certain that the shooting would be limited to ten seconds or so.

All this the boys arranged; as for myself, I had a well-founded distrust of my shooting powers, and, as usual, agreed to go as a looker-on. It is an office of little glory, but not without its compensations.

Well, we started about four o'clock in the afternoon, and walked rapidly until near sunset; then we stopped at a little brook about



JAGUAR ATTACKING A TAPIR.

a mile from the *barreira* to bathe, and to put ourselves into thoroughly clean trousers and blouses, leaving the soiled ones by the brook.

After refreshing ourselves with a lunch, we stole on to the *barreira*, reaching the hut just after sunset.



"THERE WAS A GRAND STAMPEDE." (SEE PAGE 951)

In the dusk we could not see whether there were any fresh tracks; so we ensconced ourselves behind the palm-thatch walls and waited patiently. The mosquitos were terrible, but we gritted our teeth and brushed them off gently; slapping them would have been quite out of order.

The sunlight faded, but the moon, although still new, was silvery bright, and we could see the bottom of the hollow very plainly. An owl or two flitted across; and about eight o'clock a deer walked quietly up the ravine into the hollow, and stood in the moonlight, not thirty yards from us. It was a sore temptation, but the boys never stirred; they were waiting for rarer game. The deer evidently had no suspicion of our presence, though what wind there was blew from us and over the hollow; I suppose the place was so deep that our scent passed quite over it. We were well satisfied with this test of our concealment.

Some dark forms—wild hogs, no doubt—appeared at the mouth of the ravine, but none of them came higher. Then!—the hunters gripped their guns and held their breath—one, two, three, four great animals marched up in line, quite coolly, and evidently at home in the place. They were tapirs! For even before they reached the strip of moonlight, their size and gait distinguished them; two were as big as small cows, though not so high; the others were somewhat smaller, evidently the young of the family.

The animals stopped at the first pool, and for a moment we feared they might come no higher. It was long range, and the boys had agreed to wait for a sure shot. But our alarm was needless. The tapirs walked into the pool, drank, and one of them lay down in the water, wallowing and grunting a little. Then they moved on, straight toward us, but very slowly; we could see them stopping now and then to pick up fruits with their curious long prehensile noses, using them almost as elephants use their trunks. Now they were just

below us; two shots rang out, and two more a second after. There was a grand stampede, a shrill whistle, and as the smoke blew over we saw one of the larger tapirs rush straight up the side of the hollow, and disappear in the thickets; the others made off down the ravine.

We got out of the hut somehow, and began to search among the bushes, guided only by the uncertain moonlight; but both the boys were sure that the large tapir had been wounded, if not killed, and they would not give it up. After half an hour of scrambling and cutting through the underbrush, a shout from Carlos brought us together; there was the great animal, lying on its side in a tangle of vines and sticks, stone dead. The boys had bagged their tapir at last!

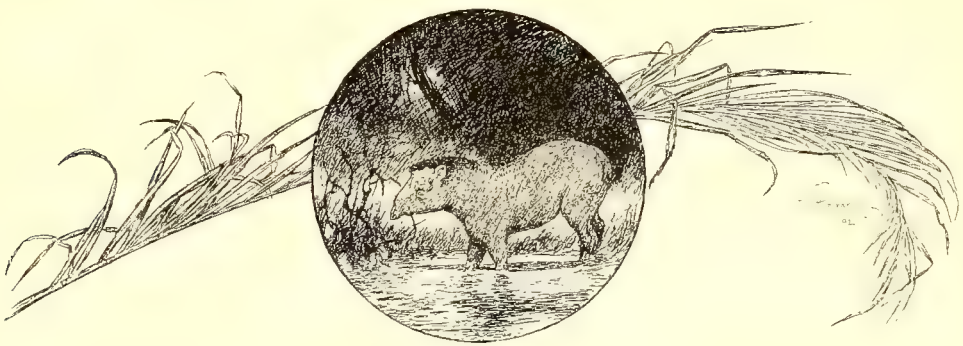
This was a monster; all three of us together could hardly roll the body over. To get it away that night was clearly impossible; so we let the creature lie there, being certain that no jaguar would come near it after the noise we had made. Indeed, a jaguar will not touch a dead animal unless of its own killing. With some difficulty we got up the hill and walked home, reaching the house about midnight, and waking everybody with a grand fusillade in token of success.

Next morning we took Vicente cautiously into the secret,—for we were determined to have another hunt at the *barreira*,—and, furnished with knives and an ax, we went to look up our game.

It took us fully two hours to skin the animal; and the skin alone, slung to a pole, was a heavy load for Carlos and Vicente. Tapir-skins are very thick, and, when properly tanned, perhaps the finest of all leather, where great strength is required; they are very handsome, too, curing almost white. In Brazil these hides are in great demand for lariats, halters, and so on, and in the cities they bring high prices. Ours was the largest I ever saw, nearly six feet long, and on the coast would have sold readily for thirty or forty dollars.

The bones we dragged up the hill, and well away from it, lest the unsavory presence should keep other animals from the place.

For days after our back-yard was adorned with festoons of salted tapir-meat, drying in the sun; and this furnished our table for a long time, whenever fresh meat was lacking. By the time it gave out the boys had a fresh supply; for at intervals they watched many times by this *barreira*, and by another one which they found. Sometimes they were unsuccessful, but altogether they killed several tapirs, though none so large as our first one, nor did they manage to shoot more than one in an evening. We called the first *barreira* our butcher-stall; whenever Dolly found the larder running low she would say, "Come, boys, it is time to go to market!" They used to growl good-naturedly about the mosquitos and the rain, and what not; but I think they were always glad to go. After a time other hunters discovered the secret, and visits to the hollow became so numerous that animals got shy of the place. The last time the boys went they brought home a deer, but declared there was no hunting left at the *barreira*. I hope the place is forgotten by this time, and that, some years hence, a party of ST. NICHOLAS boys may rediscover it — and shoot a tapir bigger than ours.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"Ho! for Summer bright and gay!" says your friend Julie M. Lippmann, in some ringing rhymes just sent to this pulpit. And so says your Jack, my hearers, as he sees how much brighter are your eyes and browner your faces, because of your long outing. Yes, ho! for Out-of-Doors! — that all-the-year-round wonder-world of health and happiness.

Here are the rhymes. They are called

A JEWEL SONG.

Hey! for turquoise sky and sea,
Emerald grass and leafy tree,
Topaz sunlight, onyx shade,—
Ho! for Spring, the joyous maid.

Hey! for sapphire ocean blue,
Opal sky and moonstone dew,
Agate night and amber day,—
Ho! for Summer bright and gay.

Hey! for garnet bough and vine,
Amethyst grape and ruby wine,
Golden setting for them all,—
Ho! for brilliant, sad-heart Fall.

Hey! for silver glistening frost,
Pearls of snow past any cost,
Diamond ice and crystal air,—
Ho! for Winter cold and fair.

WHEN A MATCH WAS A WONDER.

What every-day trifle seems more commonplace to you than a match? Yet there was a time, it seems, when that simple bit of wood and phosphorus was quite a curiosity, as this letter shows:

Dear Jack: I want to tell you about a wonderful bit of magic that was no magic at all. It happened more than fifty years ago. An old sailor, who dearly loves to tell "tales of the stormy sea," amused a party of youngsters not long ago by the narration of many strange happenings, but none stranger than this: When he was about fifteen years of age, he sailed from a New England seaport, on a four years' whaling voyage, doubling Cape Horn, and going up the Pacific Coast, into the Arctic regions. When he left, there was no way of getting fire, except with flint and steel.

The end of four years found him again in the old seaport town; and, accompanied by a messmate, he went into a shop to buy cigars.

The man in attendance passed out several; then taking a small stick from a box, he struck it against the wall, and a blaze burst forth. The amazement of the young sailors was unbounded. Lucifer matches were something they had never seen or heard of, for they were invented during their long, tedious voyage, and were just coming into general use.

E. M. C——.

A TRAGEDY.

Mary found one morning, stretched across her favorite corner in the play-room, a large spider web. Not fancying this style of decoration, she took her little broom and brushed it down, giving it no further thought. But what was her surprise the next morning to find the web again there!

Madam Spider, it seems, had herself taken a liking to this special corner, and under cover of the night had rebuilt her house, laying broad her foundations and strengthening the structure by many a line and stay.

For six days this unequal warfare continued; six times did Mary ruthlessly destroy that which had cost the spider so much labor.

When on the seventh morning the web was again there, Mary, wondering where the tireless worker kept herself, looked about, and there, sure enough, in a silken tunnel under the web, sat Madam Spider, her eyes gleaming brightly.

Mary quietly moved her things away, and left the spider in possession of the disputed corner. She was beginning to feel a sense of companionship with her room-mate, when a wasp came in at the open window and soon spied the web, and making his way to it, went underneath in search of the spider; finding her so snugly hidden in her tunnel, he seemed to give up the idea, if he had any, of attacking her, and flew about the room again, but before long he alighted on the web with much buzzing and fluttering. Mary thought that now the spider would have her house again pulled down over her head. But, alas! a sadder fate was in store for our unfortunate friend. Hungry for her breakfast, she rushed forth eager to capture the intruder, when the designing wasp seized her and flew away with her, leaving Mary the empty web, and a pang at the remembrance of her harshness toward the little spinner.

Mrs. A. H. W——.

A FAIRY SHIP IN FAIRY-LAND.

While we are upon the subject of spiders, it is pleasant to know that they do not all suffer such a fate as did the one that was spared by Mary only to be killed by the wasp. Hear what Mr. Nugent has to say of this valiant voyager:

Dear Jack: I send you a picture of a pretty sailing-craft — such a dainty craft as one might expect to find in fairy-land. It is a living ship, too; for on looking carefully you will see the oblong body of a spider resting upon eight outstretched legs, placed lightly on the surface of the water. If you were fortunate enough to get close to one of these tiny ships, and could look at it through a magnifying-glass, you might perhaps discover that it floated on a delicate silken float too finely woven to be seen by the naked eye. Sails of finest gossamer, gracefully floating before the gentlest breezes, complete the fairy outfit.

This beautiful yacht was discovered by Dr. H. C. Mc-

Cook of Philadelphia. The celebrated naturalist was studying the actions of a certain species of spiders when running over water. To obtain specimens, he beat some tall marsh-grasses that overhung a lake, and a number of spiders were thrown down. All but one hastily scurried across the surface of the water and were soon ashore; but this one, having been thrown out farther than the others, exhibited a mode of traveling which was quite startling, even to the learned naturalist. After falling from the grass, it made no attempt to move as the other spiders did, but was quiet for a while. Then, without any noticeable movement of its legs, it suddenly glided rapidly across the surface to the land. How this motion was caused was a complete puzzle to the Doctor. Hoping to solve the problem, he beat the grasses once more. This time another spider belonging to the same species was thrown in, but so near to the land that it easily paddled ashore. The Doctor did not consider this short journey a fair test, so lifting the spider on the end of his cane, he placed it somewhat farther out upon the surface of the lake.

Like the other, this spider was still for a moment, but soon from its spinnerets floated a number of silken threads. These formed silken sails for the little creature. The wind blowing on these fairy sails caused the living sail-boat to scud over the surface at a lively rate. Just for an experiment, the Doctor several times changed the spider's course by blowing on the "sail," or fanning close to it with his hat.



During this trip, the spider's legs were drawn together upward and kept straight, thus holding its body completely out of the water. Each foot made a wavelet and ripples as the pretty craft ran shoreward before the wind. Your friend,

MEREDITH NUGENT.

[The following little story is told to a girl of three, by her mother. The mother imitates the voices of the different animals, and when she comes to the "A B C" part she takes an alphabet-card and the little girl shows her how Susie and Bertie said their letters to the teacher.]

BERTIE'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

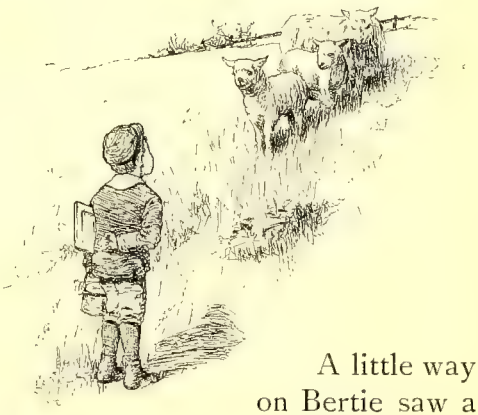
One day Bertie's mama gave him a little book, and a tin pail full of nice things for dinner, and told him to go to school.

Bertie went a little way up the road, and met a dog. He began to be lonely, for he had no one to walk with, so he said, "Doggie, don't you want to go to school with me?" But the dog said only, "Bow-wow!" and ran away.



Bertie went on, and pretty soon he met a lamb. "Don't you want to go to school with me?" said he. But the lamb said only, "Bah! bah!" and ran away.

Then Bertie met a cow with long, sharp horns; but she did not look as if she would hurt a little boy. So he said, "Bossy, don't you want to go to school with me?" But the cow said only, "Moo-o, moo-o!" and went on eating grass.



A little way on Bertie saw a pig. "Piggy, don't you want to go to school with me?" he said. But the pig only said, "Ugh! ugh!" and lay down in the sun.



By and by Bertie saw a path that came down a hill into the road. Just as he got to the path a little girl ran out into the road. It was Bertie's cousin, Susie.

"Where are you going, Cousin Susie?" he said, when she came near.

"I am going to school," said the little girl, showing him her books.

"Oh! there is where I am going," said Bertie. "May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Susie; "but we must hurry. Don't you hear the bell ringing? —What have you in your pail?"



"A piece of bread and butter, a nice little pie, a nice little cake, and an apple," said Bertie.

By this time they were at the school, and they both went in.

The teacher asked their names.



Bertie told his name, and the little girl said her name was Susie.

Then they stood by the teacher and said—("What did they say?")—"A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z."

When Bertie came home, he said: "Mama, I met a dog and asked him to go to school, and he said, 'Bow-wow!' and I asked a lamb and he said, 'Bah! bah!' and I asked a cow, and she said, 'Moo-o, moo-o!' and I asked a pig, and he said, 'Ugh! ugh!' and none of them would go with me. Then I met Cousin Susie, and *she* went with me."



"DO YOU TAKE CREAM, MISS JONES?"

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscript cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

FORT WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We four little girls, whose fathers are stationed at this post, send you a check of twenty-six dollars; and we want to know if you would be kind enough to send it to Helen Keller for Tommy, as we do not know her address. We have been greatly interested in what we have read of them in ST. NICHOLAS. We made this money ourselves, and want to tell you how we did it.

We four girls have a club called the "H. H. Club"; we meet once a week, and each gives five cents for charity. We have had the club only a few months, so we have not much money; but on June 8, 1892, we gave a strawberry festival. A kind fruit-grower, Mr. Offner, gave us all the strawberries.

The cake was given by our families. The adjutant let us have the band and the hop-room, so our expenses were not much. We made our dresses ourselves, of five-cent white cheese-cloth, with red sashes and caps to match, a bunch of red roses, and our badges, which were red also. About sixty people came, and we danced and had a good time.

Pres.— CONSTANCE L. MILLS,
ten years old.
Sec. and Treas.— MARGARET S. SMITH,
twelve years old.
SUE S. SMITH,
eleven years old.
HELEN KOERPER,
ten years old.

THIS letter was promptly forwarded to Helen Keller, and here is her answer:

TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA, July 13, 1892.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It has given me very great pleasure to write to the four little girls who raised the twenty-six dollars to help educate Tommy Stringer. And, thinking that the children would be pleased to receive my letter through ST. NICHOLAS, I inclose it with many thanks for all that ST. NICHOLAS has done to interest its readers in dear little Tommy's case. I frequently receive letters and money from kind persons, who say they first heard of my efforts in Tommy's behalf through ST. NICHOLAS.

I am, gratefully, your little friend,
HELEN KELLER.

INCLOSED was the following graceful reply to her generous little friends:

TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA, July 13, 1892.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: Please accept my loving thanks for the twenty-six dollars you sent to help educate dear little Tommy. I cannot but think these are blessed dollars, because they are sent to help a blind and deaf child "out of darkness into light." Then, too, they represent the tender sympathy of four happy children for a little stranger, in a distant State, who must all his life miss a great deal that other boys and girls enjoy.

I feel sure that you will be glad to hear that Tommy is adding a little to his store of knowledge every day. He behaved perfectly well all through the commencement exercises of the Perkins Institution, which were held in Boston last June, and many expressions of praise were heard concerning him. He sat among the kindergarten children, his round face beaming with happy smiles, and while the others were singing about the blacksmith, he stood and hammered his fat little fists also. With love for all from HELEN KELLER.

CONSTANCE L. MILLS, SUE S. SMITH,
MARGARET S. SMITH, HELEN KOERPER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a true story. About a year ago a gentleman was walking along one of the streets of Oneida, N. Y. He saw a turtle taking its Sunday walk. Its size was about four inches across its back. He picked it up, for he thought he would like to take it home to his little boy, whose name was Paul. A little girl, in Oneida, found another a few days after, which she gave to the gentleman to take home to his baby girl Ruth. This one was very small, not much more than an inch wide. The gentleman lived in Boston, and had to ride on the steam-cars to get home. He carried the turtles in a box, and put them in the hat-rack. The larger turtle got out of the box, fell upon the floor, and crawled over a lady's dress. She screamed, and the owner found him there and put him in the box again. When the gentleman got home, the turtles jumped out of the box upon the table. They would walk around the table and fall on the floor. The children would pick them up again. The children put them in a pan with water and mud, and in the morning would feed them worms.

After a cold night the larger turtle was found dead in the morning. The children thought he froze to death. They were very sorry, and buried him in the garden. They put the little turtle under the stationary tub in the laundry. He lies very still. I think he is taking his winter nap. WILLIE K——.

EAST ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The town of East Orange is a lovely place in summer. There are some lovely drives around here. One day papa and I went for a drive, not expecting to stay more than an hour, but the country was so enchanting that we stayed nearly three hours.

Just lately they have run electric cars through East Orange, from Orange proper to Newark, and we have had two accidents already.

We get the best of marketing here, but have to pay

large prices. We have nice public schools, and just lately they have finished a new high school. It is a lovely brick building, three stories high. It has a clock which keeps good time, and can be seen for some distance. I have been the whole length of the eastern coast, in all the States along the coast, and have lived at Annapolis, where my father was stationed, as he is in the navy. I knew Dale S. B—— and Katherine P——, who wrote letters to you that were printed some time ago. I have taken you ever since January, 1888; and hoping you will continue in your successful career,

I remain your friend, GERTRUDE.

GEORGETOWN, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have two donkeys, and my uncle gave us a donkey-carriage and a double harness for them. In the winter we live six miles from Georgetown on a rice-plantation, and in the summer in Asheville, N. C. There is a great deal on a rice-plantation to interest any one who does not know about one. We ride our donkeys a lot and go out deer-hunting on them. They are the fastest I have ever seen. Father has a naphtha launch thirty-five feet long, and he, my cousin, and I went to St. Simon's Island, Ga., in it, to hunt deer, and I got one. Will and I both have bicycles, and Jack has a velocipede. We have goats, and have very nice times. We all love to read ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours truly, ELLIOTT W. H——, JR.

MY DOGGIE "JIP."

FOUR little feet,
Twenty little toes,
A dear little mouth,
Under a cold black nose;
Two brown eyes,
That never miss the cats;
Two silky ears,
That listen for the rats;
A glossy little neck,
Under a collar bright;
A little yellow tail,
That is wagging day and night;
A row of pearly teeth,
That never bite nor nip—
Oh, such a cunning fellow
Is my doggie Jip!

BY MILDRED C——.
(Nine years old.)

COINS.

A COLLECTION of coins is probably the most instructing and historical of the many different kinds of collections which are in existence to-day.

Of course the principal factor in the value of coins is the date which they bear. For instance, a large copper cent bearing the date 1799 is valued at $50 if in fine condition, whereas a cent coined during the previous year, 1798, is valued at but 50 cents. A great many people have the impression that a cent of 1804 is the most valuable of all the United States cents; but that is a mistake. The cents coined in 1799 are much rarer, owing to the fact that nearly all were redeemed in order to supply a deficiency in 1800.

A relative of mine once had a very valuable collection, consisting of coins from all parts of the world. He had all the United States cents and many other rare coins, such as a horseshoe-shaped coin from Siam, and a coin called the "widow's mite." He also possessed a Roman coin called an *as*, which weighed about a pound.

The rarest coin in existence to-day, of course you all know, is the American silver dollar bearing the date of 1804, one of which was sold for $1000.

There are many coins from New York, Vermont, and Massachusetts. A cent credited to Somers Island and an "Excelsior" New York cent are very rare.

Several coins from Massachusetts are rare, such as the "pine-tree" shilling bearing the date of 1652; also the "oak-tree" threepence, sixpence, and shilling. The "Commonwealth" cent is not so rare as the former coins, but I would advise your readers to keep one if they have it.

"Washington" medals and cents are scarce and are considered valuable.

Old English coins are scarce and have some queer shapes. I have a few English coins, but they are not very rare. I also have an old Roman coin with the head of Antoninus on one side and the figure of a woman on the other. It is made of brass, and was hammered round instead of being made round by a die like the present coins.

When a person who possesses a collection of coins shows them to a visitor, both alike are pleased: the former is glad to show them and the latter is generally inquisitive as to their history.

There are probably over 100,000 coin-collectors in the United States alone to-day.

My collection already has a few rare coins, but some day I hope to possess many more.

With the exception of a few of the rarer dates, I have the entire collection of United States cents from 1793 to the present date.

In future years, the coins which are in common use at the present time will probably be very valuable, as the coins of former years are now.

ALBERT R——.
(A Young Contributor.)

MAY'S LANDING, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for nearly four years, and have enjoyed you ever so much.

My cousin and I have a rifle; we have great fun shooting at a mark.

We live on the top of a hill, from which our lawn slopes down to the water. The part of the town in which we live is called Sugar Hill; it is so called because during the Revolutionary war American ships loaded with sugar were chased by the British, and ran into our river to escape them. The sugar was stored on this hill, and afterward carted from here to Philadelphia. We bathe and row every summer.

We remain your interested readers,

HELEN S. M—— and JOHN MCK. T——.

HELENA, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: So many children write about their pets that I thought perhaps you would be interested to hear about my magpie.

When I went to the ranch last summer, I had permission to get all the pets I could take care of. A lady gave me a young magpie. When I got him he was so little that he could not stand up. I fed him bread and milk from a teaspoon, and he ate just as if he had always eaten out of teaspoons. I did not feed him very much meat at first. Salt meat always kills them when they are young.

I named him "Tony," and used to say "Tony" over and over again; and one day when I was saying it he said it after me. After that he learned very quickly. The way he learned new things to say was this: We would all say the same thing to him every time we saw him for several days. Then we would hear him in some quiet place practising to himself. At first he could not speak

plainly, but after a week or so he would even imitate the inflection of the voice, so you could tell who taught him. He soon learned to say, "Good-by; come home early." "I 'm a good boy," "Where 's the baby?" and he was beginning to learn to sing, "Pretty Polly Oliver, will you be my own?" He knew just as well as anybody when we were teaching him anything new. He would stand still with his head on one side and listen as long as you would say it over. He sneezed; and every time anybody sneezed, he sneezed after so quickly that it sounded like an echo. Every time any one teased him or did anything he did not like, he would call "Grandma, Grandma!" and keep calling until grandma came and took his part.

He used to sit on the fence and make a little clucking sound to the horses until he would drive them all away, and then he was delighted.

When I used to go to meet papa, Tony would fly with me and sit on top of "Lady" (papa's horse), and ride home. He used to follow us all wherever we went over the ranch.

Finally, he said the things he knew so plainly that people used to ask if we had split his tongue; but we had n't. He could laugh so that it sounded just like a child, and strangers could not tell whether it was Tony or one of us children.

I am sorry to say that he learned to make a noise that sounded like quarreling. Sometimes, when we were just as good as could be, mama would come out on the porch and say, "Are you children having trouble?" and then we would laugh at her and tell her it was Tony quarreling by himself.

When the summer was over we moved back into town. Tony's feelings were hurt because he had to be put in a cage to carry him home. He kept calling "Grandma!" as he always did when he was in trouble, but she did not come. When we did let him out, we put him in the cellar, thinking we would let him get accustomed to his new home, and some one opened the door and he flew away. People at the ranch said he came back, but when we went back the next spring, he had become so wild that we could not tell him from the other magpies that lived in the grove.

LESLIE F——.

NICKERSON, KANS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you four years, and greatly enjoy you. After I finish reading you I send you to my cousin in Illinois. He likes you, too.

Nickerson has about two thousand inhabitants. The machine-shops of the Santa Fé and the salt-plant are located here. They pump the salt water up from the ground, having first forced down fresh water. It is then boiled in pans until the water evaporates and leaves the salt in the bottom. The Arkansas River is about a mile south of the town. Wishing you well, ST. NICK, I close.

From a friend and devoted reader,

M. EDITH E——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: M. M. M., Ethelbert C., Leigh B., H. Lynne P., Margie S., Jessie M. W., M. M., Agnes N., Lallah St. J., Mary F., Ruth S., Lottie B. C., R. E. S., Wm. S. W., Jr., Ethel A., Martha T., M. K. S., M. E. C. and H. W., Alice C., Harry C., "Hollyhock," Friend T., E. L. B., Mabel and Margaret C., Louise R. P., Reba H., "Dickie-boy" McC., James M., Miriam T., Mollie I. A., Edith, Grace H., Beatrice C., Allan D. C., R. H. E. and Wm. H., Jr., Katie R. B., Clair G. I., Julia H. W., Laura V. G., Daisy N., Phyllis M., F. A. D., Josephine E. G. and Leonora A. W., Hester A. H. and Ethel F. D., Ethel L. D., E. G. F. and F. C., Carolyn E. B., Marie E. C., Bessie R., Wilder W., Frances H. McI., Florence F., M. F., Helen C. R., "Two Guests," Johnnie H., Alice K. R., Hope S., Alma B., Ella B. J., J. W. G., Helen K., Grace S., "Kittie," C. John H., Helen Q., Helen G., Ethel C., Harold and Kathleen P., Minnie L. N., Helen and Gracie, F. D. D., J. P. S., Patrick L., A. N. and B. A., Ralph H. S., Maye and Polly.

A WELCOME CORRECTION.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: By one of those mistakes that will now and then happen, the picture on page 730 of the August ST. NICHOLAS is called a rib when it represents a leg. For though snakes run about on the ends of their ribs, the very large species, pythons and the like, as well as a few of the smaller kinds, have hind legs, and the picture shows one of the legs of the python whose skeleton stretches across the top of the page. The leg is drawn of its full size, but the length of the python is nearly fourteen feet. These little legs are buried in the body, all but their tips, and are of no use in locomotion, being merely hints that the very distant ancestors of our snakes probably had legs large enough to be of some service.

A snake, however, gets on very well without legs, and can do most things that other animals do with them. Here is what the great anatomist Sir Richard Owen says: "It is true that the serpent has no limbs, yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, and, suddenly loosing the close coils of its crouching spiral, it can spring into the air and seize the bird upon the wing." There is, perhaps, a little of poetic license about this; but, after all, snakes are wonderful creatures.

By the way, no snake really dislocates its jaws in swallowing; nature does not resort to such awkward expedients as that, but his jaws are so made that they stretch wide apart in front and swing upward and outward behind, so that they are not in the way. Neither do snake-charmers trust to exhausting the venom of a snake, as that would be quite too risky, but usually pull out the fangs, thinking thus to render the serpent harmless. Now, just back of the large fangs are one, two, or perhaps half a dozen little fangs, buried in the gum and ready to move forward and take the place of any fang that may be lost. All snake-charmers do not know this, and now and then one pays the penalty of his ignorance with his life by letting a snake bite him after the little fangs have become large ones.

There is a curious snake in Africa which uses its backbone for teeth. This snake is fond of eggs, and as snakes have no lips, they cannot *suck* eggs,—popular superstition to the contrary notwithstanding,—but swallow them whole; or, if the egg is large, break it in their mouths and lose the greater part of the contents. Now, this particular snake has little points of bone, tipped like teeth with enamel, running down from the front part of its backbone through the gullet, and when an egg reaches these little points it is cut through, the egg part swallowed, and the shell rejected.

FREDERIC A. LUCAS.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Canterbury; finals, Winchester. Cross-words: 1. Callow. 2. Alkali. 3. Nation 4 Tenrec. 5. Enough. 6. Ramble. 7. Breaks. 8. Unrest. 9. Retire. 10. Yonder.

PI.

Noons are sunny, warm, and still,
A golden haze o'erhangs the hill;
Amber sunshine is on the floor
Just within the open door;
Still the crickets call and creak,
Never found, though long we seek,
Oft comes faint report of gun,
Busy flies buzz in the sun,
In September.

DOUBLE SQUARES. I. 1. Acids. 2. Carat. 3. Irate. 4. Dater. 5. Stern. II. 1. Alate 2. Laver. 3 Avale 4. Telic 5. Erect.

A NOTABLE DINNER. 1. Hale. 2. Burns. 3. Dickens. 4. Hood. 5. Black. 6. Spencer. 7. Moore. 8. Holmes. 9. Cable. 10. Swift. 11. Pope. 12. Steele. 13. Longfellow. 14. Parkman. 15. Lamb. 16. Coleridge. 17. Shelley. 18 Hugo. 19. Cooper. 20. Byron. 21. Bancroft. 22. Mock turtle. 23. Salmon. 24. Greens. 25. Green peas. 26. Lamb. 27. Mint sauce 28. Turkey. 29. Ham 30. Potatoes 31. Cabbage. 32. Beets. 33. Corn. 34. Carrots. 35. Tomatoes. 36. Pickles. 37. Olives. 38 Pie. 39. Pears 40. Peaches 41. Cantelope. 42. Tea. 43. Coffee. 44 Lady-fingers.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "A careless song, with a little nonsense in it now and then, does not misbecome a monarch."

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. From 1 to 8, Hastings; 9 to 16, Blenheim; 17 to 24, Waterloo. From 1 to 9, bubbub; 2 to 10, appeal; 3 to 11, scythe; 4 to 12, Titian; 5 to 13, Isaiah; 6 to 14, novice; 7 to 15, Gemini; 8 to 16, schism; 9 to 17, barrow; 10 to 18, Louisa; 11 to 19, elicit; 12 to 20, nature; 13 to 21, hamper. 14 to 22, enroll, 15 to 23, indigo; 16 to 24, merino.

DIAMOND 1. M. 2. Cab. 3. Cedar. 4. Madison. 5. Basle. 6. Roe. 7. N.

ZIGZAG. "The English Roscius." Cross-words: 1 Tom. 2. tHe. 3 hoE. 4. bEt. 5. Nod. 6. aGo. 7. oiL. 8. fIb. 9. Sac. 10. aHa. 11. caR. 12. dOt. 13. Sad. 14 iCe. 15. elI. 16. nUt. 17. Sum.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Tobacco.

WORD-BUILDING. I, is, sir, sire, shire, shrive, dervish, shivered, shriveled.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Neorama. 2. Empire 3 Opine 4. Ring 5. Are. 6. Me. 7. A. II 1. Plaudit. 2. Linnet. 3. Annie. 4. Unit. 5. Dee. 6. It. 7. T.

A STAIR PUZZLE From 1 to 10, Michaelmas; 11 to 20, roast goose. Cross-words: Me, its, Cato, Hiogo, aiming, exhibit, libelous, monomania, allegretto, spectacular.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from E. M. G. — Josephine Sherwood — "The Peterkins" — Ida Carleton Thallon — "The McG.'s" — Alice Mildred Blanke and Co. — No Name, Watertown, N. Y — Chester B. Sumner — The Ashhurst Family — Ida and Alice — Blanche and Fred — "Guion Line and Acme Slate" — L. O. E — Paul Reese — "Nearthebay" — Helen C. McCleary — Nina Wilcox — "Uncle Mung" — Maude E. Palmer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received, before July 15th, from "Lily Maid of Astolat," 2 — Gertrude Magherraty, 1 — Minnie and Lizzie, 1 — Maude A. Wilson, 6 — Louise M. Peycke, 1 — E. A. B., 1 — Norman W. Ryan, 2 — "Lady Jane," 2 — C. Chester, 2 — Ruby Harrington, 1 — Elise L. Kemp, 1 — M. B. and H. F., 1 — Charlotte Tull, 1 — Florence E. Terry, 1 — Dorothy L. Carlisle, 1 — Lillian D., 2 — "Only I," 1 — Edward Raphel, 2 — "Betsy Prig and Sairey Gamp," 1 — Grace Isabel S., 2 — Elaine S., 2 — Helen Patten, 5 — Ethel Martin, 6 — "We Two," 2 — Nellie L. Howes, 10 — Clara W., 1 — Hubert L. Bingay, 11 — No Name, Newark, N. J., 2 — Melville Hunnewell, 4 — Geo. S. Seymour, 5 — Gwendolen Reid, 7 — Effie K. Talboys, 12 — May G. Martin, 2 — Daisy Allen, 2 — Portia Johnson, 1 — Aunt Louise, Edith, and Dannie, 3 — Marguerite, Annie, and Emily, 4 — "May and '79," 10 — Jas. R. Sharp, 9 — Rosalie Bloomingdale, 9 — "We Girls," 10 — "Jo and I," 11 — Nellie M. Archer, 4 — Jessie Chapman, 8 — "The Misses McG" 1 — Margaret Eddy, 3 — Harry and Mama, 7 — Dora F. Hereford and Isabel Child, 7.

DOUBLE DIAMONDS.

I. ACROSS: 1. In bombast. 2. Station. 3. Weeds. 4. A title of nobility. 5. To surround. 6. To hold a session. 7. In bombast.

DOWNWARD: 1. In bombast. 2. A tag. 3. Household gods. 4. Idiocy. 5. An opinion. 6. To place. 7. In bombast.

II. ACROSS: 1. In penury. 2. A vehicle. 3. Became dull. 4. The ninth Mohammedan month. 5. Kingly. 6. A color. 7. In penury.

DOWNWARD: 1. In penury. 2. To injure. 3. A heavenly body. 4. A popinjay. 5. A kind of fortification. 6. An East Indian plant. 7. In penury.

"D. I. AMOND."

ANAGRAM.

A FAMOUS American reformer:

GOOD MAN, RALLY! SIR, I WILL.

PI.

Ew wronc ehet hwit glod, equne crotebo,
Ew cwonr ehte wiht peplur otady;
Tub ew veale gink bremonev eht menire
Ot ware hwit shi grestman fo gary.
Eht slapme, evrab shnigkt fo hyt mingkod,
Eht koa steer, hyt scolerlouns gronst,
Rea flaygecrul gaspdrine thire slantem
Rof het equne heyt heav twaide os glon.

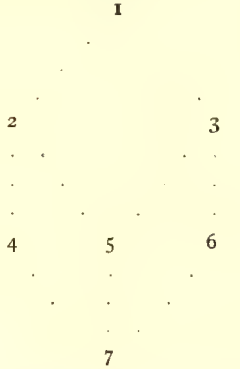
TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. TRANSPOSE pagan deities, and make firm. 2. Transpose an ecstasy, and make the drink of the gods. 3. Transpose a public address, and make a large lake. 4. Transpose to twist out of shape, and make to involve.

When these four words have been rightly transposed, and written one below another, the initial letters will spell a white substance; and the finals, to discontinue; initials and finals connected, a beautiful flower.

DYCIE.

A CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a seaport town of Japan; from 2 to 4, a musical drama; from 4 to 7, the Arabic name for the Supreme Being; from 7 to 6, a Spartan slave; from 6 to 3, a sharp, quick sound; from 3 to 1, to strike together; from 2 to 5, the rightful possessor; from 3 to 5, the white of egg; from 5 to 7, to extend to.

The letters represented by the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 will spell the name of a famous English artist who died in October, 1765. CYRIL DEANE.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.

When the names of the authors of the following quotations have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, the seven initial letters will spell a word often heard nowadays:

1. 'T is not in mortals to command success,
   But we 'll do more, Sempronius; we 'll deserve it.
2. 'T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
   Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
3. Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
   As the best gem upon her zone.
4. The good are better made by ill,
   As odors crushed are sweeter still.
5. When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
   Who hangs his head for shame?
6. How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
   By all their country's wishes blessed!
7. Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
   Make me a child again, just for to-night!

A GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a city of France.

Cross-words: 1. A small river of England. 2. A city of Italy. 3. A city of France. 4. A river of New England. 5. A city of Belgium. 6. A river of France. 7. A small river of Spain. 8. A town of Russia. 9. A town of Italy. 10. A river of Egypt. 11. A city of England.

"LITTLE ONE."

BROKEN LETTERS.

All the parts of the letters (in the inscription under the bust) are present, although not rightly placed: thus, when the parts of the letters in the first line are properly placed, they will spell the word "Columbus." What do the ten following lines spell?

J. C. B.



HALF SQUARE.

1. A famous Seminole. 2. Volcanic cinders. 3. A resinous substance, used chiefly in making varnishes. 4. Periods. 5. A very combustible substance. 6. A note of the musical scale. 7. In Florida.

ELDRED JUNGERICH.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

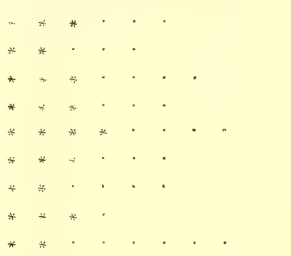
1	.	.	.	.	6	.	.	.	.	11
2	.	.	.		7	.	.	.	.	12
3	.	.	.	.	8	.	.	.	.	13
4	.	.	.	.	9	.	.	.	.	14
5	.	.	.	.	10	.	.	.	.	15

From 1 to 6, causes to gyrate; from 2 to 7, a charm; from 3 to 8, the name of a volcano and also of a town in Central America; from 4 to 9, a race; from 5 to 10, to use; from 6 to 11, an edible crustacean; from 7 to 12, a garden vegetable; from 8 to 13, the surname of the man whom Margaret Fuller married; from 9 to 14, a conception; from 10 to 15, a name for the groundnut.

From 1 to 5, the name of an American general of the Revolution; from 6 to 10, hard; from 11 to 15, to aim. From 6 to 10 and from 11 to 15, when combined, will spell a place made famous by the general named by the first row of letters.

W. N. S.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

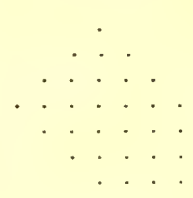


Cross-words: 1. The Scotch shepherd dog. 2. An African wading bird. 3. The largest game bird in Europe. 4. A quoit. 5. A solemn compact. 6. To make amends for. 7. Something worn as a charm. 8. An American lake. 9. One of the Muses.

When the twenty-five letters represented by stars have been written one after the other, what will they spell?

"JOB PEERYBINGLE."

A PENTAGON.



1. A letter. 2. Salt. 3. Compact. 4. Greeted. 5. A solemn form of supplication in the public worship of various churches. 6. Close. 7. Colored.

G. F.

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Easter

